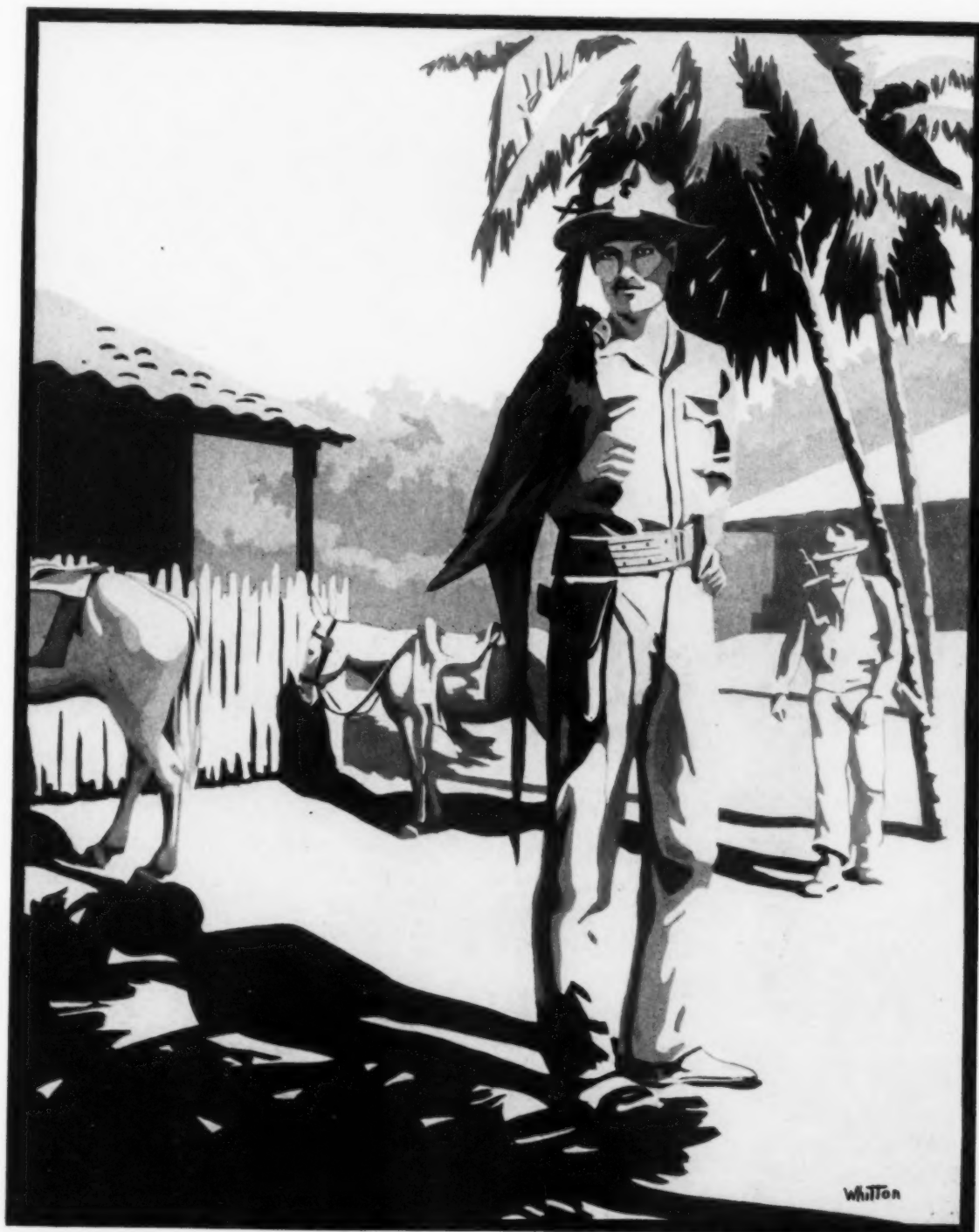


THE LEATHERNECK

August, 1938

Single Copy, 25c



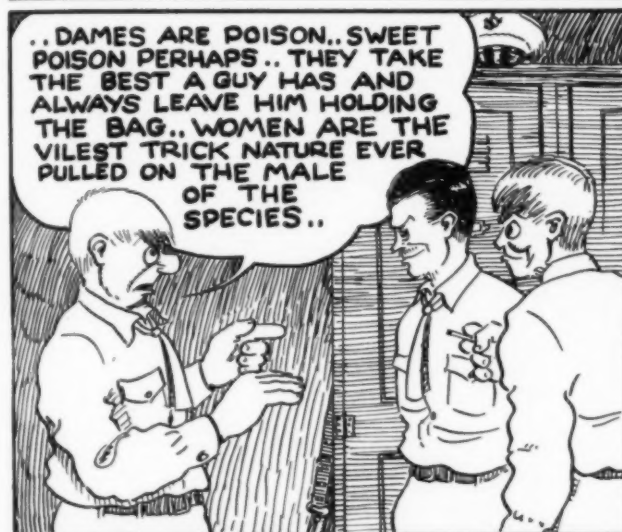
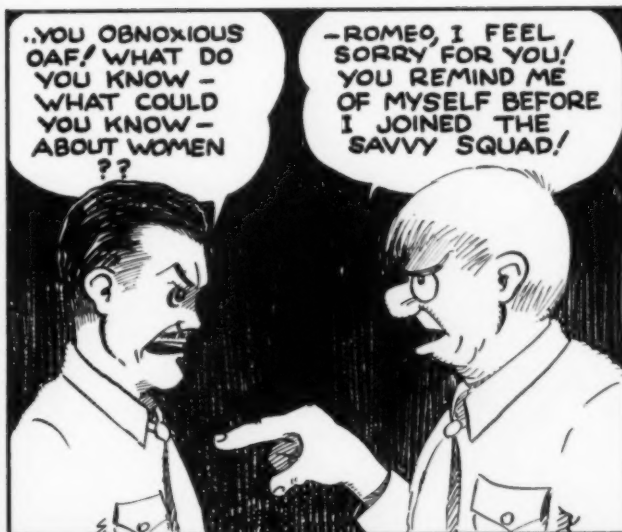
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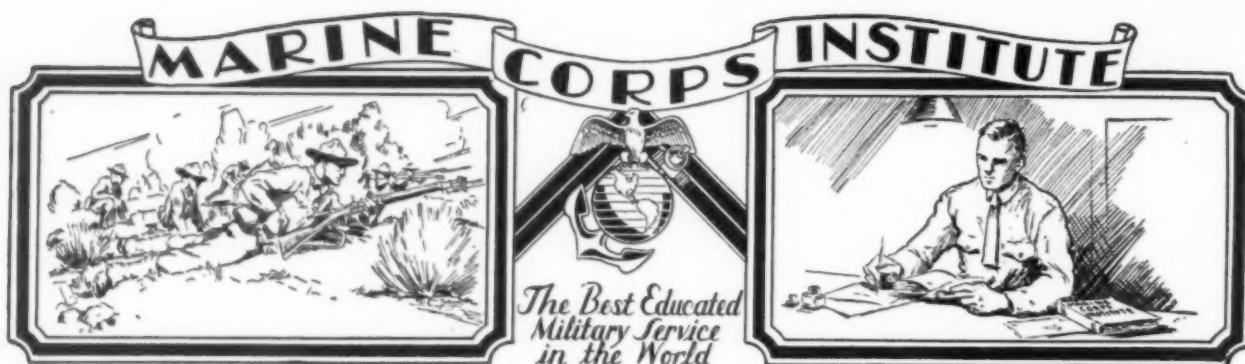
From an original painting by C. E. Whitton



Grace Moore
in Magnolia Gardens
.... *Chesterfield time is*
pleasure time everywhere

They Satisfy





Please Submit in Writing

Someday—somewhere—you may have to meet this requirement. Your success or failure may depend upon the manner of your compliance. Your application, explanation, request, or plea may be pigeon-holed because of an unimpressive, error-laden piece of writing.

Regardless of what you do to earn your daily bread, the ability to use English fluently and forcefully is an asset you should strive to acquire.

English is a tool. Use it fluently, correctly, and it will serve your ends. Use it haltingly, ineffectively, and it will mark you as an untrained craftsman. A few minutes a day in honest study will enable you to acquire enough skill to serve your practical purposes.

Write for information on the Marine Corps Institute courses in English.

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X: please send me full information.

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Name..... Rank.....

Organisation.....

Station.....

The LEATHERNECK

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Environment vs Experience?

NO, not versus, but rather hand in hand with—for the two go together to leave impressions, indelible ones, upon any person's character.

It is up to the individual what kind of impressions they will leave and whether or not these impressions will be marks of beauty or ugly scars of immorality.

Perhaps one cannot choose his environment? Or his experiences? Yes, perhaps! And then again, without doubt, he certainly can choose the best part of them! To everything in life, there is a good side, somewhere, if he only takes time to consider the problem and ponder over its various aspects. Among the many thoughts and ideas that spring from this cogitation, there is certain to emerge a few that will add immeasurably to one's pleasant memories and beneficial "stock of mind" on which to fall back when the need arises.

The reason that experience goes hand in hand with environment is that the environment with which one is surrounded when a certain thing happens to him has a very

definite bearing on the result of the experience to himself. Therefore he should endeavor to choose surroundings which will throw a beneficial light on his daily life,—not only surroundings of nature, but personalities, thoughts, words, and ideals.

There comes a time in every man's life when, in a tight spot, he searches his mind thoroughly for some solution to the problem. How fine it is for him to have that mind of his full of the finer things to fall back on, rather than full of a jumble of everything, both good and bad, and oftentimes more bad than good!

By taking his every-day happenings apart, "to see what makes them tick," a man can discard the parts that are old and worn and have no value to him, as an individual, and retain, with jealous guardianship, the finer and better parts that he knows will aid in building his own character into an upright and beautiful column of life at its best.

A man should make his experiences and environment work for him, not be a slave to them.—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

Opportunity

AN old legend out of the East has it that a Genii sent a fair maiden into a field of grain promising her a rare gift if she would pick for him the best ear she could find. The gift was to be in proportion to the size and quality of the ear.

But he imposed one condition—she must pluck but one ear, must walk straight through the field without stopping. Light-heartedly she started. As she walked through the field, she saw many large ears, many perfect ones. But all of them she passed by in scorn, hoping to find an extra-large, super-perfect ear farther along. Soon, however, the soil became less fertile, the ears small and sparse. Would now that she had been content with an ordinary sized ear farther back. But it was too late for that. So she walked on and on, until she found herself at the end of the field—empty handed as when she set out.

So it is with us. Every day has its possibilities, its worthwhile rewards for work well done. Every day offers its chance for happiness. But so many times these rewards seem so meagre, our chances so pitifully small, as compared with the big things we see ahead. So we pass them by, never recognizing that the great prize we see in the distance is just the sum total of all the little tasks, the heaped up result of all the little prizes that we must win as we go along.—*Mississippi Pirate.*

Too Late, Too Late

LIKE the famous pardon that came too late, we received several broadcasts considerably beyond our deadline. It is impossible to include material that reaches us after the eighth of the month. Among the news stories omitted this month for this reason were: The Brodie Men of the USS *Brooklyn*; Shell Shots from Battery C, 7th Battalion, FMCR; VMS-5R of Detroit; Bowling Matches of Pearl Harbor; Scouting Squadron 3, St. Thomas, V. I.; and N.O.B., Norfolk.

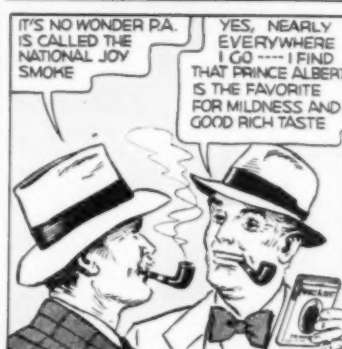
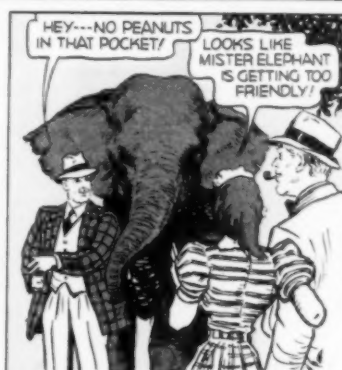
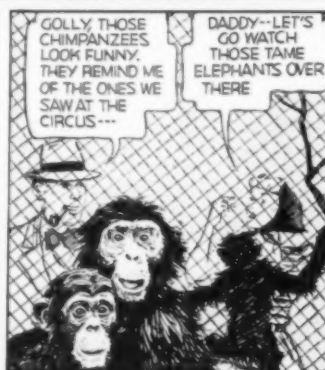
Will our correspondents please bear in mind that material for the September LEATHERNECK must reach us before August eighth? And, an additional request, please flip the little gadget on your typewriter so it will DOUBLE SPACE. Thank you.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Washington, D. C. Additional entry at Baltimore, Md. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1915. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the Business Manager.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

TRAILER TRIP

AT AMERICA'S LARGEST ANIMAL FARM NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE



MY 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO MONEY BUYS A HEAP MORE SMOKIN' JOY ---THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT

MONEY-BACK OFFER FOR PIPE-SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



MONEY-BACK OFFER ON "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES

Roll yourself 30 swell cigarettes from Prince Albert. If you don't find them the finest, tastiest roll-your-own cigarettes you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

70

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THE LEATHERNECK

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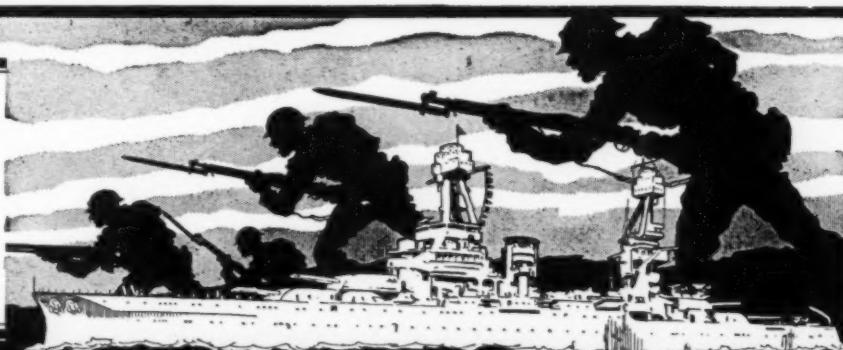
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THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 21

WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST, 1938

NUMBER 8

HISTORY OF THE BATTENBERG CUP

By DENARD GUSLER

UNITED STATES ATLANTIC
FLEET—FLAGSHIP MAINE
North River, New York, N. Y.,
May 19, 1906.
Fleet General Order No. 46.

1. The Commander-in-Chief takes pleasure in announcing to the Fleet the receipt of a magnificent gold gilt cup presented by the Enlisted Men of the British Second Cruiser Squadron commanded by Rear Admiral H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, R.H., to the Enlisted Men of the United States Atlantic Fleet.

On the cup is the following inscription:—

*Maine, Alabama, Iowa, Kearsarge, Kentucky,
Massachusetts, Missouri, Illinois,
West Virginia, Pennsylvania,
Maryland, Colorado,
Mayflower,
Yankton,*
to the

Enlisted Men of the North Atlantic Fleet
from their
British Cousins of the Second Cruiser
Squadron on board the
*Drake, Cornwall, Essex, Bedford,
Cumberland,*

in grateful remembrance of many kindnesses, tokens of good fellowship and wonderful entertainments that were given to them in cordial friendship by their comrades across the sea.
Annapolis, November 1 to November 20,
1905, New York.

??????

It is rather strange that two Marine Crews should walk off first and second in the Battenberg Cup Race which is an All-Fleet whaleboat race while ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND sailors sit back and let the Leathernecks beat them in their own back yard at their own game.—The Colorado Outlook.

The cup was formally received on board the Flagship on May 18, 1906, by a committee of twenty-one enlisted men elected from the ships present to receive it in behalf of the enlisted men of the Fleet. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and Staff and the officers and crew of the Flagship.

The following letter of acceptance was sent by this committee, through Rear Admiral H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, to the enlisted men of the British Cruiser Squadron.

To the Enlisted men of H. M. Second Cruiser Squadron:—

We, the enlisted men of the United States Atlantic Fleet, gratefully acknowledge receipt of the Loving Cup presented by the enlisted men of H. M. Second Cruiser Squadron. This token of good-will and friendship is deeply appreciated and will always be remembered by the men of the United States Navy.

The Cup having been received on board the Flagship will be retained there on exhibition; after which it will be passed to each of the ships whose names are engraved thereon, so that all hands may see it, and it will then be returned to the Flagship where it will be held as a trophy until won by some ship of the Fleet.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, dated 2 February, 1906, Admiral Evans said:—

The men of the British Second Cruiser Squadron, which, under Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, recently visited the United States Waters, have contributed to the purchase of a silver loving cup which they desire to present to the enlisted men of the United States Atlantic Fleet, to be (Continued on page 58)





THE SLAT WAGON

By LEONARD H. NASON

(Illustrated by D. L. Dickson)

"MAKE up your packs," called the first sergeant, stalking down the road among the trees. "The outfit moves forward at daybreak."

A wild hum of comment rose from the underbrush. Men stood up and looked at each other in consternation.

"What was that?"

"Make up your packs!"

"What will we make 'em up with?"

"Move forward!"

"How come, forward? Them G. I. cans fall close enough right here."

The top kick came to a group of men cluttered about the rolling kitchen, peeling potatoes for the morrow—four of them, the goldbrick squad. If they had been congressmen they would have formed an agricultural block or something of the kind. Work was for-

eign to their nature, they had no fixed place in the battery. Odd jobs, digging officers' dugouts, working in the kitchen, taking care of the few horses, helping the mechanics, and in between times crabbing and rawhiding. What a gang! "Belt" Haynes, the "Funnyman," "Dish-Face" Sployd, and "Goose" Mott. They solemnly peeled spuds, unshaven and unshorn.

Unto them came the first sergeant.

"You men," said he, grandly, "will load up the slat wagon, and have the care av it, and march behind it whiles we play hide-and-seek with Fritz up beyant the river-bank. 'Tis mostly ammunition we'll carry on it, and officers' bedding. An' you, Goose Mott, av I find anything gone at the small av the day, I'll have your black soul flutterin' at hell's gate, within the half hour."

This referred to a time when Goose had bartered half a dozen bath towels removed from a lieutenant's suitcase for a large quantity of liquor, with which the whole kitchen detail, mess sergeant, cooks, and all had got drunk. Officers of artillery did carry suitcases and had bath towels, at least at that stage of the game, for the outfit had but newly arrived at the front and, judging from the fact that none of them were out at seat, knee or elbow, had not been thereon for more than a week or so.

"That won't be a bad job," said Belt, after the top had gone. "I hate to march with the column. The wagons will be at the tail end and if anything starts, the ditch for us. No horses to hold, and no non-competent officers to bother us."

"An' we can fall out and get a drink whenever we want to," said Funnyman.

"Do you realize, you simple idiot, that you are now at the front, and that there is not a drink parlor on every corner?" asked Goose bitterly.

"Well, we can fall out, anyway," said Belt. "What's the diff'?"

This battery had sustained, during the past week, a continuous bombardment. A counter attack by the French and American forces at Soissons had relieved the pressure on their front, and the forward movement was the result. The limbers came up from Grand Forest as soon as nightfall made it safe to travel, and the

goldbrick gang were kept awake a good part of the night by the raging of the



The slat wagon was gone from the ken of man with all its load.

drivers, as they stumbled around in the darkness, trying to unhitch and tie their nervous charges. With good foresight, they had moved their tarpaulin from its usual resting-place quite a distance into the woods, so that the mess sergeant, awake at 2 A. M., and hunting them with crimson language, was unable to find them. The cook had to split his own wood and light his own fire.

"I'd just like fo' to get my two paws on that there Sployd fo' jus' one little ole minute. I'd sure frail him till his old face was flatter than it is now!"

THE cook was a tar heel, yecept Conrad, and known as "Cracker" Conrad. He could neither read nor write, and upon being asked by the chief of the Third Field Artillery Brigade as to the whereabouts of his gas mask, had produced a rabbit's foot from his pocket. He could, however, camouflage corned willie and canned hash until the worst chow-hound in the outfit could not say whether it was fresh beef or not. Hence, he was above rubies.

"How is breakfast coming, Conrad?" Thus the Old Man, the captain. An old-timer, he, who had won his commission before the war, after long service in the ranks. No camouflage deceived him. He knew all the tricks, having employed them himself in bygone days. Conrad straightened up painfully.

"Captain, sub, the K.P.'s is A.W.O. Loose. I kain't find 'em nowhere. That there Belt and Goose Mott ain't with a damn no how."

"Well, we'll see if we can find them for you," and he turned off into the woods.

At that time, a battery of field artillery had plenty of wheeled transportation. Two fourgons, small covered wagons, one used as the battery office, the other for the observers and instrument detail to figure firing-data in, and a huge van known as a slat wagon. This last was drawn by four to six horses, driven from the saddle like gun teams. It had two tiny front wheels, supposed to give it a small turning radius, but the disadvantage of those wheels more than offset any help they gave in turning. This wagon had sides of slats, hence its name, and was always loaded far beyond its capacity. It was equipped with a brake that wound up by a worm and wheel gear. By the time the lone man on the seat had wound up the brake the need of it was past. The three drivers and all within hearing would then arm themselves with crowbars and release the brake, after considerable language.

The slat wagon of the battery in question had been drawn into the woods and covered with boughs for concealment from hostile aircraft. The captain found two men industriously working about it, removing the leaves and branches, re-fastening the spare pole, and giving the appearance of intense labor.

"Why aren't you at the kitchen, Haynes?"

"Sir, the first sergeant told us to load up the slat wagon, and we are getting it ready."

"How long have you been working at it?"

"Oh, quite a while, sir."

If it had been lighter, the two men might have seen the captain's mouth twitch. Both Haynes and Funnyman were in their stocking feet. And then a fresh voice

broke in, rather distant, yet clearly audible.

"Aw, lemme alone, Goose, I ain't gonna get up yet. We come out here so we wouldn't have to get up." A murmur of another voice. "T' hell with the Old Man! He and that shavey are still poundin' their ear. Catch them gettin' up before daylight."

The two by the fourgon were frozen to their hearts' innermost chamber. Horror dripped from them. There was a silence that shrieked. The Old Man fought inwardly for self-control. The sight of those two pitiful figures by the slat wagon would have made a brigadier laugh.

"Get Mott and Sployd and report to the cook," said the captain at last, and he went off to get the gunners up.

The four went sadly off to the kitchen and the Cracker's wrath.

"One more bonehead play like that," said Goose, "and I told you very clearly and distinctly that the captain was around looking for trouble, and the whole works will be sent back to the echelon."

Goose, perhaps I should have said before, was a college man, who had been cast ignominiously from Plattsburgh for climbing upon the stage and dancing with the actresses at a burlesque show. At once he had enlisted, but a life of ease does not fit one for the rigors of a soldier's life in the regular army. Hence, Private Mott's ultimate end in the kitchen.

"I don't crave no echelon," said Funnyman, "standin' formations and workin' like a slave all day. An' the Dutch raid the hell out o' that place every night, too."

"You an' me, both," agreed the other two. "Shells is bad enough, but when one o' them birds gets layin' great big eggs around, I want to be somewhere else."

Breakfast in the dark. The whole outfit sitting around, making merry over bacon and syrup, a slice of hard French army bread, and a cup of black coffee. These men could have eaten nails and enjoyed them. No house dweller ever knows the raging appetite of

the outdoor man, his tissues wasted from a night-long battle with the cold. The goldbrick gang were employed in loading the slat wagon, carrying cases of ammunition from a pile in the underbrush. They were unfed and bruised in spirit. The battery was unsympathetic. When the task of loading was at last completed, it was a sad party of four that grouped themselves about the wagon, eating hastily-made sandwiches of bacon. When the wagon pulled out, a drawing of straws decided that Belt should ride the seat and have charge of the tarpaulin, and that Goose Mott should crawl under the tarpaulin, safe from prying eyes, and sleep. In this manner the slat wagon took up the march, trailing in the rear of the battery. Down the long hill they went, to the road that leads into Chateau Thierry. The sky had turned to a rosy hue, but the sun's rays had not yet reached over the eastern hills. Far, far up in the cloudless sky appeared a silver dot, like a tiny moth. Up-raised arms began to point this out. Speculation was rife.

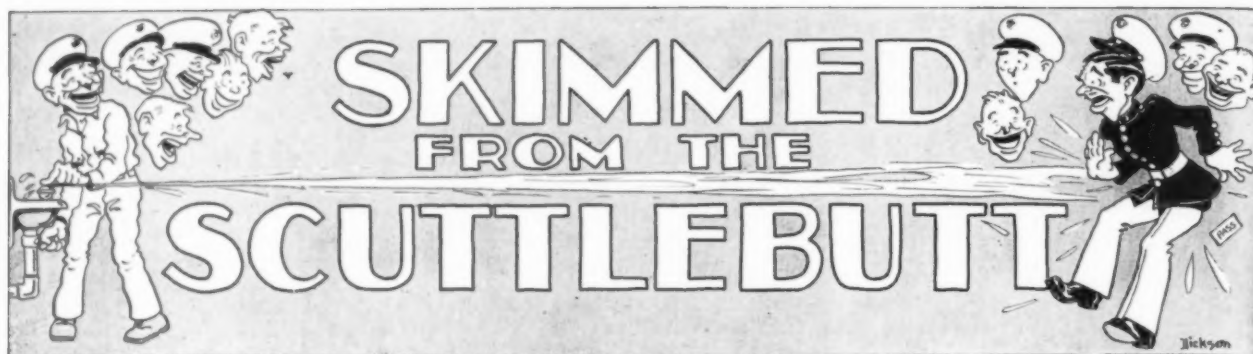
"It's a boche."

"Ain't either. If it was, the anti-aircraft would be shootin' him up by now."

(Continued on page 58)



"Oh, curse the day I ever left Ireland."



ANIMAL CRACKERS

ELEPHANT. While on a trip to Siam a bluejacket picked up a few souvenirs, one of which was a beautiful little statuette of Buddha, carved out of ivory.

Upon his return, he turned this gift over to his girl friend, reminding her of the value of his purchase and assuring her that nothing was too good for the girl of his choice.

When he called a few days later she gave him a cool reception. "I thought you told me that little statue of Buddha is genuine ivory," she pouted. "A dealer tells me that it is nothing but the cheapest of imitations."

The bluejacket scratched his head in bewilderment. "I can't understand it," he said. "Maybe the elephant it came from had false teeth."

KANGAROO. It was while the Big White Fleet was going around the world some thirty years ago that an American bluejacket was invited to an Australian ranch. He was unimpressed by the ranchman's sheep.

"We have sheep twice as big as that in America," said the sailor.

"How about cows?" asked his host, as he pointed to some cattle.

"Our cows are double that size."

Suddenly a kangaroo hopped into view. "For the love of Mike, what's that?" asked the bluejacket.

"Nothing," yawned the Australian. "That's just one of our grasshoppers."

PARROTS. A sailor had given his maiden aunt a parrot, but the bird wasn't very polite. The ship's chaplain offered to lend his parrot to the old lady for a few weeks to see if the manners of the tough bird could not be improved in this way.

Both birds were kept in a room together for six weeks. At the end of that time the chaplain and the aunt opened the door to see what improvement, if any, had been made.

As soon as they entered the room, one of the parrots promptly sang out: "I wish the old lady was dead."

Solemnly the chaplain's parrot replied: "Lord, hear our prayer!"—*Our Navy.*

He was quite late arriving at a soiree given by a prominent belle, and he immediately sought her presence to apologize, and said: "I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late."

"My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "No pardons are needed. You can never come too late!"—*Embassy Guard.*

Pointing to a row of lifebuoys, she asked: "What's the idea of all the spare tires, Lieutenant?"—*Tennessee Tar.*

IN THE HUDDLE

The referee warned one of the naval boxers for fouling. Eager to make it clear that the warning had not been inspired by him, his opponent whispered in a clinch:

"It wasn't my kick. The last thing I wish is any alibis."

"Oh, yeah," grunted his tough ringmate. "Any more last wishes?"—*Our Navy.*



Sipp: He's grown old as a hermit in the forests.

Sapp: Aged in the woods, eh?

The *New York Times* tells a story of the abolished board of aldermen as it was in the old days. A proposal was before the board to have a dozen gondolas purchased and placed in one of the Central Park lakes to add atmosphere. One of the aldermen couldn't see the resolution. "All that money? Nonsense," said he. "Why not buy just two gondolas and let nature take its course?"—*Ram*

Mrs. Hobson was anxious to learn the latest news about her neighbor's accident, and, turning to her husband, who was reading the paper, she said, "James, have you seen anything in the paper about Mr. Parker running over his mother-in-law?"

"Not yet," replied Mr. Hobson. "But I haven't come to the sports page."—*Etacoin.*

WELL—

An Englishman returning home from a trip to America was telling his English friends some of the interesting things he did while in America. He told his friends about the time he went to a movie. "They play some of the oldest games in America, especially the one they play in the moving-picture houses."

"What is it called?"

"I really don't know the exact name, but I think they call it 'Oh Hell'."

"Oh, Hell? What kind of a game is that?"

"Well, as you go in they give you a card with a lot of numbers on it, and during the intermission a man gets up on the stage and calls out a lot of numbers. Soon somebody yells 'Bingo!' and everybody else in the audience yells, 'Oh, hell!'"—*The Pointer.*

Recruit (visiting new dentist for first time): "Have you been a dentist very long, Doctor?"

The Dentist: "No, I was a riveter till I got too nervous to work up high."—*Great Lakes Bulletin.*

Chaplain: "During my leave of absence I went on a hunting trip in the Adirondacks. The first day I shot two bucks."

Sailor (absently): "Win anything, chaplain?"—*Our Navy.*

Orator: And now, ladies and gentlemen, I pause to ask myself a question.

Voice from Audience: And what a darn silly answer you'll get!—*Embassy Guard.*

A violinist entered a music shop in London.

"I want an E-string, if you please," he said to the clerk.

Nervously producing a box, the new clerk said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."—*Sun Dial.*

Doctor: "Is your insomnia improving any?"

Patient: "Oh, yes."

Doctor: "In what way?"

Patient: "My foot goes to sleep now."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

A man bought a canary from an animal dealer.

"You're sure this bird can sing?" he said suspiciously.

"He's a grand singer."

The customer left. A week later he reappeared.

"Say! This bird you sold me is lame!"

"Well, what did you want—a singer or a dancer?"—*Ram.*

THE LEATHERNECK

... AND ONE ERROR

Sergeant Henpeck brought his wife out to see the ball game, which was her first one. When Sergeant Henpeck came to bat he took a hefty cut at the apple and smacked a line drive through the infield. Dropping his bat he raced for first. His wife in the stand jumped to her feet and screamed: "You, John, come back here and put that bat where it belongs."



He: "May I kiss you? . . . May I please kiss you? . . . Say, are you deaf?"
She: "No. Are you paralyzed?"

"I hear you've bought an estate in Reno."

"It's only to have grounds for divorce."
—Embassy Guard.

A young couple went to a minister's house to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom drew the clergyman aside and said in a whisper, "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down into your cellar I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register."—Diamond Head News.

Mose: Rastus say Pahson Brown done kotch him in Fahmer Smith's chicken coop.
Zeke: Boy! Don' Rastus feel 'shamed?
Mose: No, suh. De pahson am de one who feel 'shamed. He can't 'splain how he done kotch Rastus dar!—Humorist.

"Remember, my boy," said the elderly relative sententiously, "that wealth does not bring happiness."

"I don't expect it to," answered the young man. "I merely want it so that I may be able to choose the kind of misery that is most agreeable to me."—Wasp.

Lieutenant: "Put some elevation on that gun."

Boot: "Which way, Sir, right or left?"
—Plane Talk.

The green-eyed monster jealousy gleamed in the sailor's eye as he pointed an accusing finger at the girl friend. "You're concealing something from me," he growled.
"Certainly, I am," replied the girl.
"I'm no fan dancer."—Shipmates.

WHAT A MESS!

At the officers' mess one of the lieutenants reached for his salad and noticed a wriggly worm snuggled down in the lettuce. The lieutenant let out a roar that brought the mess boy on the double, then wordlessly he pointed to the worm.

For a moment the boy stood puzzled, then with a snap of his finger he sent the offending worm sailing. Then he smiled and turned to leave.

"Thanks," said the officer sarcastically.
"That's all right, sir," the boy replied.
"If you find any more just let me know."

At a charity bazaar a popular beauty said coyly to a millionaire, "A cup of tea for a quarter—or thirty-five cents if I take a sip first."

"Here's thirty-five cents," said the millionaire. The girl poured the tea and took a sip. "And now," said the man, "give me a clean cup!"—Shrdlu.

A good many seamen are pessimistic about marriage. An old sea captain's grand-daughter came to him in a quandary. "Grandpa," she said, "I don't know whether to marry John Jones or Bill Robinson. Do you think I ought to marry Bill?"

The old shellback grunted: "One rock is as good as another to be wrecked on."—Great Lakes Bulletin.



"This tonic is no good."
"What's the matter?"
"All the directions it gives are for adults, and I never had them."

Mrs. Smart: A woman is judged by her company.

Mrs. Blunt: Yes, but not until after they have left!—Pathfinder.

A la-de-da little actress with a British accent and Brooklyn antecedents arrived at one of the studios to work on a stock contract and was handed the usual questionnaire.

Rapidly she scribbled in most of the biographical data, but chewed her pencil for several minutes over the query: "Where educated?"

Finally she wrote: "Educated exclusively by private tooters."—Let's Laugh.

"The director said my face was a beautiful poem."

"Did he say which of the lines he liked best?"
—Let's Laugh.

"Sarah, you'll have to stop feedin' thet cown on shredded wheat. It's dangerous."

"Why is it dangerous, Eph?"

"Well, this mornin' at milkin' she durn near chewed my whiskers off."
—Kablegram.

HOW IT HAPPENED

A bluejacket was mixed up in a motor accident and was telling it to the judge: "Your Honor, I was just getting under way when this truck driver pulls across my wake from astern. I throws the tiller hard apart to avoid a collision, just as the guy runs afoul of my sternsheets, hitting me between wind and water. The next think I knew I was on the beach with my bows stove in and the hull and superstructure ready for drydock."

—Our Navy.

One of our broadcast writers, stationed in the tropics, set out to describe the scene:

"A night of romance. A silver ribbon of moonlight over a sea, still as death. . . . On the shore the soothing strains of native music sifting through the palms . . . and over all a gorgeous tropic sky, lousy with stars."

The wife of one of our staff non-coms was an interested spectator at a recent review and inspection. She watched the inspecting officer snatch the rifles from the hands of the men in ranks. Finally she asked: "What's that man smelling those guns for?"

A Lieutenant (jg) (not one of ours) flying a seaplane with an AMM, flew low toward an aviation field and started what appeared to the bewildered mechanic in the rear seat to be a landing operation approach. By frantic waving of arms, forceful tapping on the shoulder and very definite pointing at the pontoons, he made the officer realize the mistake. A few minutes later the plane was safely landed in the bay.

As the officer climbed out of the fuselage and onto the wing, he grinned and remarked to the now happy mechanic. "For a moment I thought this was a land plane." Then he stepped off the wing and fell into the water.

—Nevada Cheer-Up.

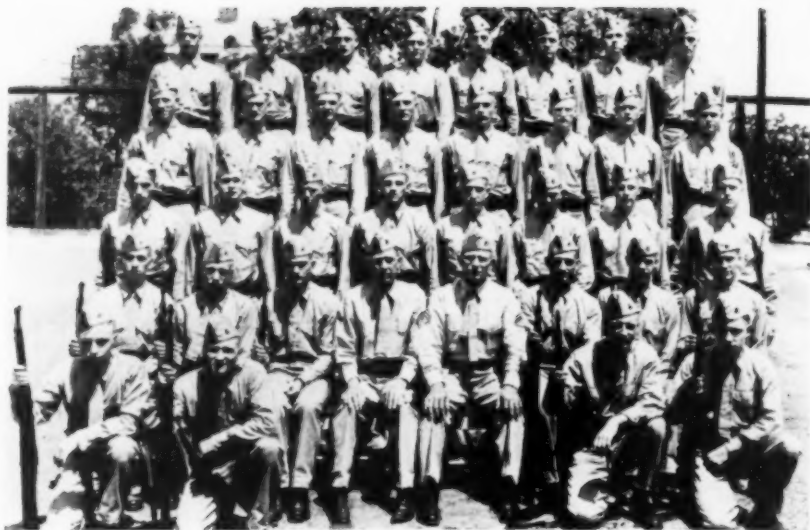
"Was it a big wedding?"
"Big? Why, I got in line twice to kiss the bride, and nobody noticed me."
—Rammer-Jammer.



Gyrene One: The paper says rich Chinese merchants, captured by the Japanese, may avoid having their heads chopped off by paying large sums of Chinese money.

Gyrene Two: Yeh! A sort of game of heads or tails.

WELCOME
TO THE RANKS
OF THE
UNITED STATES
MARINES



Platoon 15, Parris Island. Instructed by Pl-Sgt. Dyhr and Sgt. Smith.

Photo by Koslner



Platoon 10, San Diego. Instructed by Corporals E. I. Jessen, E. C. McVittie and S. G. Price.



Platoon 11, San Diego. Instructed by Cpl. J. W. Goodall, Sgt. B. Lidyard and Sgt. H. W. Gagner.

VETERAN of 2000 Tobacco Auctions

Billie Branch says: "Like most other independent tobacco experts, I smoke Luckies!"

Mr. Smoker: What about these experts who smoke Luckies 2 to 1?

Mr. Lucky Strike: It's a fact...and sworn records show it.

Mr. Smoker: What sort of experts?

Mr. L. S.: Independent experts. Not tied up with any cigarette maker. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: What do they do?

Mr. L. S.: Take Billie Branch, for instance. He's been "in tobacco" since boyhood. He is an auctioneer.

Mr. Smoker: He must know tobacco!

Mr. L. S.: He does. He's seen the tobacco all the companies buy, Lucky Strike included—and he's smoked Luckies for 15 years.

Mr. Smoker: That speaks well.

Mr. L. S.: What's more, only Luckies employ the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. "Toasting" makes Luckies a light smoke.

Mr. Smoker: I believe I'll try them.

*Sworn Records
Show That...*

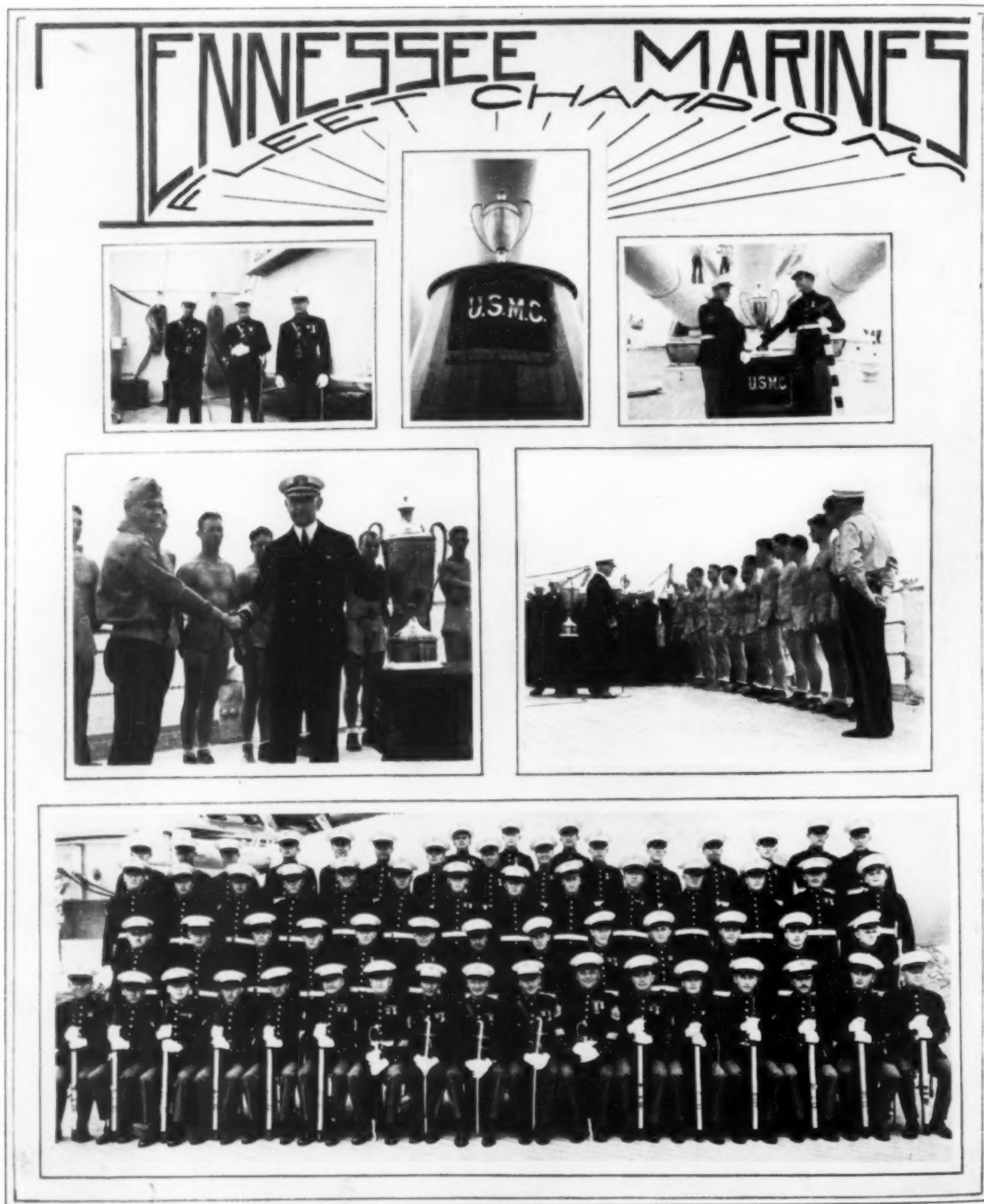
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1938. The American Tobacco Company

● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES: Billie Branch,
Tobacco Auctioneer, Has Smoked Luckies for 15 Years



SALUTE TO THE REBEL SHIP'S MARINES



THE BROADCAST

in which
THE LEATHERNECK
publishes news from all posts



REBEL RIBS

USS *Tennessee*

By Gusler

As a brilliant climax to a season of successful and sensational races, the Whaleboat Crew of the *Tennessee* Marines rowed with the greatest of ease to another victory and the coveted Battenberg Cup this past month. Gaining an early lead, cheered lustily by hundreds from the *Tennessee*, inspired by Sergeant Lloyd and propelled by the sheer grit that has been exhibited in their past races our undefeated crew pulled one of the finest races seen here in the record time of fifteen minutes. The

IDENTIFICATION OF PICTURES

Picture No. 1—No. 1 Top row reading left to right

First Lieutenant E. N. Murray, Detachment Officer. Captain W. R. Hughes, Commanding Officer. Second Lieutenant J. H. Buckner, Detachment Officer.

Picture No. 2—No. 2, Center, Top row reading left to right.

Looking up toward the Battenberg Cup.

Picture No. 3—No. 3 Top row reading left to right.

Sergeant E. J. Lloyd, Coxswain, and Corporal C. X. Landry, Stroke, congratulating each other.

Picture No. 4—No. 1 center row reading left to right.

Sergeant Lloyd receiving the Battenberg Cup and congratulations from the Commander-in-Chief, Claude C. Bloch, Admiral, U. S. Navy, immediately after the race.

Picture No. 5—No. 2 center row reading left to right.

The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Claude C. Bloch, congratulates the *Tennessee's* victorious Battenberg Cup Crew.

(L to R) Sergeant E. J. Lloyd, Coxswain. Corporal C. X. Landry, Stroke. Corporal C. "T" Miller, Offstroke. Pfc. H. M. Foster; Pfc. J. B. Bauer; Pfc. A. H. Dreyer; Pfc. H. Knippelmeyer; Pfc. R. Oliver; FM K. Meade; Pfc. R. A. Fifield; Pfc. C. LeR. Cool; Pvt. L. C. Kitterman; Pvt. R. F. Wind; Captain W. R. Hughes.

Lower Picture.

Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Tennessee*. Commanded by Captain William R. Hughes, U. S. Marine Corps.

USS *Concord* (Defender of the Battenberg Cup) was swept aside in the first part of the race and offered no serious opposition.

Late in 1937 our crew won the Marine Whaleboat Classic by such a large margin (18 boat lengths) that they were selected by the Commanding Officer of the *Tennessee* to represent the Ship in the Selected Whaleboat Race. After another splendid performance and an easy victory, our Commanding Officer, Captain W. R. Hughes, suggested to the Commanding Officer of the *Tennessee* that a challenge be made to race for the Battenberg Cup with our crew as the *Tennessee* entry. Said challenge was delivered and readily accepted by the heretofore unbeaten *Concord* crew immediately after our return from Hawaii.

Sergeant Lloyd started the crew off with a series of unusually stiff workouts and a training routine that continued up to the finish line of the race. He was amply rewarded by finishing just six boat lengths ahead of the *Colorado*, followed by the *Chester*. The *Chester* nosed out the *Concord* when about half way down the course. After being tossed overboard and nearly drowned, Coxswain Lloyd had to jump back into the water for the sake of a photographer. So after two duckings it was a very tired Coxswain that climber aboard the flagship *West Virginia* to have the Battenberg Cup presented personally to himself and his crew by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Claude C. Bloch. After a bit of ceremony the Commander-in-Chief presented the cup with the words "Well done" and the crew was returned to the *Tennessee* where they were acclaimed with an ovation unequalled aboard the *Tennessee*.

The Battenberg Cup is very large, standing well over three feet in height. It is gold plated and beautifully engraved. It was presented by the Enlisted men of the British Second Cruiser Squadron Commanded by Rear Admiral H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, R. N., to the Enlisted men of the United States Atlantic Fleet. The cup was officially received on board the flagship on 18 May, 1906, by a committee of twenty-one selected by the ships present. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and staff and officers of the flagship. The race for this cup is one of the outstanding athletic events of the year and this is the

(Continued on page 47)

THE SAVANNAH BATS

By Jack H. Martin

Appropriated in 1933, keel laid in 1934, launched in 1937 and finally commissioned on March 10, 1938, the USS *Savannah* joins the great gray fleet as the newest up to that date. She is a light cruiser in reference to her armament but not in size, as her appearance is that of a battleship of greyhound design. This ship is officially referred to as CL42 of the eighth cruiser division of the Great Battle force commanded by Admiral Todd. She has proven herself in every way to be a true thoroughbred of her class. Can show her heels to practically every ship of her dimensions in the Navy. We attained a speed of 33.4 knots on a speed run and believe that we can get more in a pinch. She is six hundred eight feet long and sixty-one feet abeam, displaces ten thousand tons, has ninety-five thousand horsepower with four screws. Her armament consists of fifteen six-inch forty-seven caliber guns mounted in five turrets. Her secondary battery consists of eight five-inch twenty-five caliber antiaircraft guns and the minor battery consists of eight fifty caliber machine guns located on the fire control platforms of the fore and aft superstructure. We are equipped to carry eight planes and have two catapults which work beautifully.

The tenth day of March was a miserable day for all who came aboard their new home, especially the Marine Detachment. We had to stand in the driving cold rain for the better part of an hour and a half before the tugs finally managed to get the ship alongside, despite a strong tide. We Marines have the distinction to be the first of her crew to board her. The commissioning ceremony was very brief yet colorful, due to the weather conditions, as aforesaid mentioned, still prevailing.

Our first week in commission was a nightmare of activities. Everyone seemed to be in every one else's way and nothing seemed to work right. But out of the chaos emerged a ship finally settled and efficiently governed.

Our fire control apparatus was finally installed and we were ready to embark upon our shakedown cruise on the affixed date, being the twelfth of April. Our cruise lasted from twelfth April until eighth June. We visited New York for ammunition, dropped by Norfolk for supplies, then after reconnoitering at Lynnhaven Roads, Virginia, for several days, we finally went on down to Savannah, Georgia. Here we had a gala occasion on the entrance of the ship into her home port and namesake city. Our brief stay of five days there was one that will long be remembered by this ship's complement

(Continued on page 50)



Marine Detachments of the USS *Northampton*, Pensacola, Houston and Salt Lake City parade in Long Beach on Memorial Day.

VINCENNES VIGNETTE

By Hurley

To put the finishing touch on the annual military inspection, the Marines of different ships had to do a little rifle drill on the beach. Most of the detachment consisted of men from the Texas Centennial detachment, who did squads east and west there under the command of Capt. A. J. Butler, so they felt right at home and you could hear the rifle slings crack for four blocks. Two days of this put the boys right in the pink of condition, not to say anything of the swim some of them took the third day in the landing. Routi did a nice swan dive with Corporal Brown taking second medal with a jack-knife. Friday we were on the drill field in dress blues and found ourselves doing a little bit of passing in review and eyes right.

Pfe. Peter McKay has been transferred to San Diego to be paid off. Mac leaves us to try the good old USS "Outside," and we wish him luck.

Tuesday morning at zero nine hundred we were under way for Seattle, Washington, our first port on our summer cruise. Under way a little gun drill was held and a few of the ship's drills. We arrived in Seattle on Saturday morning and came to anchor about zero eight hundred in one of the most beautiful ports of the West Coast. Liberty call was sounded at thirteen hundred with the boys going over the side in dress blues to see the fair city and give the girls a treat, like Gallagher, Rapp, Bishop and Routi.

Seattle is, as I said before, a very beautiful city and built mostly on hills and reminds one of Stockholm, Sweden. The chief industries are fish and lumber. They ship lumber and fish to most every port in the world. The city itself is built around the port from the water front and up to the top of the hills. The background of the city consists of the most beautiful snow-capped mountains in the world, with Mt. Rainier standing 14,408 feet high with her peak covered with snow the year round.

Just below the mountain is one of the most beautiful spots in the world and is known as Paradise Valley. The leading flowers that grow in Paradise Valley are blue lupine and a beautiful work of mother nature lies in this valley.

To most of the boys' sorrow we heaved anchor Saturday morning at ten hundred for Port Angeles to stay for the Fourth of July to show the ship to the fair city of Port Angeles. Port Angeles is a small town and is somewhat of a lumber town. She is also built on the same order of Seattle, but being small she has more woodland around her port, quiet and peaceful.

I haven't been ashore yet, but from reports I hear that Reynolds, Behrendt, Lee, and Hankins are showing the fair ladies of the city how to roller skate. Or is it the other way around, boys? Gallagher has showed great improvement lately, as he came aboard from liberty with no black eyes, but I understand that Suter has now adopted the name of "Bad Man of Seattle."

LUCKY ENTERPRISE

USS *Enterprise*

By Edward C. Poirier

This finds the *Enterprise* in the Norfolk Navy Yard. We arrived here June 17th after two weeks at sea. After that trip we claim ourselves the proud owners of sea legs, which if I may say so, entitles us to the name of "Old Salts." Not a man in the detachment got sick (sea sick) on the whole cruise. Of course the married men were home-sick as usual.

The Marine Compartment is full of smoke. Upon looking into the matter I find that it is cigar smoke. As the smoke is clearing up a bit we see that promotions was the cause of it all. Johnson was promoted to Field Cook; Bland, Sokach and Poirier to privates first class, Field Music Simmons is now a field music first class. Every time I turn my head I see some one sewing chevrons on his

sleeve. Will this ever come to an end? I hope not!

Pfe. Poirier, ye writer, was awarded a diploma for Motor Boat Navigation, which course he completed through the Marine Corps Institute. If any of you guys ever buy a motor boat and want some one to run it, just let me know.

Field Music Graves, who has been spending ten days' leave visiting his father, who is ill, is back with us. Graves reports that his father is doing much better now. We are glad that his father is doing so well, and we all join Graves in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Did you ever see:

Armstrong not going back for seconds at chow? Sgt. Thomas washing his own cup? Pvt. Fessler when he was wrong? Sgt. of the Guard (Waugh) not visiting sentries at 0330? Pvt. Harford missing a dance at the Y.M.C.A.? Pvt. Beggs drinking three beers and walking straight? Pvt. G. O. Murray without the Stepin Fetchet walk? Sleepy Atkinson fully awake? Ten-Bell (Pvt.) Brinson not growling?

Privates Hall and Braswell have made several trips to Ocean View to enjoy the cool sea breezes. By the way, who is the beautiful Mermaid who writes love letters in the sand with you out there? Where did you first meet her? How often do women of the "Old Ladies' Home" get liberty?

I finally got the low down on our clerk. I've always wondered what he does with his spare time, I know now. A friend of mine ran across him (Beggs, Clerk) in the park last Sunday and of all things, he was out there walking a dog around the park. Where did the dog come from? I don't know. Maybe Beggs is in good standing with a Social Circle. He won't tell us anything about it. You wouldn't know the Mayor's daughter by any chance, would you Beggs?

We have two newcomers in the detachment. They are Privates Oglesby and Struther. They both like their new home very much and we hope that they will enjoy their tour of sea duty with us as we will with them.

Those on furlough are Sgt. Thomas, FM, Simmons, Pvt. Bohonak, Harford and Duffy. Upon their return we will be all ears to hear of their romantic adventures back home. How many hearts did you break this time, Harford?

Hand-books are a plenty in the outfit now as examinations for promotions will be held in the near future. So next month I'll tell you who's buying the smokes. Besides, by this time next month we will be well under way for South America. If you want to know the low down on liberty in Rio, just read the next issue. Until then, I bid you all "Au Revoir."

NAUTICAL NASHVILLE

Amid much pomp and ceremony Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden and members of his court arrived on the liner *Kungsholm* at Philadelphia the latter part of June.

Marine Detachments from the USS *Nashville* and the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, formed the guard of honor for the occasion. A light drizzle proved to be a detriment to news photographers and cameramen but failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the welcome displayed to the visitors.

Colorful members of the Washington

THE LEATHERNECK

Diplomatic Corps and frock-coated attaches in top hats turned a tedious period of waiting into activity as they filed aboard to greet the Prince and his distinguished family.

His Royal Highness, Prince Bertil, did the honors for his ill father and came down the gangway, the navy band sounding off the Swedish National Anthem.

The handsome Prince, officiating at the later festivities for the royal party, turned the celebration into a field day for Philadelphia belles. Many a beautiful girl met him with secret hopes, that is if the society columns are correct, and you all know how Marines read the society columns—or do they?

The *Kungsholm* had many buxom lasses who pointed cameras and traded smiles. Don't let anyone tell you that Swedish school teachers aren't goodlooking. We know better.

Our skipper, Captain W. W. Wilson, has announced that the *USS Nashville* will go to northern Europe on its shakedown cruise. After the sample we saw on board the *Kungsholm*, here's hoping that we are allowed to return the visit of the Crown Prince and put in at Stockholm, Sweden. Hang on to Garbo, "Stoky" because here we come with a symphonic orchestra of our own.

First, however, we will proceed to Guantanamo, Cuba, where those of us who haven't fired the rifle this year may get that chance to get into the money. Stop drinking beer, boys.

Our date of departure is tentatively set for July 19. Some of the boys have secured Swedish dictionaries. Guess why?

Promotions have been handed out to the following deserving old timers.

It's Sergeant M. V. McElfresh now. Mac, whose 58 month sojourn in China still has him talking about the dolls he left behind, is now the police sarge. He is living for the time when he again may call Peipin "home."

Six new Pfes. were made: Max H. Akin, Lester E. Clark, Edward Cunha, Cecil E. Pantall; Henry L. Rodden, and Edward W. Stapleton.

We will now report the social activities of the detachment (in full).

Some of the boys are a bit peeved because Sgt. B. Metzger hasn't invited them

(Continued on page 50)

WYOMING WANDERINGS

Wilck

Parle vous Francais? Oui oui.—No, I'm sorry, that's all I know and all I hear around here now the best part of the day. We tied up here at La Harve, France, on the 18th of June and are leaving again tomorrow, the 27th.

The first liberty party has been to Paris and back, the second is now there and is due back some time today, individuals have been going regularly for overnight liberty and all seem to have enjoyed it plenty. Their stories range from 32 Rue de Blondell up to somewhere near the top of the Eiffel Tower.

Local liberty has been ample and most of us have taken full advantage of it to see everything from the worst to the best of everything in La Harve and surrounding Normandy. Rouen was a very much visited city too.

The sidewalk cafes are doing a splendid business. Uniforms are welcome any place in the city and the people are very friendly here. Prices in some instances have probably been raised but throughout are very reasonable.

When this appears in print we will have put Copenhagen, Denmark, and Portsmouth, England, as well as La Harve, France, behind us in another European cruise for the Training Squadron. If you think we do not see our share of the world in this squadron, just follow us around in THE LEATHERNECK for a year or two, or better still, put in for sea-going on one of these ships and try it yourself.

COLUMBO CLEAVINGS

USS Colorado

By C. R. Weppener

To the victors belong the spoils, and while the whaleboat crew of the *Colorado* was not the winner in the Battenburg Trophy race held in outer San Pedro harbor last month, they bore the distinction of being one of the two All Marine whaleboat crews to cross the finishing line first and second places, respectively.

The rebel crew of the *Tennessee* crossed the line, not by 100 yards or ten boat lengths as was erroneously reported by the local press, but by a scant 38 yards, which was being rapidly reduced by the Bronco

crew, coxswained by Sergeant Joe Beckett.

In the elimination race held three days before the main event the *Colorado* crew drew a close second to the Rebels by about three boat lengths, both Marine crews crossing the line nearly two hundred yards ahead of the next boat. Then for the final race, the *Colorado's* converted twelve-oared boat was ruled out and the lads were forced to pull the race in the old type boat borrowed from the *West Virginia*.

Despite the handicap and the short two days left to work out in the old boat, the Bronco lads gave the Southerners the strongest bid which they have had in the past five years, according to the boys from the *Tennessee*.

Special mention is due Pfc. Hubert Bruner, who pulled port bow in both races after only five days of training. Due to the indecision regarding the number of men to pull in the boat, it was not known until shortly before the elimination race whether or not the race would be pulled under the old or new regulations.

At the last minute Bruner was pulled in from the rifle team and placed in the boat. Despite the short notice, he pulled like the true veteran he is and finished the course, still pulling, but hanging onto the oar with one wrist and a badly blistered hand. It takes courage and plenty of grit to pull that race regardless of the condition and for such a short training, the feat is all the more remarkable.

The men who pulled in the boat, which incidentally also defeated the crack crew from the *Concord*, two-time winners and then holders of the trophy, were: Corporal O. A. Estenson, stroke; Pfc. John Gordon, off stroke; Music Richard Graham, one starboard; Pfc. Orville Whitley, one port; Pfc. Victor Canevello and Pvt. Carl Greeson, two port and starboard; Pfc. Fred Shisler and Pvt. Edgar Pruett, three port and starboard; Pfts. Ralph Perry and Clifford Davis, four port and starboard; Corporal Cary Weppener and Pfc. Hubert Bruner, bows. The coxswain was Sergeant Joe Beckett, one of the best to be found in the fleet.

Plans are now being made to take the Rebels in camp in the coming fall races and unless there is a drastic turnover and many sudden transfers in the guard, the crew will remain about the same. Cor-

(Continued on page 49)



Rifle Range Detail, *USS Idaho*, at Camp Wesley Harris.

Photo by Valenta



Marine Guard, USS Northampton, in Memorial Day Parade at Long Beach, Calif.

USS SALT LAKE CITY

Howdy, strangers. After being absent from this column for quite some time we take this opportunity to inform all you sea-going Gyrenes the Ye Olde Queene of the Seas is still steaming valiantly ahead, and as yet we have a very excellent detachment on board. Right here and now we also take the opportunity to say farewe'l to our recent detachment commander, Captain Charles W. Kail, USMC, and to 2nd Lieutenant Paul J. Fontana; we had a happy cruise together and we wish them most sincerely Good Luck and pleasant relation at their new stations. In the same breath we wish welcome to our new commander, Captain Norman Hussa, and 2nd Lieutenant Zedford W. Burriess. We hope that their tour of sea duty may be a pleasant one.

We spent so many months, all winter in fact, in the so-called Paradise of the Pacific, Hawaii to you. But even in Paradise you get tired, which may be the reasons why our progenitors took it in the lam. Get it? We shall skip the sunny island and our prolonged stay there. We present to you some of our new buddies from San Diego, to wit, Pvs. Belk, Brazier, Lovnaas, Mildenberger, Kohn, Roe, Lord, and last but not least Johnson the bugler. We hope that they too will enjoy their tour on board Ye Olde Queene. We regret very much the departure of some good old shipmates, the ones who leave us so destitute and filled with regret because we no longer can laugh with them are Cpls. McGrath and Kinney, Pfs. Freitag, Garten (Buck) McElroy, Pvt. Shults and Cook O'Neal; they leave us with pleasant memories however. We are happy to be able to publish some very recent promotions: to Corporals Dowler and Quatman, to Pfc. Curry, De Loach, Messer, Caswell, Warner, and Porter is our new chow doctor. Congratulations, fellows, and do not forget your debts to society (cigars, you know).

We are just now at Port Angeles, Wash., the first lap of our Alaskan cruise. July 1st we will be on our way to Seward, Alaska, not so far from the Arctic Circle, you know. We expect to enjoy it and shall let you know next time we dip our

pen, and oratory flows freely from our, by then, perhaps, frozen lips. Well this is about all, my snoopers have not yet given me the dope except a little birdie told me that Caswell is worrying about a wee blonde in L. A., and Creaky Cousineau is still trying to find the right kind of oil which will stop his bones from telling his right age. I must stop for this time, I am out of breath, and beside our most worthy and efficient Topkirk Klein has just informed us that the pay roll is ready for our John Henry, so until next month I'll say adios, asta manana, banzai, auf wieder sehn and toodle oo.

IDAHO SPUDS USS Idaho

After a lusty period at the Camp Wesley Harris rifle range and the prospects of soon returning to "Sunny California" the entire guard seems to be a little jubilant; and who wouldn't be? We all feel as though we've had our share of the Navy and her works after these three months here in PSNY.

Through the efforts of Lt. Richards and Gunnery Sergeant Hensley we acquired a high rate of qualifications. Sixty-one men fired and fourteen came through as experts with twenty-eight making sharpshooters. Something to shoot at, eh? Sgt. Holden Howell hoisted "Baker" and came out on top with a lousy 331... he claims to have had an "off day."

The "Flag" has returned with Colonel Worton, Pfs. Hanson, Hadley, Robinson, Bell, Young, Kepner and Pvs. Terry and Brandt. They all seem awfully happy to return to the "Good Ship Idaho" after a sojourn, that they are hesitant to express, on the *New Mexico*. "Pop" Lytle stayed on the *New Mexico* upon the promise of advancement to corporal.

The inevitable has happened... Pfc. Frank H. Driskell marched to the altar here in Bremerton and took upon his arm a bride... "A Blushing Bride"... Nope! it was the groom this time... OH BOY... OH BOY!

It seems as though the entire guard

has the epidemic as Privates Darr, Rucker and Paulin are being married and Joe Jukosky also wandered off over to Charleston and after the smoke cleared found himself heir, not only to a wife, but also to two step-sons and a step-daughter. Nice work, Joe.

"Frenchy" Trahan has changed his status from Temporary Duty to a regular member of the guard. Pfc. Allison has also joined us and is serving as assistant 1st sergeant. Pvt. Hester has joined us from the Signal School, San Diego. Nice cruise, fellows, AND HAPPY LANDING.

The greatest difficulty to be suffered in the guard now seems to be in keeping Kuszewski away from the brewery in Port Orchard... just what the attraction is, we don't know. "Toad Puss" Lutnick is taking quite a razz these days since his fabulous 45 blew up on him at the rifle range... he and Heimerl have been feuding ever since with an occasional "whoop" from "Dixie."

The detachment suffered quite a loss when Lt. Richard was detached. We are all going to miss him and sincerely hope he enjoys his tour of duty at San Diego as we've enjoyed having him as a member of the guard. Lt. Graham and Captain Swanson will join us after we reach Long Beach in August. They are at present attending Gunnery School aboard the *Nevada*.

Cpl. Walters is being transferred July 1st to the East Coast, where he will enter an Aerial Photography School. We've enjoyed your cruise, "Hair Cut," and hope you lots of luck at your new post.

We have quite an assortment of sailor-Marine brothers aboard; these include: Cpl. John A. Walters and S 1/e Jack B. Walters; Pvt. Laundry H. Lofton and S 2/e Herschell I. Lofton; Pvt. James P. Kelley and S 2/e Cyril F. Kelley and Pvt. James D. Steele and SM 2/e Clyde H. Steele.

Our friends "Pluto" Tollison and "Cuddles" Darr have the boys all just a little worried over their frequent trips to Seattle. It is reported that "Cuddles" bought (on the installment system) a ring set from Shackelford... this said Shackelford being unable to use it himself.

"Little Ole Man" Smart, Pfc. Shackelford and Gy-Sgt. Hensley have been transferred to the Naval Hospital, Bremerton.

WHY... Does "Swede" Widstrom stalk around in a dazedly trance after a trip to Portland?... Does Hall "chip his Ivory" and "race his motor" so much at the mess table?... Does Will keep insisting he is the "shortest" on the ship?... and WHY do so many of the Marines hang out in the Chaplain's Office?

CHESTER CHIRPS USS Chester By Butch Lang

Having successfully survived the justifiable wrath and threats of the entire detachment after they had read my initial attempt as the *Chester's* correspondent, I present, once again, for your subsequent disapproval, some additional information, rumors, gossip, quips, and what have you—from hither and yon and—to and fro.

This is an unconventional and insane article, so don't be too surprised if you don't get any sense out of it at first—the proper procedure for you to follow is to take off

THE LEATHERNECK

a few hours (twenty-four should suffice), and digest this item, word for word, down to the last split infinitive—then forget it completely.

For years, the most talented and envied of all Marines, the "sack artist" has been grossly neglected and inadequately described. This is my interpretation of a sack artist: A happy Marine lolling on his bunk (always during working hours), dreaming beautiful dreams. When he wakes, he licks his lips in retrospect, succumbs to the urge for another siesta, rolls over on the other side, and resumes the dreams that interest him most—the quenching of one's parched larynx with some cooling liquid refreshments, amorous adventures, and of the perfect Utopia, where there are no specimens of that intolerable breed, the police sergeant.

Red Goforth seems to be spending nearly all his liberties at the Hof Braun—can it be that the piano player has cast a spell over Kenneth with her feminine charm? Red can be seen leaning on the piano, gazing off into space with tear-dimmed optics, visibly affected by the haunting refrains of sentimental ballads—"Thanks For the Memories" always manages to wring out a few salty tears from Red. Ah, me! 'Tis very sad to find that Kenneth has succumbed to the wiles of a mere wisp of a maiden.

"Babe" Tally claims that he has climbed aboard that proverbial water wagon and solemnly swears that not another drop of laughing water will pass his lips—except for medicinal purposes—I forgot to ask if he meant internally or externally.

The entire Marine detachment awaits with bated breath the final outcome of the gubernatorial campaign in Kansas—especially George Weiss. If his hopes are fulfilled, and we hope that they are, all the discharged men (honorably or otherwise) will request transfers to Topeka for change of duty.

Sergeant Brooks, best renowned for his feats with the knife and fork (he doesn't use spoons) is now a member of the selected whaleboat crew on the *Chester*. Upon completion of his daily workout, he staggers down to the Marine compartment, collapses into the nearest bunk with a heart-touching groan of utter exhaustion. Corporal Moffett seems to be stuck with the job of giving Louie alcohol rub-downs. He's becoming so expert a masseur that Louie practically purrs with relief and gratitude—it's rather hard to believe, isn't it? A police sergeant that is capable of human emotions, much less, a purring of gratitude. The thing that confuses me is: How can a whaleboat crew place their ears in the oarlocks when Brooks' shoes are occupying most of the space in the boat? I defy any person to give me a logical solution of my dilemma—one glance at his feet and you wouldn't consider solving the puzzle.

"Neighbor" Payne and Clauss seem to be staging a race for the dubious honor of cultivating the largest abdominal protuberance—stomach, to you Gyrenes. These two fellows open up the soda fountain in the mornings and close it in the late afternoons—there is always a supply of candy in their lockers—just an appetizer to carry them over from meal to meal. "Cadet" Blake recently left the *Chester* with a special order discharge and will soon become a respectable citizen on the outside. Best of luck, Cadet.

"Ridgerunner" Robinson, who hails from

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NEW MEXICO SALVOS

By "The Toad" Wolger

Bremerton at last!! We arrived here on the morning of June 19. Our stay will be the usual approximate three months. Quite a few of us were glad to get up here in the land of "northwest sunshine." (It can be cool, too.) Good weather here isn't advertised, as we are used to having it, but this region manages to get it. "Butterball" Young, Alford ("Shorty") Haynes, and many others will be glad when we get back to Long Beach.

Prior to our leaving on June 15th many of our guard made a night of it on June 14th. Yes, they took over the pike, Los Angeles, and other points of interest—especially Balboa Park by Torpey. Twitty made a new fleet record by leaving Los Angeles and making Long Beach via six hitch-hikes and arriving in time to catch our last boat at six-thirty. Those Arizona boys are fast!

Our last range detail did well. Sgt. Alford fired 304; Pvt. Hicks, 303; Pvt. Kendrick, 303; Pfc. Davis, 297; Pfc. Weiske, 294; Pfc. Torpey, 293; Pvt. Truax, 278. Those that have not re-qualified will do so at Camp Wesley Harris while we are in the yard.

Pfc. Loran L. Laughlin was transferred on June 27th to the Marine Barracks, Bremerton, Washington. From there, he will go to San Diego and on to Pensacola, Florida. "Grandpap," "Taispin," and a few more terms, has been accepted and has passed all preliminary examinations for Naval Aviation Cadet and will now go through the extensive course of training. The best of luck and happy landings to you, "Taispin." He was company presser and was succeeded in this exalted position by Pfc. Twitty.

Drill has occupied a great deal of our early stay in the yard. On Saturday, June 25, we were inspected by our Marine Division Officer, Lt. Col. W. A. Worton. We rolled heavies and pitched shelter tents as well as a bit of close order drill.

All I can say is that our men did their duty as far as helping to take the ammunition off. The less said the better, they heartily agree.

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MURMURINGS AND MUMBLINGS

USS *Arizona*

By Youthful

After two half-hearted attempts to write this article mayhaps this will be the shot that killed father, or somethin'. The second attempt was made with a coach's stool for a deck which means that there were a few of us fortunate enough to get in a little range time. No need to go into detail about what we did out there except to say that out of thirteen men eight of us got well into the mazuma, placing four on the expert list and four on the sharpshooters. The other five were not quite as fortunate and got anywhere from 299 (Harmon) on down to Tade's 270 something or other when he got three-forty confused with two-forty. I guess we shouldn't pick on a blind man though, but to quote one individual in one individual letter quote "Wouldn't be surprised if I shot three-forty with the dope that we have out here" unquote.

Something else that needs considerable comment (and a posey or two thrown at the estimable Stitzel brothers, Pugh and Walker) is the fact that this area of the Union has completely fooled us. For once it isn't raining every day. Last week we had a drought (as Walters said) of three days before it poured heavenly sunshine upon us again. If she holds out with this bit of brightness it will probably so befuddle all hands out at the range that shooting will be a little better than par. There happens to be another lucky thirteen out at the range now.

However at this writing maybe we should be a little more somber. The cause and reason is justly. First, Major True will leave these parts and the *Arizona* for duty as Commanding Officer of the Sea School at Norfolk. There is rumor that these orders have been changed to elsewhere but nevertheless he is leaving. The old salts of the guard knew the Major as a Captain, know the qualifications and capabilities that won him another promotion upon the ladder of success while with this guard, know that in taking over his new duties he will carry on in the True spirit of the Marine Corps, "Semper Fidelis." It is with

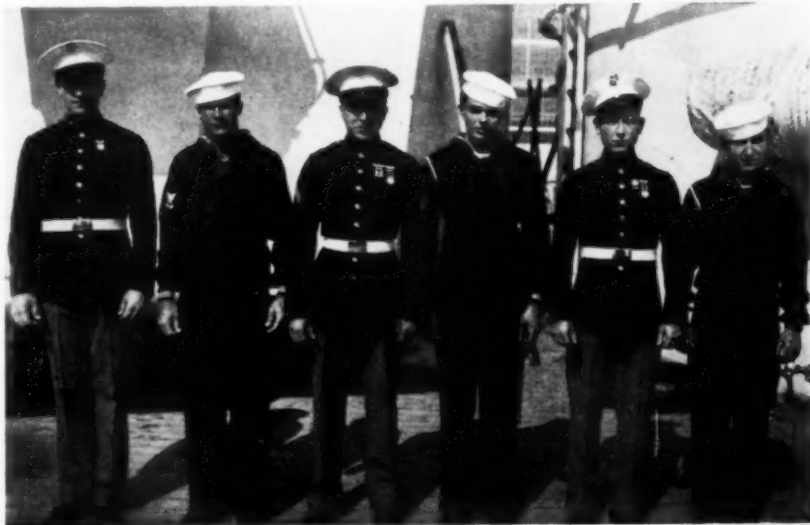


Photo by Valenta

Three sets of Marine-Sailor brothers aboard the USS *Idaho*. Left to right: The Steele Brothers, The Walters Brothers and The Lofton Brothers. Another pair, The Kelley Brothers, are not present.



USS Idaho Marines break camp at Camp Wesley Harris Rifle Range.

Photo by Valenta

heartfelt goodbyes that we see him go. About the same time that the Major leaves, Lt. Scott also takes his departure. The whole "At 'Em" guard considers him as a man unsurpassed on the drill field. Here is a man that will win the support of all that he comes in contact with in his new post and in all of the posts to follow. No matter what is said about him it would be belittling. So to you, Mr. Scott, with half of the writeup we might give you before we started to really tell all the Marine Corps about you we extend our regrets for your leaving us and wish you success in your near and distant future.

Out at the range Perry went out on a hike with a man that was formerly with this guard (O. Skare) and the "bode" of them got lost like babes in the woods, which would have been O.K. except they did shoot the stars and made their way back to camp about midnight. Ask Youngs, he knows 'cause that expensive (?) watch of Perry's ticking woke him. Tade and Muggford planning to buy a quart of milk and eat a hamburger on liberty and it wasn't Sunday either. Walker and some more energetic people deciding that they had seen enough of this world through a port took to bicycles to see a little more. 'Tis another rumor that Bath's reason for being so far down in the dumps was a shattered love affair. . . . but that has all been straightened out now and today he left on twenty-day furlough. E. C. Stitzel has gone on a little vacation and now all the privates get a little rest. The chow hounds were easily told out at the rifle range when quite a number of our sturdy fold were violently hit with Ptomaine poison. They all lived through it. They were taken to the base hospital and Perry was in favor of sending their rifles to them so they could snap in. Morgan had to give up fifteen days of his leave to back track out of Guntown, Mississippi. And speaking of leaves, what private with the initials C.W.C. went on twenty days and now that he is back all his mail is addressed to Corporal C.W.C.? Someone snowed someone.

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OKLAHOMA RENEGADES

USS Oklahoma

By Spence D. Gartz

We're back in the land of perpetual sunshine (California take note), but this time it's more of a pleasure cruise.

It was the "Okie's" good fortune to draw the annual R.O.T.C. cruise, and the contingent is composed of cadets from California, Washington and Yale Universities.

On June 25, seven days after leaving Seattle, we dropped the hook at Hilo, on the truly beautiful island of Hawaii.

Our stay there was short, lasting just two days, but during that time we managed to squeeze in a trip through the very impressive Voleano Hawaii National Park.

We left Hilo on the 27th of June and on the following day the students fired Short Range Battle Practice off Lahaina Roads.

Gny. Sgt. Palmer, Sgts. Callaghan, Humbley and Boucher helped in the training and supervision of the various cadet gun crews.

On June 29th, amid vari-flowered leis and to the music of the Royal Hawaiian Band, we tied up at Honolulu.

The multi-colored trunks were broken out, and when Liberty Call sounded all roads led to Waikiki Beach, where the coral is guaranteed to scrape the hide off the toughest carcass made.

Those that didn't get sunburned were the victims of the old dude ranch disease, "Saddle-soreness," due to their efforts at cycling about the island. Did you ever try Saddle-soap, Ski?

A group of Hula dancers and the Royal Hawaiian Band were guests aboard one evening, and their performance will live in everyone's memory for a long time.

Added entertainment during our stay was in the form of "Ye Olde Tyme" smoker, with various divisions contributing the talent.

An Okie smoker wouldn't be complete without the services of the Marine "Valley-Willie" Silvertone Harmonica and Guitar Quartette, (never thought I'd get that

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HONOLULU LEIS

USS Honolulu

By William H. Lentz

Hello, Marines, everywhere: To be present during the commissioning exercises (15 June 1938 at 1645) of one of Uncle Sam's last word in fighting craft is no meager honor, but to have the opportunity of launching the first bit of gossip from the USS Honolulu, nicknamed the "Pineapple Maru," is something to write home about . . . and write plenty.

It should be interesting to you, United States Smith and Jones, Mac, and 'Ski, whether you are ashore or afloat, and to all your sweethearts, far and wide that Captain Oscar Smith's good ship is a light cruiser of the 10,000-Ton class, being armed with five triple turrets of six-inch forty-seven caliber guns, supported by a secondary battery of eight five-inch twenty-five caliber guns and eight fifty caliber anti-aircraft machine guns. The secondary battery has a double duty, firing either anti-aircraft or as broadside batteries.

It might be told that it resembles an armored cruiser more than a light greyhound of the fleet in that the armor plate is a point of considerable concentration. Our home sweet home for the next two years springs from a family of many brothers and sisters, all of whom were conceived in the Navy Department contracts of 1933. The result of numerous Naval Conferences, plenty of well planned designs, untold headaches and, finally, by an act of Congress. Numbered among this class and type are the Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Nashville, Boise, Phoenix, Helena, St. Louis and the Savannah, many of which are still under construction.

Our shakedown cruise should take us to Europe and the Port of Algiers if the current skuttlebutt can be depended upon and the trials are successful. Further developments will have to wait until a later issue while your correspondent introduces a cavalcade of characters that will grace this column from time to time during the coming months.

Romance, as W. W. puts it, takes root and buds in the oddest of places. Perhaps "Snaggletooth" Herndon, messcook, could tell you of the heart throb that started on the SS Washington while this detachment was en route from Norfolk to New York. . . . and whose jaw fell to the doublebottoms when he had learned that Miss Moonlight Evening was an "Appleknocker" from Utica, Orchards to you, "Snaggletooth" if you can take it. . . .

Things we could never imagine: Corporal "Junior" Wolford, the answer to the old maid's prayer. A shy reticent character with nary a word from his oblique power speaker. . . . Sgt. Jeffrey Cardin immobile as a sphinx. . . . Reynolds, the captain's orderly, standing an 8 to 12 Saturday morning with swede shoes and a bearskin shako. . . . Don Hayden bound and gagged back stage in the International Casino. Here and there: Hayden, Geechmore and Terry proved to be a terrific trio at the German American Ratzkeller the other night, when a representation of the Institution's Habitué presented the trio with the Geechmore trophy, amid the click of cameras and the flash of lights, after Hymie led the main deck in "ALA-VETTE," injected with a few of his own embellishments. Central Park is well endorsed by O'Neill and Cooper (pronounced Coopa). P.S., which proves it doesn't take

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THE LEATHERNECK



SECOND MARINE BRIGADE

Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont, Commanding

SOUNDINGS FROM 1-HQ-6

By B. F. Kisso

THIS month we are at the La Jolla Rifle Range to prove our worth as gyrenes. The outfit is certainly going to town with the armament used in the Marine Corps.

Cpl. Puumala and Pmts. Reynolds and Kisso gave a fine demonstration on the BAR course. Puumala shot expert with ease but he couldn't fire "butt grooves" as well as his bunkies. They qualified both on the course and as ploughsmen.

First Sgt. Smith is showing rare form with the pistol. He says that it is very easy to add deuces and trays. Wild Bill Hickok wouldn't stand a chance against "Top."

The fellows are growing stout and tanned. The tent life is agreeable as they bed down and rise with the chickens. Then there is a full schedule of activities which carries us through the day. Late afternoons are devoted to hiking, swimming and athletic competitions. Oh, yes, the California sun showed its face a full day this week, up here in the hills of La Jolla.

Tech-Sergeant Lynch seems to be very sad without his little pal, Poochie. Poochie was so spoiled with attention in camp that he is left at home now.

Pfe. Doran and Pvt. Klug are spending most of their spare time puzzling out math problems. Einstein, the math wizard, is getting a close run according to reports. Their boon comrade, Pfe. Kregoski, should learn to ride a kiddie-car, then the police wouldn't stop him for using the whole highway while riding around. The other stooge, Pfe. Orem, is actually working in the office at nights. Did you have an argument with the "better half," Orem?

Our group tighteners, Kentucky wind-ages, deuces and trays, flags and flinechers are in need of adjustment. We'll do a good job on them as thirty or fifty beers a month tastes good.

COMPANY A, FIRST BATTALION

By "Ski"

While your regular correspondent Pvt. Louis (Bright-work) Blitz that, man that can get it for you Wholesale, is on a thirty-day furlough, yours truly has been elected to do some pinch-hitting.

It's that time of year when we pick up our muskets and head for the firing line to try our might as marksmen. Most of us are beginning to sew pads on our left shoulders so we can pack the lumber with comfort, but if confidence means anything, we're all experts.

Pvt. Frederick C. Whaling, Jr., returned from a thirty-day furlough and now he is in doubt whether or not it will be another

four year stretch. What's your decision, Fred?

Pvt. Arthur G. Stadler has been transferred to Force Headquarters and is snapping in for the outside. He is spending the rest of his cruise pushing a broom, they call him a "Room-orderly" I think, but really, fellows, his intention is to become the mayor of La Crescenta, Calif., and his motto will be "The city for a clean swipe."

While so far from San Diego the boys can't take off as they have been and are beginning to miss the mail that use to come from home and the beloved one they left behind, so the company is going to furnish stationery so the lonely hearts can correspond with their pals in the company by mail. That way they will receive mail every day (we hope).

We have a few new members in the company that joined us from various places and are no other than Pmts. William E. Abney and John E. Choate, both from Base Headquarters, San Diego. Pmts. Timothy N. Darby, Willie E. Thigpen and Carl A. Perry, Jr., from MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego. Pfe. Arthur A. Ugar, from the MD, USS *New Mexico*. Pfe. Charles C. McElroy, from the MD, USS *Salt Lake City*.

To compensate for our gain we lost Gy-Sgt. James Courtney, who has been transferred to Company D, 1st Bn. Sorry to see you leave, gunney. Pfe. Jack Gresham, Pmts. James W. Durfee and Harlan Heilman to MD, RS, Destroyer Base, San Diego. Pfe. Charles C. Altomare gave up the idea of standing watches on foot so he

will be standing them on horseback from now on at MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.

We have a few fellows in convalescence at the Naval Hospital. They are Cpl. Charles B. McCoy and Pvt. Isaac R. Wilson, both are having difficulties with cataraacts, and Pvt. Henry B. Kiljas just discovered he has flat feet. (?)

So much for this month, fellows, next month we will either be boasting or brooding over our marksmanship.

BUSY B NEWS

By Sully

Like the nomads again old B Company has struck its tents and wandered off to another cramping ground. For the past week the La Jolla Rifle Range has been the scene of intense activity and the firing of service rifle for record has been a small part of it. A five week period is being devoted to the instruction and firing of all infantry weapons. BAR's, Tommy Guns, rifle and hand grenades, long and short pistol courses and the service rifle will all be fired during the five week period.

From all indications the program is being handled by a staff of military psychologists with a "group" complex. A very good angle for a rifle range, you'll have to admit. Right now group No. 1 is the most popular, being the one to enter the mess hall first. Now if we can just carry the group fixation to the firing line everybody should at least make laundry money.

With the training schedule so attractive and the chow favoring the ambrosia of the gods, growling had almost become a lost art. The good old bonus bill saved the day, however, "yes, dear friends, there'll be no bonus." Sgt. Dudley has established a mourners' bench at the head of the company street. The theme song is "we won't ship over any more."

Vandermark and Levee are even threatening to look for jobs on the outside. Our two slave drivers, Sgt. Dudley and Sgt. Sullivan, are about to leave us for a while. Sully is being detached to the Reserves and Dudley is all lined up for leave. With Dudley gone the Battalion grass is bound to suffer a recession along with the rest of the world.

Pfe. McGowan retires on the 30th of June to take up the grocery business. Must remember to get his address, groceries were always a B company weakness. If

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Sea School, San Diego, Class of May, 1938.

SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

THIS being Headquarters Company's first appearance in THE LEATHERNECK for this year we hope you will excuse a certain lack of reportorial ability. As soon as we have found the hidden talents of an O. D. McIntyre, or a Walter Winchell in our midst our copy will undoubtedly improve.

We had the dubious pleasure of being among those present at the Sino-Japanese Tea Party, recently held in Shanghai, or do you read the newspapers? After leaving China for home we tarried under the spell of Sunny Hawaii long enough to go on maneuvers with the fleet and learn how a war should be run. Did you ever jump from a motor launch, on a landing party, into water supposedly knee deep, and have your hat float off? Ah! Fond memories!

On our return to the Base we found the Rifle Range anxiously awaiting our presence. So off we went in search of those elusive three and five buck bills. Again, did you ever put two pinwheels on the next guy's target and end up with a 305?!! Ah, yes! Very fond memories!

Our Number One Man, G. L. (Pete) Owens, Sergeant-Major, is taking a much deserved furlough, as is First Sergeant L. E. (Peggy) O'Neal. Orchids to Staff Sergeant Paul Gardner and Platoon Sergeant A. E. Simmonds for their work in taking over these two jobs while Owens and O'Neal are away.

We notice the officers and guidons are having their dummy run out on the drill field. It must be about time to get ready for the Sunset Parade. Guess our Blues might stand a going over, so, until next time, cruise easy.

COMPANY E, 2ND BATTALION

By E. R. Murrell

The good old Easy Company is on the air again, folks, with a short broadcast of events of the last few months. Due to

the fact that this company (along with the rest of the Sixth Marines), has just returned from a short but extremely eventful cruise into the land that has a lure commonly known as "The lure of the Orient," we will dwell on events while there and during the return trip.

Arriving in Shanghai aboard the good old *Chaumont* (did I hear someone say bah!!), this company found itself billeted in a place that was anything but warm, and might be termed an oversized barn, but was in reality only a large factory, three flights up. After a couple of days in which to straighten things out we found ourselves scattered along Soochow Creek. Those of you who spent some time along that place during the 1932 Sino-Japanese hostilities, without a doubt know of what our duties consisted, and of course the pleasant aroma that arises in that vicinity during ordinary times.

All good things have to come to an end, though, and along about the first of last February we were told that we would be returning to the land of the free on the same old *Chaumont*. Quite a number of the fellows had sort of grown attached to Shanghai by this time, and they gladly (?) replaced a number of ex-Fourth Marines who wished to repatriate themselves. I have been wondering if the lure of the Orient didn't have something to do with this. Of course there were the Casanovas that had found things of interest along Avenue Joffre. Most of the fellows though had begun to feel that certain something sometimes known as homesickness, and were more than willing to take their places in the hold of the *Chaumont* in order to see how the second depression was getting along.

The trip back was uneventful except for some stormy weather which made it well nigh impossible to remain on the top side for any great length of time without being thoroughly wet down. We let a few of the boys off at Cavite, and most of them didn't seem any too pleased about it. Rumors flew thick and fast throughout

the entire voyage to Honolulu, and upon arrival at that city we found most of them had come true, for we were ordered to lie at the dock at Pearl Harbor, still on board the *Chaumont*, and await the arrival of the fleet, which we were to join to participate in Problem Nineteen.

To Lahaina Roads, still aboard the *Chaumont*, landing effected in conjunction with landing units of part of the fleet without casualties (unless you want to count the loss of a few rifles, Tommie guns, etc., as such). The day following the landing the Sixth was split up among the ships of the fleet for transportation home, it falling to the Second Battalion to return via the Target Ship *Utah*. Happy we were to be in her as she arrived in San Diego a couple of weeks ahead of other units, and so we had first choice of what San Diego has to offer the young Marine in his leisure time.

After a short breathing spell of snapping in with the rifle we went to the Rifle Range at La Jolla, where we proceeded to prove our superiority over the rest of the battalion by qualifying higher with all weapons.

Our company commander, Captain Adolph Zuber, has taken a short vacation before joining the staff of instructors for the Western Platoon Leaders Class, and Lieutenant William H. Barba is snapping in on the job during his absence.

A number of our non-coms are away at this time. Sergeant "Gus" Byrd is down in Austin, Texas, showing the Reserves how the Regulars function, while Sergeant "Scotty" Travis is in Bremerton doing likewise. Sergeant Eck has decided that even the old timers need a rest at times, so he is on furlough.

We are signing off for this time. Will be back on the air next month with more dope.

COMPANY F, 2ND BATTALION

"Embark," was the order. The eighteenth of February, 1938, numbered this company among others of the Sixth Regiment, who were to leave Shanghai after six months of ten on and ten off, along

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Platoon 12, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. C. G. Rollen, Cpl. E. R. Ratliff and Cpl. H. L. Pearl.



Platoon 9, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. R. L. Tyson and Cpl. M. R. Proske.

THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Jo-Jo

HIS article goes to press we find the Headquarters and Service Battery divided into two sections; the forward echelon at San Clemente and the rear echelon at the Marine Corps Base.

Very little news has accumulated around the barracks this month, for most of the men in the rear echelon are short timers and are busy making plans for the cruel outside; however, we had one man, who, after looking the situation over on the outside decided to try the good old "MC" for another hitch. How about it, Kaping? Too many strikes, Eh?

During the past month we have had three transfers: Cpl. Weldon and Pvt. Moore to Pearl Harbor, and Pfc. Clancy to the Clerical School at Philadelphia.

Until next month our small outfit will say the closing speech, at which time it is hoped the rest of the gang will be back from the Island, and news will be more plentiful.

BATTERY D (75MM PK HOW), TENTH MARINES

By Tschetter

San Clemente Island, the place that time forgot, where nature plays all kinds of hoaxes on you, situated as it is 60 miles from nowhere, its atmospheric conditions makes one garb oneself Eskimo-fashion the year around.

Resources it has none. Inhabitants are supplied by the Navy and Marine Corps—no living creatures outside of the above-mentioned Navy and Marine Corps. Pastime for Marines is fishing, which is about the most popular sport on the island.

Battery D has been firing the rifle on the new range here at San Clemente Island and believe us, it's quite a range. Eighty-

seven targets and wind which is rather steady all day from 10 o'clock. Although quite a few of the boys lost money, nevertheless it's a good range. And talk about liberty—all you want, and you have an area of about 60 square miles to roam around on, no hills, all tableland. Highways all over the island (there will be in times to come). Recreation periods to anyone's heart's content and here we are for a month and a half—we hope.

This battery has been on the water-wagon ever since the sixth of June, quite a record. In fact, everyone has sworn off drinking and are saving their money—but not for long. The breweries will be working overtime when we get back to San Diego.

Taking a stroll down our battery street to get a little dope on the boys. We have Gy-Sgt. Bell, acting battery administrator and Ben Kafka, second in command, a good fisherman but a poor shot.

Platoon Sergeant Mirick misses the Bavaria very much.

Why all the screams and racket at 2:00 A.M., Luko? 320 is nothing to rave about.

Pvt. Sethman's rifle shooting is like the old Newport Stock Exchange, high one day and rock bottom the next. Take it easy, Wilbur, you can't compete with your friend, Barney.

The Cavalry Rides Again. A possible off-hand is something to shoot at. How about it, Frankie?

Last but not least, Little Al Bernard, from 'way down in Louisiana, 4th and Canal Sts., in New Orleans. Quite a bunky, old Al is, sleeps with both eyes open and is a 30-year man.

Cpl. Carver has been studying the Shanghai Foreign Exchange. We wonder how many years, Carver.

Now when I was in the King's Rifles. Take it easy, Sgt. Mitoff, that's only a deuce at 3 o'clock.

Cease firing. End of Problem.

SALVOS FROM BATTERY E

We've certainly been a traveling since the last report went in on the efficient Battery E. We are now at San Clemente Island for our annual record practice. The boys are certainly putting themselves into action with the GUNS. That proves training and we certainly have it. Just ask the CANNONEERS.

The next thing is our rifle firing. We are looking for a lot of experts this year. How about it?

Here's the latest dope on personnel: Pvt. Weigel seems to be enjoying digging up Indian skulls. What a job for a lazy one as he

Who is humpty dumpty? Pvt. Mabry, of course.

Ask anyone who is the hardest working corporal in the Battery. It's Cpl. Powell, of course, because he's always on his bunk. Ain't it so?

Cpl. Beckman, who by the way is a short timer (a matter of days), seems to be worrying if they still exist in them thar parts (Montana). We think he's going to try to make a success of potato digging and cow punchin'. He's just a typical (Montana Kid) Rough and tough as they make 'em.

Pvt. Harris, H. S., is certainly worried about that shipping over bonus, "Cud ah beleeft it, a hunnert dollahs, Ach!"

Our former 1st Sgt. Bogart is on a big furlough now and Plt. Sgt. Yount is doing a very good job as the acting.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, F. M. F.

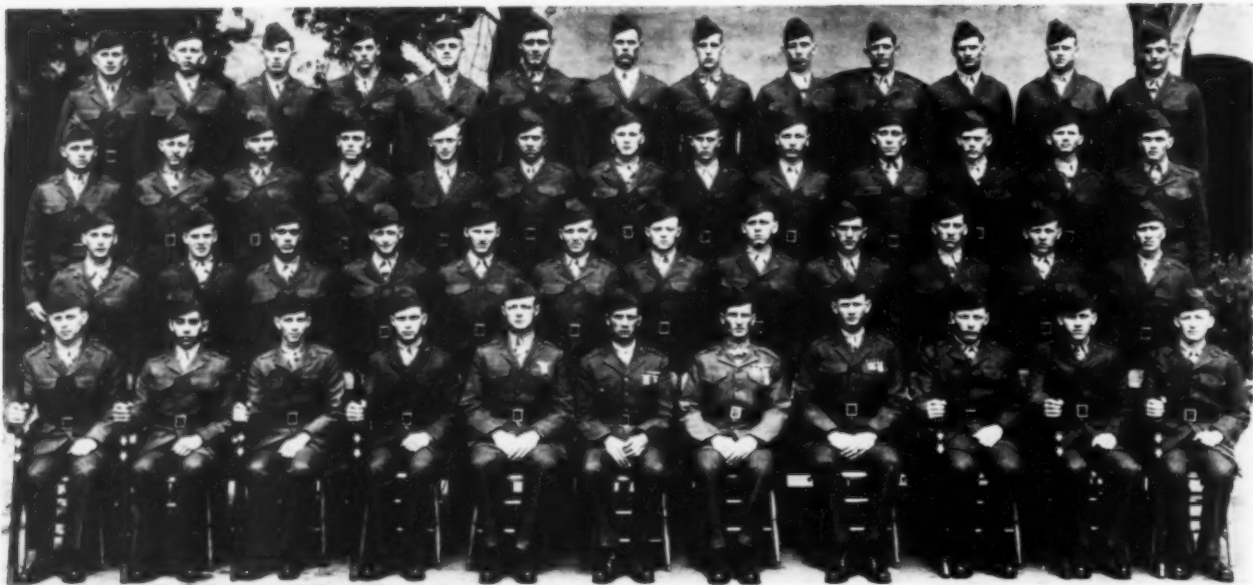
By Vincent N. Ashmore

With due apology to "Winchell," the scribe shall attempt to do justice to journalism and dear old Headquarters Company. This being his first article, it is wished that the reader shall not judge too harshly.

Part of the company recently fired the rifle out at La Jolla and all report that the open air, sunshine, and the recoil of the rifle is really fine for the disposition, especially after working so hard during the past year.

(Continued on page 55)

August, 1938



Platoon 13, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. G. Bishop, Sgt. L. I. Brandt, Sgt. F. L. Frost and Cpl. J. D. Fleeman.

SECOND CHEMICAL COMPANY, SECOND BRIGADE

By Buckland

Having just finished a week of firing our Chemical Mortars we settle down to the routine of "snapping in" for the range. We had a highly successful week at Camp Kearney. All who had not heretofore handled the Chemical Mortars, Chemical grenades and smoke producing devices were given a chance to do so.

Gy. Sgt. Crocker leaves soon on a tour of "sea going." Five men have been transferred out since last issue. They were: Pvts. Wirth, Olberg, Griffin, Tubbs and Durocher. Durocher has gone to the greener pastures of the East Coast and the MCL. We have acquired Pvt. Whaling, an old Chemical man, who will soon join us from the range. Pfc. Molloy and Pvt. Klinek are back from furlough but have surprisingly little to say of their adventures. Pvts. Handley and Cree are now on furlough. Cree is soon to be paid off and will probably spend much of his time pounding the pavement in search of a job. We expect him back in a couple of months, after he is paid off. Pvts. Moore and Kurtzman will soon be facing the cold, cruel outside with Cree. Kurtzman doesn't worry, though, he'll take twenty-five a week to start.

Marine Gunner Haubensak leaves soon for duty at the range. We all hate to see the Gunner go.

Bob Trometter, our ten letter man, has taken a sudden and intense interest in all things of old Mexico. All in the interest of history of course.

RECRUIT DEPOT, MARINE CORPS BASE

June has been a month of average activity with everyone concerned doing his part to make Marines of the men we've received—anywhere from the tall timber of Washington to the tall skyscrapers of Chicago (and, of course, we can't forget the buckaroos from Texas).

Having coasted along for the past few

(Continued on page 56)

SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION FLEET MARINE FORCE

Major Jesse L. Perkins, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Stowers

THE Second Antiaircraft Battalion arrived and debarked from the USS *Antares* on June 13, completing the transfer of the Battalion from Parris Island to San Diego. The route included a two-day lay-over at Panama, which afforded all hands an opportunity to stretch their sea-legs on land and to sample the recreational offerings of Colon, Balboa, and Panama City.

During our stay on the Balboa side of the canal we were treated to a sightseeing tour of the city of Panama and a trip out to the ruins of old Panama, which was destroyed by the famous buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, in 1671. To many of us this was the highlight of the tour. We explored the ruins of the old city that Morgan and his one thousand and eight hundred pirates captured and burned to the ground. Morgan, with that touch of original genius which so often brought him success, attacked the city from an unexpected quarter, with the result that the Spaniards had all their guns in the wrong place and were compelled to do just what Morgan intended they should; namely, come out of their fortifications and fight him in the open. To me, one of the most interesting events of the fight was the beginning of the battle when the Spaniards began the attack by driving a herd of several hundred bulls before them, intending to rout the buccaneers before they attacked, and the ingenious plan miscarrying when the cattle stampeded amongst the drawn up Spanish cavalry, causing the utmost confusion.

The sightseeing tour was climaxed with a beer party on the roof of the seven-story modern plant of the Brewing Company, where beer, sandwiches, and soft drinks were abundantly supplied. Beer garden baritones rendered (or should "rended" be the word?) all the old songs to the accompaniment of a long suffering native piano player.

Toe-Nail Sketches of H & S Personalities

First Sergeant McKinley, able and supreme potentate of the company office. Patient ear to various and sundry requests.

Sergeant Anderson: Electrician technician and Jack of all trades, lost much hair worrying over the recruits placed in his charge to be delivered safe of body and limb at Coco Solo, C. Z., due to an epidemic of sea-sickness among his charges.

Sergeant Herndon: Mess sergeant. We all face to Mecca and give thanks for splendid food the sergeant is putting out.

Sergeant June: Electrical appliances, telephone maintenance and over-night stands in Tia Juana are his forte.

Sergeant Clubb: NCO in charge of the garage. Able mechanic. No admiral has taken more pride in his fleet of ships than Clubb takes in his fleet of trucks. Also one-night stands in Tia Juana.

Corporal Herron: Disraeli said once of Gladstone, "He is intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Herron can be described as the exact opposite.

Pfc. Burt: Glowing groom. Honeymoon still in effect. We expect him, however, to return to normal in the near future (when the rent becomes due).

Pfc. Galaziewski: Sergeant Major's number one clerk. Fingers skipping merrily on the keyboard of his typewriter while his mind wanders to green pastures. A

Dr. Jekyll during the day and a Mr. Hyde at night.

Pvt. Christenson: During the day he is a truck driver, but when liberty call goes he hies himself to the nearby airport and continues his lessons in flying.

Bennett is next, but we have no dope on him due to his recent joining of this battery. Also in this new generation we find Pvts. Ellis, McGloin, Williams and Fierl.

Pvt. Collins: Motorecycle driver. Has an extremely long face and sad demeanor since the Louis Schmeling fight. He says he "wuz robbed."

Pvt. Lewandoski: Number one truck driver. Stout (ale or stout) soldier.

Pvt. Penn: General duty. Crisp, military strut. Affable to a fault.

Pvt. Puckett: Reams could be written about this ex-soldier but we will only say he is the battalion mail orderly and is so fond of his bicycle that it is not unusual for him to get up in the middle of the night and pedal madly about the base. Walkee talkee.

If anyone has been left from this description we humbly apologize, but due to the absence of a roster and the efforts lately trying to get a few legitimate excuses and alibis ready for next month on the rifle range, our mind is not functioning its best.

All bad things must end, so in conclusion we would like to thank our ace radio operator, Pfc. Quattlebaum, for his help in this effort. Too, our friend, "Irish" Galaziewski, has a good program on his radio and we have a little welfare work to do in connection with shedding a few crocodile tears for the plight of our battery clerk, Davis, whose girl would that he come up to Los Angeles over the weekend, which he can't, due to the fact that he is "stony" and that there is only \$.20 in the battery.

The best for the last. You have probably seen the familiar sight of a young man burning up the pavement about the Base. His name is Pvt. Horning, and he is the quartermaster storeroom keeper. The good news is the fact that he is right jam up on the top of the list for Pfc. Adios hasta la mes que viene.

BATTERY E, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT

This finds the anti-aircraft "soldiers" in San Diego. We feel we have had enough traveling to satisfy our "longing to see the world" for a while.

May twenty-fifth at noon, we sailed from Parris Island aboard the good old "Flag Ship of the Fleet Marine Force," the USS *Antares*. We embarked at 6:00 p.m. May twenty-fourth, so we had a night aboard that we had not expected. We had a very nice voyage to Panama. A few were sea-sick the first couple days but soon everyone had their "slings adjusted" for sea-going and all was well. We arrived in Panama May thirty-first about 8:30 a.m., and naturally everyone was very eager to go ashore. This was the first time most of the boys had ever been in Panama so everyone enjoyed a liberty in Colon; but most of them think one liberty in Colon is enough.

June first we had the thrill of going through the canal. We arrived in Balboa about 2:00 p.m., and had liberty until twelve midnight. Most everyone was disappointed because we did not sail the next morning, so we had another day's

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Tropical Topics

PANAMA MARINES

Coco Solo, C. Z.

By Cowart

The 1938 Basketball has gotten under way here and Marine prospects look most promising. We have twelve sleek, lithe, court hounds who can do more tricks with the ball than Houdini himself. Our outfit will represent the Marine Corps on the Isthmus and will tangle horns with most of the Army, Navy, and Civilian teams before this season ends. All hands are working hard which ear-marks the machine as a sure winner, with the excellent cooperation of Lt. McMillan and Sgt. Stiene, we are sure to have a good team.

Now for a little scuttle-butt and what not:

Pvt. Falconer gives the girl-friends lengthy explanations why his nose is always so red.

Cpl. "Pete" Crill, our most distinguished corporal and Scout-master of troop "6" of New Cristobal, has brought about a neat outfit among the youngsters of Cristobal fortified with plenty on the ball. Nice going, "Pete."

Why is it Supply Sgt. Childress always asks Plat-Sgt. Plantier if he is going ashore and very strange to say they both drop anchor at the Silver Spray? What about those blue-moons, Plantier? Childress bought the last ones.

We wonder why Meehko always has the patrol pick on him every pay-day.

What's the big attraction Tatseos and Dombrowski see at The Chinaman's Joint every night?

Cheer up, Shumate, there will be a new show at the Atlantic and more blondes.

Last but not least, we have lost all our old-timers within the last two months and have with us twenty-six newcomers to whom we give our hardest welcome and hope for them a pleasant tour of duty in Panama. Adios Folks.

MARINE SCOUTING SQUAD- RON THREE, FMF

Naval Aviation Field and Facilities
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

By Field Music Cardamone

Well, we say so long to the short timers who left the squadron and those that are to leave in the near future. We hope that they find the duty in Quantico as pleasant as it was here. The following men left here on board the SS *Catherine* on June 5, bound for Baltimore, Md. The detail in charge of MT Sgt. J. Hauschel consisted of MT Sgt. J. C. Towles; Tech. Sgt. F. Beauchamp; Stf. Sgts. O'Hey and Row; Sgts. Bracee, Cutler, Haney, Hogue, and Malzewski; Cpls. Brown, Landis and Var-num; Pfc. Dickson and Kirkwood; Private Zimmerman.

The following families who left at the same time were: Tech-Sgt. Masters and family, Stf-Sgt. Case and wife, Stf-Sgt. Willingham and family, and Stf-Sgt. O'Connor and wife.

We send our heartiest wishes for a pleasant trip and hope that they like their new post.

The Q.M. Department must be working Sgt. Taylor too hard, as he is always com-

plaining about straining his back lifting those gigantic crates (and beer bottles, Wayne?). Wayne's side kick Holthus is setting an all time record for deep chested snores and many a bunk is set to vibration when Herb lets loose at 2 A. M. (what will the missus say when she arrives, Herb?).

The men finally (to their pleasure) received their rewards for the Decoration Day Field meets. Tech-Sgt. Shu(race)craft won the Shoe race, only to find he had the wrong shoes and so he was lucky to even have honorable mention as an entrant. The funny thing about the victory was that he had on shoes belonging to a spectator.

GUANTANAMO GOSSIP

By "Mac"

Back in circulation again and strange as it may sound this palm embellished colony of forgotten men is still throbbing with a bit of life. From the few occasional breaks in the monotonous routine of camp I have weaned a drop or two of news.

On June 29th, this Command welcomed the arrival of the new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Louis W. Whaley. As a sportsman, Colonel Whaley is expected to promote a number of new activities in the field. A bit more good news: Second Lieutenant John M. Miller, our Post Recreation Officer has recently received his commission as First Lieutenant. Congratulations from the men, Sir.

Corporal Thomas is progressing famously with his newly organized boxing squad. The pugilistically inclined have turned out in full force and under Tommy's expert supervision, are now going through a rigid period of training. Kennedy, Trotter, Welch and Karedes are assisting with their knowledge of the fistie art so we expect to see many good bouts before long.

Speaking of boxing; when the fatal blow was landed in the Louis-Schmeling fight a number of our boys skulked away from the radio with very distressed expressions on their faces. "Slug" Waters, who for months sang praises to the unconquerable Schmeling, lost everything but his "seivies." By the way, Waters, remember the five dollar wager that we made on four post one night—I'll settle it for a four-bit chow. "Chubby" Powell was a woeful loser; he paid his debt to "Shylock" Wagner by pushing a peanut from the barracks to the Post Exchange with his nose.

The Marines are in high hopes of winning the station baseball series this year. Mess Sergeant Lowell has taken the team in hand and with his ability to coach, a first rate team should be turned out. Joe Bartosh and "Lanky" Long are the star twirlers with FM Frederico and Cpl. Wright catching. The out-field will prove to be dangerous ground for opposing teams. The agile felders Hogan, Kennedy and Herd can't be beat.

During the past month a number of fishing trips were made to Fresh Water river. Red snappers and sharks seem to be the only fish biting at this time in the year; except those extending for Guantanamo Bay. *N'est-ce pas?*

THE INQUISITION:—Where does Goffe hang out during the morning roll calls? Did Baldwin find the fishing line on Mc-

Calla Hill? Does Cryts really intend saving enough money in the QM to buy Radio City? What is the attraction in the N.C.O. barracks for "Charlie" the Chinaman? Has Rippy actually gotten over his chronic case of growls? What was the direct cause of the nick-names being hung on Frederico? How does "Light-duty" Coleman manage to get out of heavy marching orders? Are you thirsty, Krause? How does it feel to be rich, Goldberg? Where was Watkins on the night of June 25th?

HAWAIIAN SOUVENIRS

Old Naval Station
Honolulu, T. H.

By J. J. Logan

Charlie Chan's fictitious Honolulu isn't so very different from the Honolulu that actually exists for Corporals Jones, Leininger, and Kenaston, of the Honolulu Shore Patrol. All day long these men take turns sitting behind a desk in the local police station where they witness cases of almost every description being brought to light. It is all in the day's work for these men to record the facts of deaths by

drowning, automobile accidents and even more violent causes; it is but routine work for them to hear the sordid tales that have to be told now and then by members of the service and by civilians who become snared in the coils of military law; it is but one of their duties to judge the seriousness of the cases brought before them. In their simply furnished office each day they get insights into the lives of numerous types of people; subtle studies of the frailties and intricacies of human nature. It is pointless to mention the work of these men, other than to remark on its excellence and to mention in passing, that it is but another example of the responsible and discretionary positions held by the United States Marines.

Another non-com who might get a few ovations is Platoon Sergeant Regan. When La Nissen left we feared we might suffer at the hands of one less versed in the culinary arts, but Regan has taken over where Nissen left off, so that the Marines of Ye Olde Navale Station have lost not a pound—yea—they have gained a few. Result: one hundred per cent satisfaction; one hundred per cent efficiency; valuable

time that might be wasted in useless growls being converted into useful energy.

Along with the pleasant everyday routine that exists at Old Naval Station there also comes enjoyable incidents that serve to make a Marine's life interesting. For instance, there came to Honolulu one day last week two Japanese naval vessels that tied up at the local Navy pier. A detail of Marines from this station went down to help with the tying-up; in return for this assistance the Japanese Consul and the ship's officers invited the Marines to a swell party a few days later. It was an education in itself to visit their ships, to learn some of their methods of navigation, to see their method of division of labor, and to learn of the relative living conditions of their navy personnel as compared to ours. One point of special interest was their wage scale; it was understood that their rank corresponding to ours of seamen second earned but two dollars gold a month, and that a man of that rank had to work dutifully and conscientiously for a year before he could expect a one dollar raise. Their food is nourishing but much

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FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, USMC, Commanding

BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Major Benjamin W. Gally, USMC, Commanding

BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Gurian

THE month of July has brought many changes in Brigade Headquarters. Sgt. Johnson has been transferred to the Post Service Battalion and Wall left us for the First Tank Company. On the 25th of June, Morgan, Blackburn, Hahn, Weatherly and Williamson moved over to the First Signal Company and about the time this issue of THE LEATHERNECK comes out, Pts. Watson, Weed and Young will be leaving for the Clerical School in Philadelphia.

Sgt. Bailey and Pts. Knight, Neuhard, Cooke and Christensen joined from the First Signal Company and to these men we say welcome.

Cpl. Flory and Pfs. Barrett, Olson and McMillan are accepting congratulations on their recent promotions and also putting out the cigars. Nice going, boys.

Wonder where Thomas and Burnett took off for that week-end? The boys are keeping it a secret and no amount of persuasion can bring any information out of them. Why the mystery, youse guys?

The Union Station in Washington looked like a grand re-union of the men in this company on the night of July 4th. It seems as though everybody was there.

Last month I wrote that Jones talked too loud and too much and several of the fellows thought it was quite a nasty dig. Laurence Truman Jones happens to be a good friend of mine and he took that remark like a good sport by saying: "I don't care what you say about me as long as you don't talk about the State I'm from." Well spoken, Truman, my boy, and just for that I'm going to do something which I've never done before—I retract that statement about you, but please, try to keep a little more silent.

That girls' dream man, "Sheik" Sloan, looked like he stepped out of a collar ad

when he strutted out of the barracks bound for Baltimore all togged out in his newly purchased suit. "Sheik" suffered a severe shock when he discovered that one of his heart throbs had upped and married on him. I'll bet he ships over now.

"Chuck" Fuller, having completed four years in the Corps had bade us all farewell. I didn't think "Chuck" would leave us, but now he is gone. Oodles of luck to you, fellow.

Pfe. Walter L. "Monty" Snyder is sojourning in the Naval Hospital in Washington. We all miss "Monty" and wish him a speedy recovery.

One of the best men we've ever come into contact with is leaving us on July 26th. QM-Sgt. Merwin is going to Cavite and he leaves behind him a host of friends. Our loss is Cavite's gain. If I may get a bit personal, I would like to say: Bon voyage, Herbert LaMaster, may your tour of duty in Cavite be one of the most pleasant you will experience anywhere in the Marine Corps.

The deadline is rapidly creaking up on me so until next month, I'll say Adios.

TANK TOPICS

By Galford

Last month in a weak moment we made a rash promise—that we would be heard from again four weeks hence. What with pay day on Friday, the first, and the following four days off, we now regret making statements. In the past, everyone has at some time or other experienced that "morning after the night before" feel-

174—but when it runs into days, we confess—a desire to sign the Pledge. Had a representative of the W.C.T.U. been on hand the morning of the fifth, there is but little doubt in the befuddled mind of the writer that she would have made many converts to the cause. There comes a time in the lives of all men—but need we whisper that timeworn phrase—“Never again”?

A wave of promotion in various grades has hit the Brigade, but so far, Tank Company has had but one. The orchids this time go to Carl J. Cagle—not because he was expecting and received a blessed event—but because the Powers That Be recognized ability and what have you—and now it's Mr. Cagle—you know, the new Marine Gunner of the Tank Company.

And as for the others of the outfit Dame Rumor has it that the Company is to be enlarged in the near future. Comes new men—comes new rates—maybe.

Day by day the men now quartered in Barracks “D” look across the street with wondering expressions upon their faces—wondering who—who will be the first to get a beer in the new “Post Grill.” Sort of a fancy name, that—what? But, after all, one cannot expect the phone book to carry “Slop-chute, Post.”

The past month has been filled with more or less routine training, added to and breaking the monotony with a dash of Chemical Warfare handed out by Captain Taylor of the First Chemical Company. Pvts. Phillips, Rideout, Rushton, and Wright have been receiving radio training. The future alone will tell—imagine listening in on the short wave. “Tank three, calling tank three. Hey, Toots, what say we take off to Washington tonight and see that little blonde?” Then too, the “little blonde” may be a short wave fiend. “Sorry, Big Boy, I’ve a date with that flatfoot from the Navy Yard tonight.” But understand, dear reader, it's all in the interest of science and the promotion of good will.—Just this, and nothing more.

FLASH—Sylvester, First Sergeant Extraordinary and Bull Tossing Plenipotentiary has new stooge. W. C. Wall, Pfc., formerly of Brigade Headquarters now holds down the office while Sylvester carries out his office in various parts of the Post. Local grapevine carries story of Sylvester's unflinching approach—“Now when I was in Nicaragua—”

FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY

By “Tiger”

The “Terrible Terriers” are back again with another report of our activities.

Our assistant topographer has been promoted to Private first class. Congratulations, Pfc. Burch.

Our newly made sergeant, Sergeant Kampen, has been transferred to Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I. Sergeant Kampen was one of our construction overseers, and was also NCO in charge of demolitions. I am sure Sergeant Kampen (Hank, to us) will be missed. Sergeant Gae was transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., and Private Estes, to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Lucander, our distinguished rifle and pistol shot, is temporarily detached to the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team, at Wakefield, Mass.

Corporal Dalton is still attending school

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FIFTH MARINES FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Colonel Julian C. Smith, USMC, Commanding

FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel William T. Clement, USMC, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

BEING about to pass into the Great Beyond, where the woodbine twineth and the WPA worketh but 12 days a month, I have generously prevailed upon myself to make sundry comments about divers people who, luckily, will not have my forwarding address when this appears in print.

Our doughty Police Sgt. Kinel was about to measure himself for a wall tent when the depression hit him ten days before pay day, thus causing the Valley Forge people to go into the red. Now, after losing 31 pounds, he thinks that the old regulation size 6 (extraspecial) shirts will fit him again.

After seeing Wayman's ribald way of getting service in the local Budweiser emporiums, after I suffered from a long drouth by being a gentleman, and just merely hung out my parched tongue to indicate my anguish, I am glad to see him in the throes of tribulations while trying to route mail in the Message Center. If you should get a crystal ball and a Ouija board, Gary, it might help.

Tucker and Neumann some time ago stepped off the deep end and gathered unto themselves sparring partners.

Hardenbrook, the elongated Intelligence section chief, found out that the old meanies on the outside had the garbage cans padlocked and is having his board here for the next four years. Profiting by his example, I am laying in a large supply of Skeleton keys.

Goldmeyer, our acting top, just dropped in to say that I should mention that he is getting to be a short timer, but said nothing about his worrying about his blood pressure and the chances of getting back in the service.

Our aerial and wave-trap expert, Patterson, is pondering about the frivolity of life, and is leading a rustic life meanwhile. He is thinking of taking a course in Hermiting with the M.C.I. In the meantime his shekels are piling up on him prior to his getting paid off.

Another short-timer, Szymanski, the hammer and nail man of the First, is giving all sorts of moral uplift to the Government's plan of spending a lot of money in the WPA. It seems that Ski is figuring on a wedding after he is paid off. I suggest that, just to be different, he ought to get married in the old military fashion, with an arch of pickaxes substituted for the more conventional swords.

Smitty is giving moral support to the Reserves at the Reserve Camp Sgt. Maj.'s Office. It is not true that he gladly condescends, at so much per, to make the Reserves' field hats look seagoing, after softening them up with thrilling sea-going tales.

It may be just sheer coincidence that Bonashefski and Jino drew 20 feet of 1/2-inch rope from the Quartermaster the same day they made Corporal. I'm glad that I do not smoke cigars.

In the interests of the general welfare of any and all recruits who may become part of Hq Company, I suggest that they make Carlton tell any of his tales while attached to a lie detector.

Now that my guiding hand will not be near, his conception of the truth may take amazing paths.

Yours till they give pensions after 20 years on relief.

COMPANY A NEWS

By Bench Mark

Well, the first batch of Reserves have visited Quantico for their annual sojourn and have been sent home much wiser men,—we hope. A little different system was used this year in the training of the Reserves and it seemed to work out fairly well. A composite outfit was formed consisting of half regulars and half reserves instead of just having regular instructors as was done in previous years. The composite Battalion worked, drilled, and had their combat problems as a unit, the theory being that the Reserves would learn more by actually going through their paces in company with the regulars. The men, both the Reserves and the regulars, worked very hard and deserve a lot of credit for carrying out their assignments with good spirit and to the best of their ability. A new Reserve unit reported here last Sunday and have been assigned to the camp left vacant by the first unit. The same system is being carried out to some extent in the training of this unit. The Platoon Leaders Class is due to assemble very shortly and the Battalion has been drained of every available non-commissioned officer to act as instructors. We are certainly having a full program this year.

The “Runt” and Lieutenant Dowsett have returned to the Post with their new wives and I must say that it seems to agree with both of them. We wish to take this opportunity to welcome Mrs. Dowsett and Mrs. Borek to the Post and wish them every happiness. I am even tempted to launch my ship upon the troubled sea of matrimony after observing the good effect that it has upon my brothers in arms.

Several bright quips were heard on the rifle range during the firing of the Reserves: One man was told to be sure and shoot on number thirty-two and after several misses, and upon being closely questioned, it was discovered that he was aiming at the bottom of the three in the number thirty-two. Another man about to go on the firing line was given some cot-

ton and immediately asked "if he was supposed to put it in his mouth." Oh well. We all had to learn. Buck Rogers returned from the National Aquatic School in one piece (worse luck) and has been putting the boys through their paces at the swimming pool. At this writing thirty men in A Company have qualified as second class swimmers. A three cornered feud is being carried on between O'Sullivan, Roberts, and Satanoski on this swimming proposition. They have all been daring each other to go in the water together and some of the things that have been threatened would make a pirate's blood run cold. Personally I think they are afraid of each other. Gy-Sgt. Fowel, by dint of much puffing and blowing, qualified as a swimmer and we are all proud of him. It takes an old man to show these young squirts up he says. Gy-Sgt. Wolfgang wants to know if his daughter can take his test for him. Nice going, Wolf.

There really hasn't been much to talk about this past month so we will sign off now hoping that there will be more news next month.

B COMPANY

First of all this company wishes to welcome Second Lieutenants Ted E. Pulos and Charles J. Seibert. Both these officers joined us from the Post Service Battalion to replace Second Lieutenants Ralph Haas and Gene S. Neely who were detached to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, for aviation training.

Next in line we of B Company are mighty proud to congratulate Second Lieutenant Daniel C. Pollack upon his appointment as a Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Pollack was at one time our hustling company clerk (and a darn good one), but before that, was just one of us in the ranks. In less than a year Dan made Private First Class and then Corporal. Last March he was transferred to the Washington Barracks where he was one of the few who passed the required examination. Lots of luck to you, Lieutenant, and here's hoping that someday we all will have the pleasure of serving with you once more.

Last but not least we congratulate the following men who were promoted last month: Martin J. Itzin to corporal, John Catalano, George Contreras, Joe Marszalec and James Pelham to Privates First Class.

This past month has been quite an experience for this company, living in tents in the Reserve Camp. It has been somewhat of a novelty, training with the Reserves and living in tents, our Barracks facing us, seemed so near and yet so far away when all we could do was to look at our home and feel a bit blue. But a happy time was had by all and we regulars as well as the reserves enjoyed it all.

While at the Reserve Camp Private Ely Offord Huff made out a training schedule for his reserve unit, but it seemed that Huff followed it instead of the Reserves. We'd like to tell about the Reservist from New Orleans who upon being informed that he would fall out for police duty, reported to the 1st sergeant and demanded a night-stick and uniform.

The title "liberty hound" goes to Cpl. "Marty" Itzin. It's an everyday occurrence with him now. Jimmy Huggins is running him a close race as he's seen heading for town constantly also.

C COMPANY

During the past month there have been quite a few changes in our company. Most of the "old timers" leaving, but there is

always some one to take their place. In our group of transfers we have John J. Sedlak, 1st Sgt., who was transferred to MB, NNY, Portsmouth, Virginia, but have received later dope that he is now aboard the USS Nashville. One of our youngest corporals, John J. Schloegel, left us with a twenty-day furlough transfer. He has had over three years in the FMF, and we hope he makes as good a showing

at St. Juliens Creek as he did with our company. Privts. Langlois and Clark were transferred to different outfits on the post. Langlois won his fight in the last smoker we had with the reserves. C Company cannot take credit for this win, but we can say that we had him first.

In our discharge file we have two Field Music Corporals, Edwards and Van Ginkle. (Continued on page 51)

SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., USMC, Commanding

RUSH clearing details on our Combat Range are nearly over and the look of enthusiasm is observed on the faces of all hands due to the fact that we will soon resume our regular routine. Another duty that has been bestowed upon us for the longest period of time to be known in many months, is that of guard duty, which has been running a day off and a day on, due to other organizations of the Post being absent on missions of training. They have been taking it with the so-called "grain of salt" and will tell you that guard duty isn't as bad as some may say. In fact it makes good "snapping-in" for those of us who will eventually end up in some navy yard, because of the approaching expiration of our cruise in the FMF.

With the Reserves landing in Quantico, our organization will soon be among them in their camp, for the purpose of instructing the men. This will be accomplished by working with them as though we were actually a part of their outfit. Although the entire Second Battalion will not go into camp, there are many of us who will soon be enjoying camp life for a period of two weeks. Our duties will consist of problems in the field, together with a limited number of hours being devoted to instruction in Guard Mounting, Close-order Drill, instruction in First Aid which will include all the various phases of medical work, both in the field and in camp, and all the phases of Communication and Intelligence work. There is no doubt whatsoever that the Regulars will find the work most interesting and instructive, along with the fact that many of us will find many friends among the Reserves who hail from our own home towns.

As the first half of the Post League Baseball competition came to a close, a study of the record shows the Second Battalion to be at the top of the list with the following status of games won and lost:

Won	Lost	Played	Standing
10	2	12	.833

Pfe. David R. Bell, our one and only genuine "Georgia Cracker" finally gained for himself the opportunity to show what kind of steam he had on the ball when he took over the box, relieving Billy Armstrout, who was so unfortunate as to receive an injury to his arm during the playing of one of the games a short time ago. However, Billy is back with us but is taking it pretty easy with that weak arm of his until he gets it back into shape. In the meantime, Bell will be on the mound keeping himself in trim for what may come. One never knows what can happen to a ball player from day to day.

For approximately one month now, the various companies of the Battalion have been trying their best to out-do each other in the playing of that manly game of

softball. The following standings are presented herewith:

Company	Won	Lost	Played	Standing
G	6	0	6	1.000
E	5	1	8	.825
H	4	5	9	.444
F	3	5	8	.375
Hq	0	5	5	.000

Although there have been few transfers of personnel since our column last went to press, it is depressing to state in this, our present article, the fact that we have lost our Battalion Executive Officer, Major Daniel R. Fox. Those who have worked under his guidance during the past Fleet Marine Force Maneuvers, know that they have lost an Executive Officer who really knew his stuff. Major Fox was detached from our staff on June 20th and is now carrying out his duties as Brigade Intelligence Officer. The entire Battalion wishes him success in his new office and it is hoped that the Major will drop in on us for many a visit in time to come. Relieving Major Fox as Executive officer, is Major H. B. Liversedge, who joined our staff from the Basic School, Philadelphia, Pa. We wish him a very pleasant tour of duty.

Other officers who have left the Second Battalion recently are: Captains J. Sabater, H. C. Waterman, and A. Larson; Second Lieutenants W. E. Barnes, R. E. Thompson, G. H. Benson, M. H. Floom, K. D. Bailey, H. McMillan, B. F. Prewitt. Joining the Battalion in their places are: Captains W. I. Jordan, E. H. Phillips, and W. A. Reeves; First Lieutenant B. T. Holcomb, Jr.; Second Lieutenants E. A. Law, C. R. Nicholson, H. L. Davis, and P. R. Tyler. There is one other Second Lieutenant who has left us very recently, not in person but in rank. A very short time ago Second Lieutenant Cosgrove became First Lieutenant. Congratulations are extended to him by all hands.

To those who have left us, we extend wishes of good luck and success in their new duties. We welcome those officers who have recently joined us and extend to them wishes for a pleasant tour of duty with the Second Battalion.

HEADQUARTERS CO.

By Dick Henry

This month's article is written by a new literary find; so come what may.

First Sergeant Butler has gone to the Hospital and his duties have been taken over by Technical Sergeant Pederson.

Cpl. Bill Price and Pfe. John Byers have been transferred to the First Signal Company. They tell me, John, that losing that twenty is a sad blow for the cause of Washington.

Pfe. Bourget gets his new haircut one day and makes Pfe. the next. Yours truly is thinking about trying the same.

Pfc. Bell has fallen for a Georgia Peach and so figures that from now on absolutely no acy duecy is to be thrown.

Pvt. Nowak is on a furlough so all heavy work has been put aside awaiting his return.

We are about finished on the range and sorry to say we didn't do as well as the company did last year. Pvt. Buonopane, our Company clerk, said that you could cover his groups with a fifty cent piece providing it was in small change.

Pvt. Simmons shot very well and on the top of that gets a twenty dollar specialist pay. He's due to make Pfc. very soon. Great work if you can get it.

Right now we are standing by to go over the Reserves about the tenth of July. We plan on making good communication and intelligence section men out of some of them.

That all for folks, until the next issue.

COMPANY E

By Joe

Another summer season rolls around and with it comes much activity. Working parties on the combat range are still in force and a summer training schedule which includes training with the reserves, landing parties, night problems and the like has taken effect. Something tells me that it will be a long summer.

This battalion has just finished with the intra-company athletic schedule and the final results show this company the winner in the volley ball competition. Four matches were won against no losses and the team will meet the winners of the other organizations in the brigade to determine the Brigade championship. The softball team had a little trouble with transfers and discharges and finished the schedule in the runner-up position with six wins against three defeats.

Several men were discharged during the past month. Cpl. Ratliff received his final settlement check and took off for the hills of old Kentucky. FM-Cpl. Patton received his discharge and is now a happy family man in Georgia. Cpl. Hicks, after a six-year extended enlistment, decided to go back to sunny Florida and see if things are the same as they were when he left. Cpl. Poulsen, just to be different, surprised the boys by shipping over for another four years. Pvt. Redmond, who hadn't been with us so long, received a special order discharge and is now at home in Tennessee.

The reserve training has claimed several from this company. This session of the Platoon Leaders' Class will find Capt. Jordan, 1st Sgt. Hynes, Plat. Sgt. Robinson, Sgt. Norling, Cpl. Rice, Cpl. Poulsen, Cpl. Hopkins, FM Cpl. Le Blanc, Pfc. Hamilton, and Privs. Siler, Shankles, and Hancock acting in different capacities during the six-week training period.

The company has added a new officer during the week. 1st Lt. B. T. Holcomb, Jr., joined and has taken over the job of company commander. 2d Lt. Clark is now on leave and from all information gathered, will leave the ranks of the bachelors.

It is now time for me to quit. I must break out the calendar and start counting the days I have left to do.

COMPANY F

Greetings Gentlemen: Once more Company F greets you distinguished and eminent members of the U. S. Marine Corps being that now-a-days it pays to be democratic, you too, C. Wm. Wall.

(Continued on page 52)

THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

By T. A. Willis

NOW that the big fight is history and the third Quantico Smoker is over, the schools are beginning to settle down to the same old routine of normal military life. There are still a few headaches among the men who wagered on the outcome of the so called fight. The fight is still being fought among some of the stunned members of this detachment, but that is to be expected.

Corporal Vernon O. Horn, Pfc.'s Cecil Edmondson, A. Schrenker, and Private James Regan will bid farewell to the service during the month of July. Pfc. LeRoy Wolff has extended two years for duty with Headquarters Company, First Battalion, Fifth Marines, and was transferred on the 23rd day of June. W. T. Clayton changed the private before his name for the rank of mister after receiving a special order discharge.

The Correspondence School has just lost the services of Technical-Sergeant Arnold C. McPike who suffered a broken knee cap in an automobile accident on the night of June 22. Everyone is hoping for an early recovery and return to duty for the instructor.

The painters moved in last month and proceeded to remove all the screens from the windows. At this time the mosquitoes decided that it was the proper time to move in on us. For a couple of days the bugs had a lovely time, being able to find quite a few juicy chow hounds to munch on for awhile. Finally the insects were foiled as "skeeter" nets were issued to each man in the detachment. Some of the boys were a little skeptical about the contraptions—wondering what would happen when they came in just a little on the tipsy side. To date there has been no casualties.

It is amazing the way the new magazines disappear from the recreation room. Usually when the literature is returned the pages are badly crumpled and the corners frazzled. This wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the fact that the magazines are well out of date by the time they are returned.

"Turn About Fair Play." There are

quite a few places on this post that people may gather to settle their arguments without disturbing others, but it seems that the most popular place is the recreation room and the time always happens to be when there is some swellelegant music on the air. Yet this same group of people will gather around the radio in the afternoon to listen to the baseball game, and if there is the least noise there is an immediate crisis of some one being seriously injured (that is if you can rely on threats). An electric razor spoiled the broadcast recently and there was a miniature riot, but the user of this novel machine stuck by his guns. Now the music lovers all threaten to hasten to the nearest drugstore and purchase an electric razor. This thing called cooperation might work wonders here in this case, but there is a slight suspicion that Reagan, Grieves, Maness, and McNally enjoy their verbal battles too well to consider such a preposterous compromise. Is it a recreation room or a debating room?

Private G. L. Bolander had two of his friends visit him on the post and they immediately wanted to see the hot spots in Quantico. It is a funny thing but there are several others who have been in Quantico for some time and they are still looking for these spots. They evidently cater only to the very best people. Pfc. Albert Herzel has been taking off to Washington rather regular here lately to see a young lady. What the boys here want to know is whether she had him shave off that bush he was wearing under his nose. Why doesn't Grieves like to read the truth appearing in THE LEATHERNECK? It is quite true that he has a nasty scar on his forehead from an accident, but no one is sure that it was an automobile that did that little stunt.

Two members of this detachment always find it convenient to park themselves on the very end of the table during mess call so that they will be the first to get the newly surveyed food dishes. At no time in the past year has anyone been able to see them at any other spot at the table, then too, never are they to be found at the same table together. Maybe wrestlers and farmers require more food than just ordinary Marines.



The new Mess Hall at Aircraft One—Puzzle Number One: How did Joe Eudrow get in the Picture?

BROWN-FIELD BULLETIN

By Tiger Laws

SINCE the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK this column has received a due amount of criticism. The writer was approached on different occasions by both men and members of the fair sex who were quite ready to point out the strong, as well as the mostly weak points contained therein of the said manuscript.

Henceforth on your correspondent will endeavor to see through the public's eyes, overlooking nothing of interest and surely not anything that might prove beneficial for all. For who is he that may correctly avoid the renown issue of the pen being mightier than the sword: Unquote.

Personnel here at Brown Field awakened one morning this month to find that overnight they had been swept back to more than a decade in mode of traveling to and from their base. Years ago what was intended to be a temporary bridge was constructed on an illogical site, having been situated on a treacherous curve, and due to its extreme narrowness has long proved to be somewhat of a hazard to progress over the road to and from the town of Quantico. Year after year plans were drawn up toward building a new and better bridge that would tend to speed up, and provide more safety for travel over this thoroughfare. But it was only until the first of this month that plans developed to such an extent that our securing a new viaduct became real. A construction crew has already completely torn away the old structure and promises to have it replaced by the middle of August. Until time of its completion, we of the field will find Lieutenant Beams' two way feature "well-fare" bus mighty appropriate. Car owners have preference of two selections, they might travel several miles over backwoods road in reaching their destination or better still may drive to the chasm and upon leaving their faithful machine strike out with a hopeful thumb in effort of earning a ride the remaining distance from a truck, provided for that purpose.

Master Technical Sergeant H. R. "Skinny" Leeper of the Scouting Squadron has this to say of the predominating circumvallation. "We of today are somewhat fortunate in securing the present methods of transportation to and from the outside." He even goes further to state how he can recall when there was no form of bridge available for use and certainly no trucks as we have today. At this time food stuffs for Aviation were dragged on a sled over the rails from Quantico to the field. Notwithstanding Sergeant Leeper's good nature and ability in any way, but we of the modern streamlined Marine Corps hope how soon our new bridge is ready for use.

The most outstanding issue of the month is the revival of work once more on Turner Field. This working order signed by the president must be put into effect immediately, not later than the fifteenth of next month. Something like nine hundred and ten thousand dollars will be allotted for resuming of work on the field and new buildings, this being a public work project. Contractors will submit bids for the three following jobs: Improvements to Turner Field, Roads, walks and services, and a new barracks building for the men at an

(Continued on page 53)



The new Grumman Fighting Plane with its capable crew chief, Ivy Crownover. Brown Field, Quantico.

FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel Raphael Griffin, USMC, Commanding

HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

CAPTAIN FORNEY has been detached to duty with Battery A, and Captain Ferguson is now our new battery commander and adjutant. Lieutenants Tabor and Henderson have recently arrived from the Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and have reported for duty with this battery. Lieutenant Shell and Lieutenant Moore have received their travel orders, and are on their way to the artillery school.

We really had our squadrooms and lockers ship-shape when the battery was moved to the junior officers room, to make way for the P.L.C.'s. Well, our lockers should be back in shape to stand one satisfactory inspection before we move back topside.

Staff sergeant Newland will no longer prepare our chow. Good luck to you, Tech. Sgt. Ferguson, and may you achieve the fame and success of your predecessor. Sergeant Flebotte, that man who used to get us away from the barracks, so that we wouldn't get any police work, on P.I., has been temporarily detached to telephone school, in Chicago. Tech Sgt. Lewis and the comm. gang are looking forward to your return, Vic, with a lot of new dope. C. D. Smith also wants to know how to climb down a telegraph pole in more than one step.

A good part of the men have gone home on furloughs. We "boots" had to be satisfied with 72's. Were you satisfied, Daniels, or pacified?

First Sergeant Larsen is back with us after spending his vacation through the mid-west and Canada. Our would-be Izaak Walton, Bill Hogan, seemed a bit insecure as he listened to the "top's" tall ones about the ones "that got away." All Bill caught last week was a sunburn. At present, Bill is acting sergeant major, relieving Sergeant Major Dickerson, who has been transferred to the Post Service Battalion.

These Marines are certainly kidding

Cotz's "reconnaissance" car, however, "Top" Lowry and Peroni will agree with Posty Campbell and Balz that it's quite the thing to go to Washington with.

Pvts. Hedlund, Peroni, Roberts, and Smith are in the chips now, drawing specialist pay. Was the wife surprised, Herb?

They tell me that "Doc" Simmons and Joiner are shipping over for Pfc. It has been said that the only reason they are working after hours is to bang cars with our police sergeant. The truth, now, boys—Was D. C. worth it?

Say, Sergeant Pileher, will you please tell H. P. Smith and Balz what the necessary requirements are to become a G-Man?

Sergeant Pluge knows that the battery is all present when he sees Kirschen fall out for roll call. Pearl's "all skivvies in the water tank" has no effect on our be-whiskered Romeo, unless you call turning over an effect.

To wit, Rip Reilly, is regulation even to his hair cut.

We heard a story of a certain battalion police sergeant offering our sergeant major a lift to Washington in his Cord, but they didn't get much farther than Triangle. Wanna buy a Nash, Pearl?

Although Pearl and Reilly agree on everything else, they both went hook, line, and sinker for der "Moxie." Rip still doesn't believe that he lost, but "Pal" Compton knows that Louis is the champ after winning that pool on the fight.

Notice—Wet Wash and Fancy Laundry—Packs Blanco'd like new Apply Geo. A. Kerler, Pvt.

Now that our chief music, Koneneman, is leaving, how will we know when to go to chow? Good luck on the outside, Corporal.

While Stafford was on leave we forwarded a letter from Puerto Rico to his home in Florida. Did we do the right thing, John?

The next time Balz goes motorcycle riding, I'll bet that he takes Growchowski's advice to go in the field to practice.

Of late, Harker and Sroufe have been riding around in the "puddle-jumper." Bang 'em, boys, you're not the only ones. I notice Hutchison is even particular about the kind of crease he has in his khaki trousers.

Why is it that the garage force has been using more coffee than the mess hall? I know Giffit can't be drinking it, because he has no trouble pressing blankets. Perhaps Staff Sergeant Bates can answer that one. How about it, Barney?

The world renown hypnotist, Professor Carlton, has been working wonders with his assistant Tetu. What are his strange powers, Ralph?

A newcomer from the West Coast is Ernie Bagnell. He has come to us via Brigade Headquarters Company. Welcome, Ernie!

Chie Sales' beaming face seems to radiate throughout the building as he contemplates his furlough to Indiana. We only wish that he would quit belittling Quantico in favor of Bremerton, Washington, unless the fact that he is no longer working with good old Mike Wejta makes him long for the days when he put the plumbing in the Bremerton head.

BATTERY A

By "Wincy"

A four-gun salute at this time from the cannoneers of Battery A (the fire will be simulated). The guns have been scraped, sanded, red lead and paint have been applied. This work was finished simultaneously with the arrival of the first of the southern members of this organization from the furloughs they had received prior to the battalion's departure from Parris Island.

The margin which determined that the above mentioned volley would be simulated instead of using live ammunition for the purpose, was scantily in favor of the former as some of the men had not yet believed it safe to check in. They had forgotten to allow for the time that would be saved by their not being around underfoot to hinder operations. The Yankee lads literally saved them from themselves. They failed to reckon with the fact that it would be they who would be holding the bag when it came time for the next furlough period. This would be taken by the ones who had not yet availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the regions most frequented before they learned to do "Squads Right." "Battery Right." "The Guide Is Right" and you are right. Some rebel will be bouncing an overhead right off my chin if I don't proceed in some other direction.

Let us take up the matter of promotion, which is always interesting. Well, well! everyone will have to furnish his own stooges this month. What's this dope about forty per cent being made Pfes. July first? Don't start betting that extra pay on your chances to buck a Joe until I tell you to. No one seems to know whether congress adjourned before or after considering the bill. Whether they passed the bill or not, we will still not be ordinary privates; we are buck privates!

There seems to be nothing more to date about promotions. Now in this direction lies Portsmouth, N. H. That is where Cpl. Cockshaw has been transferred. Over slightly to the right, a little further, is Newport, R. I. Cpl. Sugalski will soon be transferred there. Between the two lies the Boston Navy Yard. That is where Cpl. Weitekamp will be bound soon. Pfc. Haverlack will go to the receiving station at Philadelphia

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August, 1938



MARINE BARRACKS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

By Leo J. Werner

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

THE National Art Museum will be ready in 1940, as will the new District Building, Naval Hospital, etc. More positions for the ex-Marines about town, and a finer looking Washington. Suggestions for a sight-seeing trip: (1) Clinton, Md., formerly Surratsville, where John Wilkes Booth stayed, or (2) the gold mines at Great Falls, Va. Both places are only 20 minutes from town.

Promotions: To Sergeant, Luck and

The range season is full upon us and we rise with the sun. All prizes are not on the athletic field, and many a \$60 prize will be given for a little thing like 315 or better.

UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

The slogan used to be "Join the . . . and see the world." However, that is out of style. The Marine Band is seeing places these days, what with Wilmington one day and Gettysburg the next. Unfortunately the weather was anything but fine in Delaware, but the Band carried on in its finest tradition and played for the Swedish Royal family, just as they did here in Washington 12 years ago. The Gettysburg reunion was a huge success, and once more the nation at large knows which band is called on for music, whenever the President is to be there.

Another month of outdoor playing, and then the indoor season. Suggestion for a concert: Vittorio Giannini's opera "The Scarlet Letter." How about a parade "Zylophone"? Teddy Roth is saving scrapbooks and Viner is with us once more, after his recent illness. Sgt. Major Florea has a Corporal's warrant dated 15 October, 1915, and a Sergeant's warrant dated 1 June, 1917. Retirement is not far off, and in this class, we have Colchester (Prin. Mus.) and a mighty good one, with 30 years' service, and Wiblitzhouser (Prin. Mus.) with 33 years of service.

The Marine Band is always selected to play at the Pan-American Union, and last June the Cuban Band was the guest band. Captain Branson and Asst. Leader Santelmann are the hosts to the Cuban and any other National Bands that come to the Capital. Have you ever been curious about the Marines' Hymn, "The Halls of Montezuma"? Here is a brief summary of its history. It is Mr. Treginas' arrangement of "The Song of the Soldier," which is taken from Offenbach's opera "Genevieve of Brabant." It was first sung in the Philippine Islands by the Marines under Lt. Neville, later General Neville.

BARRACKS DETACHMENT

The Barracks Detachment won the majority of the events on the field last July 2. Santamaria, Ruud and Jones finished 1-2-3. A fine performance from a fine group of men. An anonymous prize of \$5 was offered to the winner of the softball throw, and Lindfelt was the lucky man.

MacMahill was appointed to the Police Department and is in charge of all wagon-wheels. We will miss him as an expert team shot and coach. Orr has left also, but we have Sgt. Slack to carry on the tradition of the Marine Barracks, and so on to Camp Simms, Sea Girt, Wakefield and Camp Perry.

Friends of Jack Sherry will be able to



Photo by Tager

Sergeant-Major Fred Riewe, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Cronan. To Corporal, Moore, T. R., Diliberto, Crawford and Wallis. To Private First Class, Hedesh, Dawson and Burge. Flash!! New semi-automatic Army rifle now in use and will eventually supersede the .30. 2nd Lt. Kelly of the Reserves and formerly of the Academic Schools is now on the police force. Tipton is selling Life Insurance in New York City.

The Field Day held on Saturday, 2 July, 1938, was a huge success to many of the athletes. Weather clear and parade ground fast, and bang! went the first event. Rapid fire dialogue came over the ether waves from "Arch" Higuera. A buffet dinner and pay call capped a perfect day and so ends the fun. However, in view of the fact that the Barracks Detachment won the most money, we will hope for a return match Labor Day.



Photo by Taser

Col. J. C. Fegan, Commanding Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., presents commissions to the successful candidates. Left to right: Col. J. C. Fegan, 2nd Lieutenants W. H. Doolen, D. C. Pollock, H. B. Atkins, and M. K. Peyton. Lt. L. V. Patterson was not present.

see him on the stage of the Sylvan Theatre on 2 August, 1938, as the leading man in the Blackfriar's production of "The Dragon."

Changes in routine and system are always popping up and we must ride along with them, or be left behind. Will someone invent a 30-second heavy marching order, using zippers? The Candidates' class has ended and the "First Five" have gone to the Basic School. To those who did not finish "Up Front," Try try-again. Promotions: to Corporal, Crosby and Iler. Petruskey will rally all bowlers next month and the league will be under way shortly with a new bowling star in "Diaz," who has been practicing in his spare time, which is 24 hours a day. Note: The Civil Service courses offered without cost by the Marine Corps Institute will prepare any student for examinations leading to the Police and Fire Department of the District.

HINGHAM SALVOS N.A.D., Hingham, Mass.

By R. L. S.

Major Melvin E. Fuller, for the past year our Commanding Officer was detached to do duty with the 4th En. FMCR, and in his new capacity will act as Inspector-Instructor of that battalion. "Best wishes and sincerest regards, sir, from the Hingham Marines," Captain Presley M. Rixey is our new "Skipper" and comes to us from the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia. We hope he enjoys his tour of duty here—that we will enjoy doing duty with him, is hereby unanimously expressed.

The A&I was here on June 22 and made their annual tour of inspection. We gave a good accounting of ourselves and hope they were impressed. Our range details continue to return to us from Wakefield

with 100% qualification and the majority of the men in the money.

On the 3rd of July a field day was held here at the depot and as usual a good time was had by all. In fact, a more peaceable crowd is hardly imaginable. It was an occasion for some serious beer-drinking and since most of us are quite adept at that anyway, we welcomed the opportunity to demonstrate, legal-like. We managed to gather enough men together to play a game of soft-ball and this gave Sgt. "Patty" Walsh (the ideal police-sergeant) chance to show us that he can really "clout" the ball around. The day closed with a beach-party at Nantasket and what went on down there was just too much routine. Cpl. Burnham and Pfc. Krohn came all the way from Quantico just to be in on the free beer. We hope it was worth the \$22.00 they spent for train-fare.

Several of our Marines were discharged in July namely: Corporals Chauvin, Early and Adams, and Pfc. Shaull, our company clerk. "Scoop" Shannon after two months of intensive "snapping-in," succeeds Pfc. Shaull as company clerk. Let's hope he upholds the traditions of those "indispensable" ones. In August, by way of discharge, we lose Cpl. Lawson, Pfc. Roessner, and Pfts. Waller, Noyes, Cavanaugh, Kocen, Myers, Grey, Story, Foster and Waltz. Most of them will ship over and be with us for some time to come but to those who don't all we can say is, don't forget the "Old Soldiers' Home," too soon.

Pvt. Noyes took a day off last July 7th and got himself a bride, best-man and all the fixin's. Congratulations!!

Waller is having "competition" trouble

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DOVER DEVIL-DOGS

N.A.D., Dover, N. J.

By Morgan

As I listen to these growling Devil-dogs growl the inspiration to write is very small.

Our "Pop" Blundell decided to stick up his hand for four more. Pfc. Varkala is taking a shot at the USS "Outside." We wish you the best of luck, "Frankie."

Last month we had several additions to our ranks of the Devil-dogs. Pfts. Burke, Olivier, and Barr joined us from Cuba. Pfc. Watkins from the West Coast, Pfc. Cample from the FMF, Quantico, and last but not least a new Music. Ball is the name.

Pvt. Albrecht, our new "laundry Queen," is taking his job very seriously. His motto is "white skivvies" for the whole crew.

Pvt. Jandura seems to have learned his lesson about playing with invisible dogs by the name of "Bismark."

Pfc. Wright seems to be quite a constant visitor to the town of "Neteong." Personally we think you have something there, Wright.

Our one and only Pfc. McDaniel seems to be the most talked about man in the detachment. He is the only man that can afford taxi-cab service every other night from liberty.

Since Monday afternoon, the 4th I mean, I've heard quite a few growls about the 4th of July parade, for the benefit of the population of dear old Dover.

"Tippie" Kane our police sergeant is now sporting new corporal's stripes. Congratulations, "Tip."

Before this reaches the press, Pfts. Scott, Williams, Abernathy and Pfc. Thomas will have been paid off.

Our soft-ball team seems to have gotten off for a bad start in the second half of the series, but keep on fighting, mates, and we will come out on top.

Cpl. Lincoln was recently transferred to Quantico. Good-luck, "Abie," it has been swell knowing you.

Our Pfc. Benny Woitkewicz seems to be the roving bar-tender of the community.

LIGHTER THAN AIR MARINES Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey

By Eddy Melchert

In the last few months we have had quite a few men "paid off," and several due to be "paid off." We wish these men complete success in whichever field they enter. Here's hoping you are first in all lines (bread lines, included).

Overheard in the squad room, "loan me your hand-book;" "what's the position of attention?" "who knows the answer to the sixty-seventh question?" Reason: Several hopefuls for private first class.

The TOP has everything to lose when he enters the barracks, namely, quote, "How's for a thirty-day furlough?" "Any chance for a Seventy-two?" About that time you'll see him snap back and say, "How about the dishes you broke—Rod?" No names mentioned.

The boys who generally lounge around a certain corporal's bunk, normally known as air-dales, will miss him for the laughs, the stories he tells are so tall that he believes them himself. And you might ask him to tell the one about the guy he shaved aboard ship (the one with the loose skin).

You have no doubt heard of the successful "Hangar Liberties," about the girls in the Pierce-Arrow—Ha. One only has to go through in a general sort of way with Bloomberg, the man is certainly

THE LEATHERNECK

a genius as a guide. And the bar-room chores, the bus-driver must put up with, while going to Toms River to take in a movie, not forgetting our trips to Seaside, which have proved great sport and wonderful swimming.

And by the way, don't forget the mess man that bites. Warning: Be careful when you put that tray out for a spoonful of spuds. Precautionary points: Wear hockey gloves, refrain from eating spuds.



WARDENIGS

By L. M. Mason, U. S. Marine Corps

The baseball team of the Naval Prison Marines continued their winning streak during the month of June, winning six games and losing none. Following are the scores:

Date	Prison Marines	Opponents
7 June	8	3—USS Falcon
9 June	11	4—Maplewood A.C.
13 June	10	9—Maplewood A.C.
21 June	5	0—Atlantic Hts. A.C.
22 June	9	5—Greenland A.C.
30 June	12	10—Marine Barracks, Navy Yard

The local Marines did their bit to make the 20th Annual convention of the New Hampshire State Department, American Legion, held in Portsmouth June 17th, 18th and 19th, a success. Sunday, 19 June, found Colonel Robert L. Denig, U.S.M.C., acting as Commander of Armed Forces of the street parade with Major George H. Morse, U.S.M.C., as his Chief of Staff and 2nd Lt. J. H. Gill, U.S.M.C., as aide. Captain C. E. Fox, U.S.M.C., commanded the company of Marines which consisted of one platoon from the Marine Barracks with 2nd Lt. W. D. Roberson as platoon commander and one platoon from the Naval Prison with 2nd Lt. C. A. Youngdale commanding. Present also was a Battalion of the Fifth Infantry, U. S. Army from Fort McKinley, Portland,

Maine. Major Irving E. Doane, U. S. A., commanded this Battalion which consisted of Companies E, I, L, and D, and one platoon from Company H.

The Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, was inspected by the Adjutant and Inspector, U. S. Marine Corps, and party, on Thursday, 23 June. Accompanying Brigadier General Clayton B. Vogel, U.S. M.C., were Colonel Calvin B. Matthews, Lieutenant Colonel Leo D. Hermle, and Major John Halla, U. S. Marine Corps.

The inspection completed, the full guard was formed, the General received his honors and at 3:05 p.m., an eleven-gun salute announced his official departure from the Navy Yard.

Overheard during the recent A & I Inspection:

Inspecting Officer (picking up a First Aid Packet): "What does this contain?"
Thoughtful Marine: "Two safety pins, two bandages and a compressor, sir."

Monday evening, June 27th, the Naval Prison auditorium was the scene of a very pleasing Variety Entertainment presented by the W.P.A. Federal Theatre Project of Maine for the enjoyment of the prisoners, duty personnel and friends of the duty personnel.

The following programme was offered:
Skating Follies—Novelty Comedy Act.
George Banks—Monologist.
Lela Lawrence—Musical Act.
Evolution of the Dance—1776-1865-1898-1914-1938.

Quartette—Herbie, Byron, Henry & Al.
Violin Duet—Mary Jenks and George Turcotte.

Two Dancers—Haskell & Manos.
Spanish Troubadours—No Bull.
Clawson & Swift—A Bit of Nonsense.
Two Martinis—Hand Balancers.
Broadway Out West—Finale.

All comments heard after the show were of a complimentary nature and inquiries were being made as to when the troupe would return.

The gallery of the auditorium was filled to capacity with personnel and their friends. The fact that the enlisted personnel have feminine interest was evident from the guests in the Marines' gallery. The officers' gallery held no empty seats. Several officers from the Navy Yard were present. Sitting in the Commanding Officer's box as guests of Colonel and Mrs. Robert L. Denig, were Lieut-Col. and Mrs.

J. L. Underhill and daughter Barbara and Lt-Comdr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Folz and daughter Dorothy.

July 4th was observed as a National Holiday at the Prison with all prisoners having the privileges of first class prisoners. One platoon of Marines under 2nd Lt. A. J. Stuart reported to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, early that morning and were transported to Exeter, New Hampshire, where along with a platoon from the Barracks, they took part in the parade as part of the Exeter Tercentenary Celebration. First Lt. P. A. Shiebler commanded the company of Marines.

Men who have served either side of the walls here would surely be proud if they could view the outside grounds of the Prison Reservation at this time of the year. The rock garden flowers are in blossom and the ponds are holding up several hundred pink and white water lilies. The point of land between the ponds at Post No. 2 has been cleared and seeded. A new rock sea wall has been built around this new lawn and 210 clumps of iris have been set along the waterfront. Removal of the old duck house has been another factor in making the fresh waterfront a place of beauty.

Major George H. Morse, Jr., U.S.M.C., the new Executive Officer at the Prison, has located quarters at 33 Kent Street, Portsmouth, for himself and family.

2nd Lt. L. M. Mason, U.S.M.C., reported for duty at the Prison on June 7th. Lieutenant Mason came from the MD, USS *New York*.

2nd Lt. P. R. Tyler, U.S.M.C., was detached from the Naval Prison on 10 June and is enjoying some leave before reporting at Quantico for duty with the Fleet Marine Force.

2nd Lt. A. J. Stuart U.S.M.C., reported for duty at the Prison on 15 June, having completed the Basic School Course of Instruction at Philadelphia.

2nd Lt. C. A. Youngdale and J. H. Gill, U.S.M.C., were detached from the Naval Prison on 20 June. Lieutenant Youngdale plans to spend some time in Chicago and then visit his home in Iowa before reporting at Quantico for duty with the Fleet Marine Force. On Friday, July 1, at Little Harbor Chapel, 2nd Lieutenant J. H. Gill, was married to Miss Elizabeth Wentworth Remick of Portsmouth. Lt. (jg) W. T. Doyle, U.S.N.,



Photo by Tager

The U. S. Marine Band plays host to their Cuban colleagues. Photograph taken on the steps of the Pan-American Building, Washington, D. C.



Portsmouth Marines pass reviewing stand in American Legion Parade. 2nd Lt. Carl Youngdale, commanding.

was best man. After a reception at The Rockingham, the bridal couple started their motor trip to the West Coast where Lieutenant Gill will report for duty with the Fleet Marine Force at San Diego.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert L. Denig had as week-end guests on July 1, Colonel Guide Verbeek and Mrs. Verbeek of the Manlius School at Syracuse, N. Y.

Captain Clifton R. Moss, U.S.M.C., from Wakefield was in Portsmouth for a short time Saturday, July 2, and renewed acquaintances at the Prison, his last duty station.

Sergeant John J. Rawley, U.S.M.C., was discharged on 20 June and reenlisted on 21 June. The following named men were discharged during the month of June and elected to give civilian life a whirl. The good wishes of the Detachment are extended to them: Privates First Class Joseph E. Horan; Joseph E. Julien; Fred C. Snively and Omer A. Spivey; Privates Glenn R. Boone; Frederick A. Custer; Raymond B. Neal and Thomas W. Turner.

The following named men joined the detachment during the month of June: Corporal Norman C. Cookshaw; Pfc. Robert A. McLalan; Privates Joseph J. Duffy; Bruno E. Lother and Charles R. Randolph.

The following named men were transferred to the stations indicated during the month of June:

Gy-Sgt. Tucker, James R., to RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Sergeant Quarter, William E., to MBNY, Washington, D. C.

Corporal LaPointe, Adrian J., to MBNY, Boston, Mass.

Pfc. Thompson, Bemer W., MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.

Privates Berry, Albert H., to MBNY, Washington, D. C.; Copeland, Ruben C., to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.; McPhail, William B., to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.; Sartinsky, John, to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.; Smith, William L., to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.; Wingate, Henry B., to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.; Witt, Fred, to MBNY, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Otis Brown, U.S.M.C., reported on 6 July for duty with the Naval Prison Detachment.

PORTSMOUTH POT SHOTS

Portsmouth, Va.

By Walter Winchelski

FLASH . . . This is your new reporter giving you the low down on Portsmouth, Virginia Marines.

FLASH . . . Sgt. and Mrs. Homer King are the proud parents of a baby girl, born at the Norfolk Naval Hospital on 12 June, 1938. Sgt. King, who is an instructor at the Sea School has added an additional subject in the School for the benefit of future proud fathers, and that subject is the 'Nomenclature of a Diaper.'

First Sergeant Buckner reported in from VMB-1, FMF, Quantico, Va., for duty aboard the USS *Boise*, when organized. Platoon Sergeant Goldie Lemons, another plank owner from Quantico also reported in for the *Boise*.

Colonel Henley, our Commanding Officer, spent ten days at Atlanta, Ga., where he attended the graduation exercises of his son at Georgia Tech. Captain Watchman was Post Commander during the Colonel's absence. Major Joseph G. Ward reported from Marine Corps Headquarters, and is now the Post Executive Officer. Captain Chandler W. Johnson was promoted to that rank during the month of June and is now awaiting transfer to the FMF, Quantico, Va. Second Lieutenant Bishop left for San Diego, Cal., for duty with the FMF.

PUGET SOUNDINGS

Bremerton, Washington

Having been designated to write the Receiving Station, Puget Sound Navy Yard news, I will give a short synopsis of our Detachment.

Captain C. Prichard commands the detachment; B. W. Stone, First Sergeant, at present in the U. S. Naval Hospital, with everyone hoping him a speedy recovery; Platoon Sergeant Berletta, acting first sergeant and doing a very nice job of it; Sergeant Sussman, Prison Warden and Property Sergeant; Sergeant Curry, police sergeant and outside overseer; Corporals Blagden, Buchanan, Casanova, and Montgomery standing sergeant of guard watches;

Pfc. Hagen, our efficient company clerk, who is getting short but very likely to make the Marine Corps his career; Pfc. Glenn, theatre attendant, also getting short and undecided as to shipping over or going back to Idaho.

Among the short timers we are sorry to see leave is Private Boles. Boles, until recently our ship's service clerk, with Mrs. Boles and baby will make their home in California. Private Roland is to make his home in Portland, Oregon, and Pfc. Chambers will leave for New York but will in all probability return to Long Beach to make his home there. Good luck, boys!

Private Klatt rejoined the detachment after re-enlisting. Klatt made his home in Kansas City the short time he was out. Pfc. Lehman, also from this detachment, shipped over for San Diego. Lehman was out about one month before the call of the Corps came over him.

Private Rasmussen has his chest expanded these days. Junior arrived June the first. Mrs. Rasmussen and baby doing fine. Thanks for the cigars, Ras.

Lieutenant George E. Palmer, U. S. N., Executive Officer as well as Ship's Service Officer, is to be detached on or about the first of July, his new station is the USS *Oglala*. May you have a happy cruise, Lieutenant. Mr. Palmer is to be relieved by Lieutenant Van Easton, U. S. N., from the USS *Melville*.

Sergeant Wetherby, now with the Reserves, is visiting old friends and looking for changes since he left.

I believe that this covers the news for the time, see you next month.

CHARLESTON CHRONICLES

South Charleston, West Virginia

By Ridenour

Well, folks, here we are again with all the dope from South Charleston, West Virginia. Spring is in the air and you sure can notice it by the way these birds take off on these balmy summer evenings.

We had A & I inspection on the 13th of June, and everything went over in fine shape. We've finished firing the range and the boys did some very fine shooting. We had four experts, nine sharpshooters and six marksmen. Eight men fired the B. A. R. and we had seven experts and one sharpshooter which is pretty good if you should happen to ask me, though I don't imagine that anyone will.

Captain Beatty returned from a ten-day leave and from all accounts he had a very fine time.

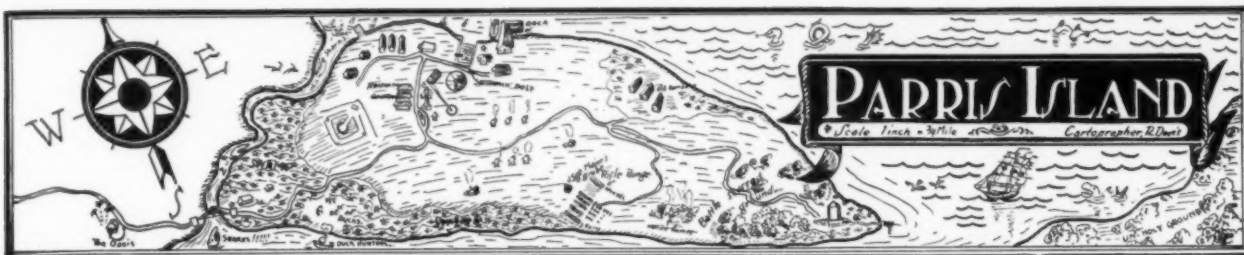
The following named men were transferred to Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., for discharge: Private First Class W. C. Wooddell, Assistant Cooks F. A. Nehls, H. B. Tagmeyer and Private W. R. Lawson. We were sorry to see them go but a cruise must end sometime.

Corporal Oezypok and Privates Smith and Hurley will be leaving in July for Washington where they will be discharged. We'll hate to see them go but Oezypok wants to get home as soon as he possibly can, as he is now the proud pappy of a baby boy. Bill Layer, the "Pride of Beaver Pond," found him shouting papa in a rain barrel the other day just so he could hear the echo.

Our garden is coming along in fine shape, thanks to "Ma" Phillips and the rest of the boys. "Ma" would like to have it understood, though, that he is THE gardener.

Travis and Selby are life guards at the
(Continued on page 57)

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Brigadier General D. C. McDougal,
U.S.M.C., Commanding General.

Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Miller,
U.S.M.C., Executive Officer.

Major R. E. Mills, U.S.M.C.,
Commanding Officer, Post Troops.

Captain W. T. Dodge, U.S.M.C.,
Post Adjutant.

Major J. W. Flett, U.S.M.C.,
Post Quartermaster.

Major J. N. Frisbie, U.S.M.C.,
Post Paymaster.

By Sgt. W. R. Yingling, Jr.
THE most important of news at Parris Island this month is NEW BARRACKS. We sure need them and have for a long time. When the appropriation was approved for the Public Works Administration, Navy Department, it included funds for three new barracks at the Main Station, and one at the Rifle Range. Who said the NAVY and MARINES did not get along so good together? You can walk around the Main Station most any time now and see wood flying from any angle. When they said get ready for new barracks—no time was a-wastin—for the WPA forces went right to work on the old shoe and tailor shop building, which is completely demolished—right now. If there ever was a Marine that wanted to come back to see his old training station—and should happen to get back—he will have to hurry, or he won't recognize the old place where he had to listen to "Squads Right" for several months. The old drill field will still be there—we hope not.

The 19th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, from Augusta, Ga., completed their annual field training at this station on 25 June, after having been with us for two weeks. Captain Walter W. Barr, FMCR, is in command of this unit and can be proud of their performance as "Regular" Marines while at this post. The efforts of the Regular Marines, who were attached to this battalion for duty as instructors, to train our reserves to be ready to join us when we need them, have been very successful, especially with the 19th Battalion. The splendid results shown on the rifle range proves that they can shoot. And, after all, that is the main determining factor of a good Marine. This battalion had an excellent percentage of 87.8 for the entire battalion of 12 officers and 171 enlisted men. The Marines of Parris Island wish to extend to the 19th Battalion the best of luck and we were glad to have you with us again this year. We hope you do as well at Quantico, Va., next year, as you did in your annual field training at Parris Island. Remember that old saying—"Once A Marine—Always A Marine."

The Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers of the Post gave a dance at their club for the non-commissioned officers of the 19th Battalion. Refreshments were served, and what was not served, was taken. Speaking of refreshments the Marines that took the pitcher of beer with them when they left the club will please return same at their earliest practicable convenience, or at least before the next members' dance,—thank you. At the party all the old time regulars, which are now attached to the reserves, were telling famous stories—we have heard them before, but they enjoy telling them so we can stand to hear them one more time anyway.

Johnny Dole has taken over the seat at the piano where we used to see "Giff" (MT Sgt. Giffin), our ex-bandmaster who was recently transferred to San Diego, doing his "Stuff." Johnny is one of the best and has plenty of backing with the "Hungry Six" composed of the following very efficient bandmen: Tech. Sgt. Greer, Piano; Pfc. Bonds, Cornet; Pfc. Barnes, Sax; Pfc. Brooks, Guitar; Pfc. Holt, Drums; Pfc. Evans, Bass Horn. The dance was a great success and everyone there must have enjoyed himself because there have been no complaints.

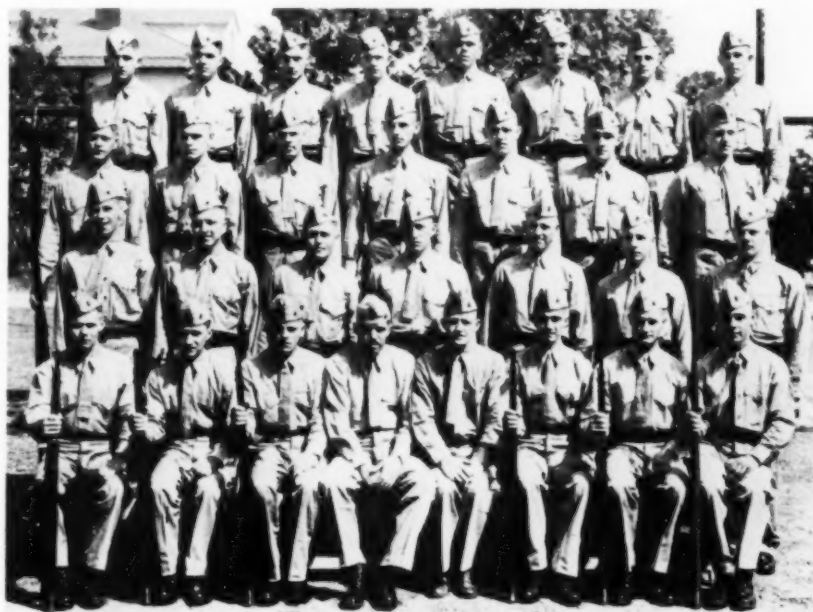
The non-commissioned officers of the 19th Battalion returned this event on the following Wednesday evening, this was too much for one week (for some people), but the party turned out to be one of the best ever held at the Club. There was a large

attendance of both Regulars and Reserves, and their families. Sgt. Maj. Thomas W. Howell, FMCR, was the master of ceremonies. MT. Sgt. (Mess) "Charlie" Nissen, the "Masked-Marvel," was thrown in the first minute of play by an unknown "Marvel" in their bout at the NCO club on this same night. It looked real, "Charley," and there are still a few who think you got beat on the up-and-up (This was just a play bout).

Mr. Kosiner, of New York City, has taken over the management of the Post Photo Shop. Mr. Kosiner has an excellent reputation on the Manhattan side as being an outstanding commercial artist as well as a very capable photographer. Mr. Kosiner has taken over the job that Mr. Tom Henry, who has been at Parris Island for many years, and recently gave up his work at Parris Island for better conditions, had in connection with taking platoon pictures which are published each month in THE LEATHERNECK.

Jimmy Byers, son of Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. C. W. Byers, applied at the local labor board for an application in view of getting a job as a Lighthouse Keeper. Jimmy, when asked by the labor board recorder, Mr. A. S. Trumpore, what experience he had, if any, said, Quote "I have had lots of experience—I have been light house keeper for my Mother for many years." Unquote—I should say so.

Sergeant M. C. Pulliam decided that the out door life was the best and gave up
(Continued on page 47)



Platoon 14, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Dickey and Sgt. Hagerty.

Photo by Kosiner

Miscellany

TRY THIS ON YOUR MUSTER ROLL

Company clerks who have experienced difficulties and resulting loss of hair from such simple names as "Szymanski," "Dzurnik" and "Paszkievich" should stand prepared for a new-comer to the ranks, one Private Phillip CdeBaea. No, the C doesn't stand for anything and is not a middle initial to be used with quotes.

CdeBaea was enlisted by Captain C. E. Shepard, Jr., at the Recruiting Station in Denver, Colorado, on 21 June, 1938. According to CdeBaea, his name was orig-

inally "Cabesa de Baea," literally "Cow's Head," but the "Cabesa" was dropped many years ago by his grandparents.

Incidentally, CdeBaea claims an illustrious background, being a lineal descendent of the original Cabesa De Baea who came over from Spain in the early 17th Century and made exploration trips throughout what is now Texas and California and who will probably be remembered by some of you more intent students of history. As a result of his explorations, he was awarded land grants by the King of Spain in what is now Texas, New Mexico and California. Private CdeBaea's



ONCE, for some undefinable reason, Alexander Woolcott labeled Arthur J. Burks as the "Pontius Pilate of the Pulps." All very alliterative, but scarcely descriptive. Here is what the New York Times said about the former Marine officer:

"Mr. Burks has written seven books, 1,163 stories and articles, making a grand total of nearly 15,000,000 words in the last fifteen years. His work has appeared in 281 American magazines and some forty foreign publications. He has written under twenty-six different pseudonyms and he receives fan mail addressed to these various names from every part of the globe. There is just one little fly in the ointment; the first story he ever wrote still remains unsold, and he still thinks that it is his best. Perhaps it was too good for this far from perfect world."

ARTHUR J. BURKS, in the September number of *Top Notch Detective*, authors a snappy novelette of murder in Chinatown, "The Curse of the Manchus." In the August *Thrilling Adventure* he tells of "The Battery of Lost Men," another novelette, with Ex-Marines who find themselves in a jam. The September issue of *Sky Fighters* publishes "Achy Flowers," a "crash on delivery" yarn of the air. A novelette of a saber-toothed tiger that comes out of the past is ready for reading in the current *Thrilling Mystery*, "Dead Black Hours." Aside from these magazine stories, Brother Burks' book novel, "The Great Amen," was released since our last listing.

L. RON HUBBARD does a diversified stint in three widely separated publications. *Western Story*, August, prints "Hot Lead Pay-Off," gun-smoke and blood. The July *Asounding Science Fiction* carries his "The Dangerous Dimension," the story of a puzzled prof. *Western Yarns*, July, offers "King of the Gunmen," a complete novel concerning the wild and woolly.

DALE DEV. KIER, in the July-August *Ace G-Man*, fathers "F.B.I. Men Make Tough Corpses." Sometimes the F.B.I. makes mistakes—on purpose. In the September *Double Action Gang* you'll find a "Ticket to Hell," lottery tickets and law don't mix.

MEIGS O. FROST, newsmonger of the first degree, elicks in the August *Adventure*, "Two Men in a Marsh," action on a Louisiana plantation befo' th' wab. In the August *Blue Book* is "The Steamboat Man," another story of the South, revolving around smuggling and a battle for the shipping trade. Mr. Frost, you know, formerly worked on a New Orleans paper.

FULTON GRANT carries on with his story-a-month in *Blue Book*, "We Rescue the Fair Y.L." A couple radio hams do some windmill tilting and find themselves in the local bastille on a murder and kidnapping charge.

DON KEYHOE keeps to the air in *Flying Aces*, August, "Sky-Fire Scourge," a mystery, with a pair of spectacles as the only clue.

LT-COLONEL JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., continues his literary discussions, "The Old South Myth," in the *Mercury* for August.

You might take a look at *Five Novels*, August. It carries a yarn of Marines in the tropics, "Sergeant Lee's War." The author is Thomas Burtis, and we don't know if he's an ex-Leatherneck or not.

In the comic field sector we have an additional entry: GRANT POWERS recently launched a strip, "Buck Haney of the Beavers," is the title, and the main character is a turtle-necked southpaw who does a bit of baseball twirling. NORMAN MARSH continues his "Dan Dunn"; and the RENTFROW-DICKSON combine renewed their contract with the Bell Syndicate for the production of "Sergeant Stony Craig." A. A. WALLGREN ("Wally") reports that his daily comic feature will be released soon.

WANTED, ONE MAJOR

The writer, a former army casual, while serving in the Special Orthopedic Training Battalion (known as the flat-foot farm), in charge of the meat detail in France in 1918 and early 1919, near St. Aignan, wishes to locate the Marine Major who was in charge of that detail and who later in 1924 or 1925 recognized me in Quantico, Va., while in the butcher-shop. The purpose of this contact is in connection with my compensation claim.

Will you be so kind as to place a notice in your paper so that I may receive word from this Major, whose name I do not know, and contact him regarding my compensation claim?

Very truly yours,
/s/ RAYMOND SCHMIDT.

R. F. D. No. 2,
Endburg Road,
Trenton, N. J.,
June 21, 1938.

great-great grandfather was the first Governor of the Territory of New Mexico when that Territory was part of Spain and his great-grandfather was the first Governor of New Mexico when it was admitted to the Union. Among other important relatives, he had a cousin who was also Governor of New Mexico and another cousin who was at one time Lieutenant-Governor of New Mexico.

CdeBaea's parents still reside in New Mexico on a part of the original land grant from the King of Spain, and prior to joining the Corps at Denver, CdeBaea resided there with his parents while attending the University of New Mexico.

"DON'T WHISTLE"

"Only Fools and Bontswain's Mates Whistle Aboard Ship," is an old saying in the Navy. And here is one of the many good reasons:

In 1922 the USS *Savannah* was taking on ammunition at Norfolk. The cargo net was loaded, hoisted clear of the dock and was swung inboard when a man came bounding topside from below decks, whistling a lively tune. The crane operator handling the whip just caught a few bars of the tune and mistaking it for the boat-swain piping "up behind" let go with a run. Result: Four men in the sick bay, with broken legs, one with a crushed hand, and one with a fractured skull.

What price whistling?

—Colorado Lookout.

SERGEANT JENNINGS COPS TITLE

Sergeant Johnny Jennings, United States Marine Corps, stationed at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., on June 17, 18, and 19 won the California Individual Service Rifle Championship with a new record of 482 out of 500, while competing against the outstanding rifle shooters of the state at the California National Guard Rifle Range at San Luis Obispo.

Jennings is a distinguished marksman and one of the outstanding long range shooters of the Pacific Coast. During these matches he made a perfect score at a thousand yards and he also holds the thousand-yard record on the state range of 22 con-

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Johnny Jennings

secutive bull's eyes, made in 1936 to win the Adjutant General's Match.

During the state matches in June Jennings won six medals and the trophy, which is a polished cut off of a red-wood log, with a bronze scroll and countersunk with a gold replica of the state seal. Also he solid gold medal given by Governor Frank F. Merriam and the title as "State Champion for 1938."

CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSIONS

With their commissions before them, five men of the candidates class of Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., took the oath of office on June 27, and became Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps.

In the order of their standing, they are: William H. Doolen, Harvey B. Atkins, Daniel C. Pollock, Monfurst K. Peyton and Lawrence V. Patterson.

Colonel Fegan, commanding officer of the post, administered the oath of office and presented the successful candidates with their commissions.

THE YARDARM BLINKER

By Arthur Rosett

EDITOR'S NOTE: Seven years ago Corporal Rosett covered his typewriter for what he thought was the last time, and brought to a close his monthly column, THE YARDARM BLINKER. We were no little surprised when the mail orderly dropped this month's contribution to THE LEATHERNECK on our desk. So here it is, and we welcome Rosett back into the fold.

I've been out seven years and I just shipped over!

Everyone I speak to, the first question that they pop is, "What did you come back in for after being out that long?" And the short-timers all inquire anxiously, "Are times tough on the outside? Is it hard to get a job?"

My pipes are getting so rusty from answering these questions that I'm beginning to sound like Andy Devine, but before the great goddess Sen Hag and on a stack of Marine Corps Manuals I swear that the following answer is the truth, the

whole truth, and nothing but the truth (and I hope that everyone in the outfit reads it so I never have to repeat it again):

I'm back because during the 31 years that I've spent on this planet,—that period from 1927 to 1931 in the Corps was the most educational, the most interesting, in short, the best four years of my life.

As for times being tough, during the seven years I was on the outside, I didn't miss a day's work, nor a meal. There's plenty of work for anyone that wants it.

When I walked out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1931, my attitude was very much like a lot of other "single cruisers." I was through with soldiering. No more taking orders for this Gyrene. No more 12 to 4's. I would never look a plate of slum in the face, and if anyone even mentioned bright-work, they were all set for

a swift kick amidships. I was so set on not coming back that I wouldn't even ship in the Reserves!

The next day I assumed my job as sports editor of a metropolitan newspaper. It was great to sit behind a desk and not have to worry about C.O.s' inspection or snapping to attention when a Sam Browne belt marched by.

This feeling lasted for about five days. Then one day I ran into a guy wearing an honorable discharge button on his lapel. We reminisced. I gritted my teeth and still tried to talk myself into being glad I was out.

I began to be on the lookout for guys wearing honorable discharge buttons. Whenever I ran into an ex-Marine, we exchanged experiences. No matter what I heard, I could always muster some adventure that would top him.

More and more I began to be dissatisfied with my swell job on the sheet.

The country went wet (legally), and thinking perhaps it was the job that was getting me down, I resigned and took over a job with a brewery. This was great stuff. I was in charge of several states at an excellent salary with an unlimited expense account. I made good in my territory—the manager said I was the best salesman he had (and his ad still runs in THE LEATHERNECK), but unfortunately I ran into a lot of ex-Marines.

When it was my lot to visit various post-exchanges and speak with former shipmates, it was like playing "Home Sweet Home" to a castaway on a desert island. The last six months on the brewery job, I didn't draw a sober breath.

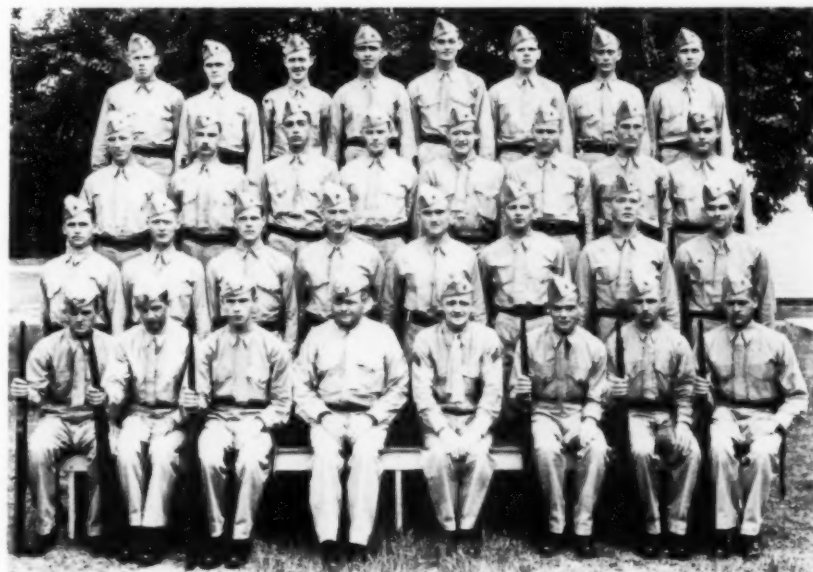
I resigned and went back to writing the news.

And I still swore to the high heavens that I wouldn't come back.

Last year I decided to take a personal interest in some property I own in Maryland. Again I quit my job. I worked day and night improving my business and property hoping to forget the Corps, but I was always meeting ex-Marines. Last Christmas I made a special trip to Washington to visit with a buddy and his wife.

Finally, a week ago I could stand it no

(Continued on page 46)



Platoon 16, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Mayson and Sgt. Dickey.

Photo by Kosiner

SPORTS

SPORTS SIDELIGHTS OF QUANTICO

By T. A. Willis

MARINES WIN POLO GAME

Quantico, Va., June 26.—Scoring eight goals in the first five periods, the Quantico Marines defeated the 110th Field Artillery of Pikesville, Maryland, 8 to 4 here on the post polo field this afternoon before a crowd of 200 polo fans.

Major Wilkinson led the scoring with five of his team's eight goals. In addition to leading the scoring Major Wilkinson turned in a fine defensive game. Captain Batterton scored two goals with Captain Ferguson scoring one goal. Good defensive work on the part of Captains Riseley and Saunders kept the Army team from scoring during the first four periods.

The army team entered the playing field with a two goal lead as the Marines were playing under a two goal handicap. Captain George Foote scored both of his team's goals in the fifth and sixth chukkers.

QUANTICO MARINES

Pos.	Player	Pts.
1	Captain B. C. Batterton	2
2	Captain J. P. Riseley	0
3	Major C. A. Wilkinson	5
4	Captain E. C. Ferguson	1
4	Captain T. H. Saunders	0

110TH FIELD ARTILLERY

Pos.	Player	Pts.
1	Lt. G. W. Brooks	0
2	Lt. G. M. Stouder	0
3	Captain J. F. deV. Patrick	0
4	Major C. W. Schmidt	0
4	Captain George Foote	2
*	Two goals	2

SHAW WINS FEATURE BOUT

Quantico, Va., June 22.—Harry Shaw, Southwestern A.A.U. Welterweight Champion, won a hard fought four-round decision from "Spud" Murphy here tonight in the open air arena before 3,500 excited fight fans.

Murphy returned to the ring to meet the crafty Louisiana boxer in the main event of a star-studded fight program. Murphy had planned to remain out of the ring until his discharge from the Marine Corps, but agreed to meet the New Orleans Champion.

Shaw forced the fighting after the first minute of the first round which was spent in feeling out one another. The boy from the Bayous country kept worrying Murphy with hard rights and lefts during the entire fight. In the second round both fighters stood toes to toes and exchanged punches. At the beginning of the third round Shaw drew blood with a hard left to the nose of Murphy and during the remainder of the fight Shaw was content to direct his blows to the injured spot. Mur-

*Two-goal handicap carried by the Marine Team.

phy tried desperately to stave off defeat in the final round with several well placed blows to the body of Shaw, but the Louisiana boy had piled up too big a lead in the early rounds.

A. J. Yamolovitch won a popular three-round decision from "Slim" Summerville in the hardest fought battle on the card. Summerville was dropped for a count of nine in the first round after taking a hard right to the heart. Slim came back to drop Yamolovitch with a left to the nose and Yamolovitch rested to the count of nine before returning to the fracas. Yamolovitch forced the fight in the second round and had "Slim" against the ropes on three occasions but was unable to land a knockout punch. Again in the third round Summerville was dropped for a count of nine and thereafter his only interest seemed to be in staying out of the reach of the murderous right hand of Yamolovitch.

Harry Malazzo won a one-round technical knockout over Joseph Giaquinto. Giaquinto was dropped twice for the count of nine in the first minute of the round. Malazzo rushed to the kill with the opening bell and had Giaquinto in the ropes all during the fight. The referee stopped the fight after one minute and thirty seconds. Giaquinto had been dropped for two counts of nine and was suffering from a nose bleed when the fight was stopped.

J. C. Schriver defeated Odenwall by taking the second and third round of a three-round affair. The first round was fairly even with no damage being done by either pugilist. Schriver kept Odenwall in the ropes after the first round and at no times was there any doubt as to the outcome of the bout.

Mike Serra took a terrific beating from

Herrites in the feature preliminary bout. Herrites had the fight well under control from the beginning bell. Herrites took up the antics of Max Baer and clown to the amusement of the large crowd that had gathered for the fights.

Frank Micelli won a hard earned bout from R. G. Kennedy in the fastest bout of the night. These two boys went after one another from the beginning and never let up during the three rounds. Kennedy cut an opening under Micelli's right eye early in the second round with a left jab. Micelli countered with several blows to the body and face and forced Kennedy to keep on the defensive. Micelli won the decision of the judges while the crowd seemed equally divided in their opinion as to the winner.

The semi-final bout brought together Rufus Stough and Langlois. Stough had the bulk of Carnera while Langlois reminded one of Mickey Walker, and Langlois proved to have the courage of the Toy Bulldog as he went to work and won a K.O. victory in the second round of a scheduled four-round event. Stough ran into trouble in the first round after taking several punches to the midsection and over the heart. Stough was dropped for a count of six at the opening bell of the second round and then after one minute and thirty seconds of this round Stough took a count of ten after taking a right hand punch to the heart.

MARINES LOSE TO WEST SHORE

Quantico, Va., June 29.—Scoring three goals in the fifth and sixth chukkers the West Shore Polo Club of Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, defeated the Quantico Marines 6 to 4 here today on the post polo field before 200 sweltering polo fans.

Perfect team work in the last half of the game by the West Shore quartet caused the downfall of the Marines in today's game. After a slow first half the Pennsyl-



Marine 1938 basketball team of Coco Solo. Left to right, front row: Cowart, Falconer, Owens, Gennaro, Sgt. Stiene. Back row: 2nd Lt. McMillian, Johnson, Young, Wilkes.

vanians hit their stride and with consistent hitting and following up of the ball they were able to score three goals.

The two teams were locked in a three goal tie at the end of the fourth period. Frank Frownfelter started the West Shore rally in the fifth period with two quick goals in the first three minutes of play. Forrest Hempt scored the final goal for his team just as the fifth chukker ended.

Captain Riseley scored the first goal in the first period with a beautiful two-shot drive from the center of the playing field. Major Wilkinson scored three of the four goals made by the Marines, getting goals in the third, fourth, and sixth chukkers.

Today's game marked the end of play with the Marine Team for Major Wilkinson who is leaving this post for duty with the U. S. Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

QUANTICO MARINES

Pos.	Player	Pts.
1	Capt. B. C. Batterton	0
2	Capt. I. L. Kimes	0
3	Maj. C. A. Wilkinson	3
4	Capt. J. P. Riseley	1

4

Alternates: Captain T. H. Saunders and Captain E. C. Ferguson.

WEST SHORE POLO CLUB

Pos.	Player	Pts.
1	L. T. Hempt	0
2	J. F. Hempt	2
3	Glenn Smith	0
4	Frank Frownfelter	2
*	Two goals	2

6

KNOCKOUTS FEATURE SMOKER

Quantico, Va., July 6.—Four knockouts featured the Smoker here tonight under a blanket of stars before 4,500 fans. Three of the knockouts of a technical nature, being stopped by the referee.

The heavyweight bout between Langlois of the First Tank Company and Grace of the Richmond Athletic Club provided the chief excitement of the evening. Both fighters stood in the middle of the ring and exchanged punches to the roaring approval of the large crowd gathered here for the fights. Langlois dropped Grace with a hard right to the jaw early in the third and final round, but Grace was down only for the count of two. Langlois won the decision to the wide acclaim of the spectators.

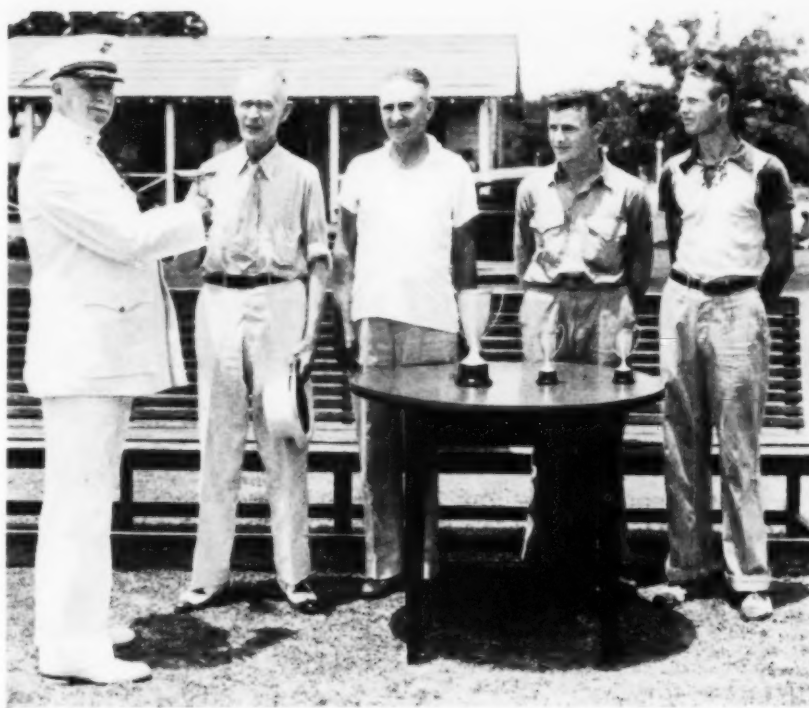
Frank Micelli won a three-round decision from Saragness after a hard fought bout. In the first round Micelli landed an Saragness with a barrage of rights and lefts to the body and only in the closing seconds of the round was the Reserve fighter able to land a blow. In the second round Saragness came back strong and gave Micelli some of the same punishment he had taken in the first round. In the final round both fighters seemed tired and spent more time in clinches than in actual boxing. Despite this both boys managed to get in several good body blows.

Kennedy won a two-round technical knockout over Peek after the Reserve fighter had been dropped for two counts of nine in the first round. As the second round opened Kennedy kept pounding away with his left hand and backed the Reserve fighter into his own corner and dropped him with a left to the jaw. The referee intervened and stopped the fight awarding the aircraft one boxer a technical K.O. The end came after forty seconds of the second round.

Scarborough and Pomilio staged a dance

*Two-goal handicap carried by the Marine Team.

August, 1938



PARRIS ISLAND GOLF CHAMPIONS, 1938

Brigadier General D. C. McDougal, Commanding General at Parris Island, presenting Championship Cups to Mr. Mapes, accepting for Dr. J. I. Root the 1938 Post Golf Champion, to ChQMClk. R. W. Jeter winner of the 2nd flight and to Private First Class Korunych winner of the 3rd flight. Mr. H. C. Baldwin received medalist honors with an (81).

Photo by Kosiner

PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

Since last writing the Parris Island Baseball Team tried to play a two-game series with Waterboro, S. C. Both games were rained out before they could be finished, the first one in the 4th inning with Parris Island leading by a score of 3 to 1—the second game being rained out at the end of the second inning with a tie score of 2 each.

On July 4th the Parris Island team played two games in Charleston, S. C., the morning game with the Tru-Blue Beer team of Charleston. Parris Island lost by a score of 9 to 5. Cavalier, the pitcher, hit a two base hit and Bush, making his first appearance for Parris Island, as a pinch hitter in the 8th inning, hit a home run. The afternoon game, against the Charleston Marines was won by Parris Island by a score of 11 to 4. Chambers pitched for Parris Island, and Gross for Charleston. Hendricks, making his first appearance at third base for Parris Island had a field day at bat on the 4th of July. In the morning game, against Tru-Blue Beer Team he had 3 hits in 5 appearances at the plate, and in the afternoon game, against Charleston Marines, made 5 hits in 6 trips to the plate, making a total of 8 hits in 11 attempts. Gross, of Charleston had a single and a triple in four trips to the plate. Buckley has turned out to be a very good catcher for Parris Island and we should go places from here on.

The Parris Island Golf Club played a match with the Forest Hills Golf Club of Augusta, Ga., on Sunday, 19 June, at Parris Island. The visiting team won the match with a score of 15 to 9. Each team

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

NOTES FROM THE HUB

2nd Bn, FMCR, NYd, Boston, Mass.

By RLN

THE Second Battalion is back in Quantico for the first time since 1929 and most of the oldtimers rubbed their eyes with amazement when they saw the changes time had wrought at this historic post. From the first day, Sunday, 26 June, when we assembled at Bld. No. 5, at Boston Navy Yard until this 12th day of training, everything has been in apple pie order and we venture to say that the stay-at-homes will wish they had accompanied us. Our trip from Boston to Quantico was made in air-conditioned coaches with two good hearty meals served to us in dining cars. We even had our own Post Exchange enroute, thanks to the foresight of Sgt. Bronis Kontrim of C Company, who had everything on hand for the hungry and thirsty. The payoff on that account happened between Baltimore and Washington when Cpl. Gillen (JE) threw the Kontrim's profits out the window by mistake in the shape of 11 gallons of ice cream, which delicacy the Kontrim had fond hopes of disposing of after Quantico was reached. Anyhow, the profit of the venture has been estimated in the vicinity of 25 dollars which is not bad at all.

To get down to the facts of the Field Training Period, the 2nd left Boston with a strength of 12 officers and 198 enlisted men and camp was made in the old 10th

Regiment area. An extensive training program has been carried out since our arrival here with combat problems, demonstrations of special weapons, etc. The 2nd this year is part of a composite (3rd) battalion of the famous 5th Marines, together with our buddies of the 3rd (NY) Battalion. This being the first year this kind of experiment has been tried out the final results of same are being eagerly awaited in Marine Corps Reserve Circles.

All hands were granted week-end liberty over the 4th of July and everyone that could be spared made an exodus to Washington and nearby points of historical interest. The men who did not take advantage of going away were treated to a boat-ride on the Potomac through the kindness of our composite battalion commander, Lt. Col. Wm. T. Clement, USMC. A swell morning on the river was enjoyed by all hands who took the trip and included an inspection of the Naval Powder Factory at Indian Head, Maryland. After the boat-ride a holiday dinner was enjoyed with chicken and ice cream being the main articles of resistance. The night of the 6th a fine smoker was put on by the post with several good bouts and also to say the Reserve boxers were thoroughly trounced by the regular Marines from Quantico. One of the instructive highlights of the two weeks was a lecture on the use of the bayonet by that premier instructor, none other than Col. (Do or Die) Biddle,

USMCR, who put the boys through their paces with that weapon. Another highlight was the excellent evening parade put on by the composite battalion at Lyman Field the night of the 6th the results of which our battalion CO was very well pleased with.

We might mention here that it is impossible this month to give any company news to any extent owing to the fact that our companies have lost their designations here this year being split into units and mixed in the 3rd (Composite) Battalion, consisting of three rifle companies and one machine gun company, the company designations being "I" "K" "L" and "M" together with a Hdq. Co. Our 1st Sergeants are taking turns of holding down the fort with the top soldiers of the 3rd Bn (NY) with a top from the regulars supervising the job. All men who have qualified with the small bore or 30 caliber rifle fired the course here at the rifle range for record during the past week and we are awaiting the final results to determine our percentage.

Our I-I and staff is also on duty here with us and Top Williams has his flivver and willing to take anyone anywhere at any time. Col. Marshall has been overseeing the performance of duty of the 2nd Battalion and has been heard to express satisfaction as to the conduct and morale of our Boston companies. We might say here that none of our men have been on report since arrival or none seriously ill, which is a fine record in itself. It is rumored that the Colonel will go on leave shortly after our arrival at Boston, Mass. We also hear rumors of 1st Sgt. Williams going to Camp Perry, but cannot verify same.

Yesterday p.m., all hands witnessed a demonstration of special weapons by the regulars of the 5th Marines, followed by reserves manning same. The show included firing of a 37mm. gun and Stokes mortar following by machine gun firing. A very interesting afternoon was spent and everyone got their money's worth.

We forgot to mention that prior to our leaving Boston we were inspected by the Commandant of the First Naval District and Navy Yard, Boston, Rear Admiral Walter R. Gherardi, USN., who with Captain C. C. Soule, USN., Captain of the Yard, gave us a thorough inspection of both personnel and quarters, this event taking place on 15 June. The Admiral was very pleased with the appearance of both troops and quarters.

The 2nd lost 24 men at Quantico who stayed here to attend the Eastern Platoon Leaders Class of 1938. All men were from the Boston College (D) Co., their names follow: Pfc. Canney, John J., (who incidentally had to be reduced from Sgt. to attend also making his 2nd year); Day, John S., Ahern, Thomas J., Driscoll, Frederic L., Howard, Robert L., Kelly, Richard A., Mahoney, Alfred M., Picardi, Robert J., Ryder, James R., Jr., Tilley, Robert F., Sullivan, James A., Cross, Thomas J., Howe, Lawrence H., Monahan, John L., Roack, John F., Ryan, John F., Jr., Schofield, Edward J., Cudmore, Thomas J., Canty, Eugene J., Burnett, John R., Coulter, Herbert W., Taylor, Henry S., Jr., and two from



Once Charlie Chaplin took time off to don a Marine Corps uniform and lead the San Diego Band.

"B" Co., Pfc. Robinson, Franklin C., Gately, Henry F., Jr. So we go back to Boston considerably under strength but Captain Crowley has high hopes of being back to strength after the first or second drill of the new fiscal year.

In closing we wish to extend our sincere thanks to all officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps who have made our stay both pleasant and beneficial to us all. The recreational facilities of the post were all thrown open to us and everyone took advantage of the excellent opportunities offered while at the station.

NUWAY SCANDALS: All non-coms will please chip in 50 cents to pay for that showcase window—just received this morning*** No, No, No, mattresses will not be taken on the combat problem notwithstanding one individual's insistence in packing his up for shipment—officer or enlisted man? we can't say*** Why all the trips to Fredericksburg, with Cohen, Top Williams?*** Ask Tankuns how many times Seelig was fired during the two weeks*** Peterson only received four letters from his Quincey gal and is he tearing his hair out*** We observed Rusty Innis drinking buttermilk the other night*** Whatever happened to the "Bugle Call Rag"*** All the editorial staff is attending PLC*** Chet Goodwin's weakness is buckwheat cakes at the Hostess House*** Also the pitchers they have for 20 cents across the way*** What top soldier has filed papers under Article 77b?*** "Joek" McKenna is only behind 89.50—"Moanin' Low"*** Sammaturo wants to file an application for Pfc.*** What dashing Sgt. stayed away too long and can't make any more liberties?*** We'd hate to be in Saffel's shoes when he starts to explain about the flivver*** Yes, one non-com went to church with a big head Sunday a.m.

COMPANY B, SECOND BATTALION, USMCR (O)

Portland, Maine

After an absence of two months with news of the Pine Tree Branch of the Second Battalion, Co. B, we finally find time to get back into the limelight again.

The trip to Quantico for Annual Field Training was a great experience for the majority of the men, as few had ever been farther than Boston and it afforded them the opportunity of seeing country entirely strange to them.

The training this year was plenty different from previous years and everyone was kept on the jump, but in spite of being kept busy the boys voted it a good camp. All men are back in harness in their various professions, but some found it hard to get going after being away for two weeks. We are still expecting to find two or three make a bid for enlistment in the Regulars.

It was with regrets that we had to leave our Cpl. Gibbons behind; ten days prior to our departure he suffered a broken arm, the result of a fall from his truck. He did not give up hope of going until the very last minute, hoping that it would mend sufficiently to allow him to attend camp; the strange part of all this is that it made the third consecutive time that an accident has befallen him shortly before it was time to attend camp, but in the past he always managed to be on deck when the company left.

One of the bright spots of the entire camp was the "Liberty" over the holiday. Many of the men visited the nation's Capital, looking in on the different gov-

(Continued on page 44)

BROOKLYN'S THIRD BATTALION HEADED FOR NEW DRILL YEAR AND MANEUVERS

WITH Quantico, and the most successful, interesting reserve encampment in history behind it, the Third Battalion from Brooklyn is preparing for its Fall land-sea maneuvers, with the boats of the U. S. Power Squadron, on September 17th and 18th. Many applicants for enlistment appeared shortly after the battalion landed at the Yard, following the Quantico camp, and the shakedown was accomplished with dispatch.

Keen competition for Battalion and company honors resulted in an almost even break between companies. When the Battalion, following honors paid to the late 1st Sgt. Thomas Dowd, USMC, who died July 2nd in Brooklyn Naval Hospital, formed in a hollow square on their drill deck, the awards were made for the 1938 year.

The Colonel Gerald M. Kincaide Trophy, for the outstanding unit of the Battalion



J. W. RIKEMAN

A last-minute report informs us of the death of J. W. Rikeman, aged 84. Complete details are not available as we go to press.

at camp, was awarded by the judges to Company D, which was transformed at Quantico from a rifle company to a machine gun unit, and won high praise from regular and reserve officers alike. This is the second time that D Company, commanded by Capt. M. V. O'Connell, with Lt. John Goodwin second in command, had won the Col. Kincaide trophy. It was won in 1937 by C Company and in 1936 by B Company.

A Company, commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, Lt. Fred Lippert second in command, took the Battalion rifle trophy, held for the past two years by D Company, with the highest average of qualifications in the history of the Battalion, 82.2%. Headquarters company came second, in a close race for rifle honors.

B Company, commanded by 1st Lt. Fred Lindlaw, and with 1st Lt. Edgar Persky second in command, won the newest of the

trophies, the General Yearly Efficiency Trophy, awarded by Major B. S. Barron, commanding the Third. The Battalion qualified more than 75% of its personnel on the rifle range.

Company C, commanded by Capt. Howard W. Houck with 2nd Lt. Alfred Bershad second in command, carried off both the General R. P. Williams Trophy (for highest camp attendance) and the Major Sydney D. Sugar armory drill attendance cup. First Sergeant Edward G. Anderson of D Company, won the Battalion Efficiency Medal as being the outstanding man in the entire outfit, while Sgt. F. P. Sampieri won the Daughters of 1812 Medal.

The merging of the FMF regular troops and officers, with the 2nd and 3rd reserve Battalions, in what approached a typical wartime mobilization, was appreciated by the reservists who got a taste of what such wartime conditions would mean. Both "old men" (regulars) and "new men" (reservists) became fast friends and the spirit was one of the true Marine Corps organization.

The enthusiasm and leadership of Colonel William T. Clement, USMC, who commanded the Third Composite Battalion, 5th Regiment, 1st Brigade, which was the designation of the organization, won the hearty affection and admiration of all officers and men of both reserve battalions. The whole-hearted co-operation and encouragement provided by the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the FMF, was an inspiration for both reserve organizations to try their best. As the result one of the most successful reserve encampments on record was believed to have been accomplished.

Countless side lights on the encampment, including the momentous birth of nine wire-haired pups to Field Music Corporal Julius Goldsmith's Third Battalion mascot (Lady Lark) on the first day of the fiscal year was a highlight of the camp. One of Lady Lark's pups goes to Colonel Clement, another to Capt. M. S. Rahiser, USMC, who commanded M Company (machine gun unit), one of the hospital corpsmen of the FMF, and another to the 2nd Battalion of Boston. One of the litter will march into the Third Battalion's 1939 encampment as the official Battalion mascot, having been born in the field, under canvas.

Many close friendships between the officers and men of the Brooklyn and Boston reserve battalions resulted from their merger in Quantico. A mid-winter meeting of many of the members of the two outfits, with a home-and-home basketball series between the 2nd and 3rd has been arranged. The 3rd is looking forward to being billeted in camp with their Boston comrades next year as the result of this encampment.

What many regular Corps observers stated was one of the finest parades ever staged by troops on Lyman Field and on the 10th Regiment area parade grounds, took place during the encampment, and Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams, USMC, brigade commander and former chief of Reserve, gave personal commendation to both outfits for their proficiency and appearance. Following the breaking up of the Third

(Continued on page 44)

17TH BATTALION, FMCR

Detroit, Michigan
By William Brumit

In just a few more days we will be underway for our fifteen-day training period at the Naval Training Station in Great Lakes, Illinois.

Officers and enlisted personnel are exerting every effort to bring the newly organized outfit up to the same standards of achievement we always maintained as part of the Eighth Battalion.

The .30 caliber Rifle Range at Grosse Isle is now open for our use and an unusual interest has been taken by all hands. At present our Company A is in second place in the Company Competition. The Battalion Team is in Fifth place. The Novice Team first place, and the Junior Team in third place in the Metropolitan Small Bore League of Detroit. Also Lt. Sauls of Company A took second place in the individual competition.

At present Gy-Sgt. Powroznik, who has charge of our indoor range is in the Marine Hospital recovering from a hernia operation. We are hoping he will be back with us soon to cultivate the Beans which were found growing in the sand pit of the indoor range.

On the thirteenth day of May last, the Non Coms and Petty Officers attended an invitation ball, sponsored by the Royal Canadian Guards, at Chatham, Ontario, and we certainly kept the situation well in hand.

The following week we held our own Annual Ball and collected rich dividends in the form of return invitations from other outfits. These include the Essex Scottish Guard from Windsor, Ontario—the Royal Canadian Guard from Chatham and other Marine Reserve outfits in neighboring cities.

SIXTH BATTALION O.M.C.R.

Philadelphia, Pa.
By Wm. B. Crap

With all the hustle and bustle about these parts due to the proximity of our sojourn in Quantico, I have been tempted to forego writing any news for the August issue of THE LEATHERNECK. I would certainly break my record for consecutive articles were it not for the fact that it has been brought to my attention that these articles are read by some of our former members, some of whom are living at great distances from these headquarters.

Recently we were pleased to have had Captain Leon Larison visit us. Captain Larison at one time was a company commander in this outfit and later became battalion adjutant. He is now in charge of a CCC camp located near Lebanon, Ohio, wherever that is. It was the captain's remark to the effect that he looked forward to reading our monthly article that stirred me to sit in front of this writing machine. Probably somewhere else in these United States there are some other wandering sons and they too like to read about the news back home.

I will just about have time to finish this article before the choo-choo train carries me and two hundred and eighty other members of this battalion to Quantico. The rumor department has it to the effect that we are to be a part of the Fifth Regiment during our stay there. If such is the case, what a break the regiment is getting. I hope they think so too.

As in former years, we will have a large number of "boots" with us to camp but the percentage of old timers will be considerably larger than in the past.

I understand that our new title is Organized Marine Corps Reserve. We just about get used to our old name when they give us a new one. As the wag remarked "As long as they call me in time for chow, I don't care what else they call me."

It seems that some of our companies have come to life and are now writing individual articles dealing with the news in their respective companies. I hope they have done so this month, for I have nothing else to report and I hate to have "ye editor" scratch his head wondering how he is going to fill up the pages of our monthly magazine.

I have been promised some good pictures for next month, so keep your eyes peeled for future articles.

And now I'm off for Quantico—hope to see you there, too.

SEVENTH (ARTILLERY) BATTALION USMCR(O)

Philadelphia, Pa.
By William H. Tinney

The cannoners of the Seventh Battalion are now qualified veterans of the Army, having just completed their second encampment at Fort Hoyle, Maryland. Our training period with 19 June to 3 July

with an advance and rear detail of several days. The weather was all that could be expected, the training was intensive enough to separate the men from the boys (who were very few) but the N.C.O. Club was entirely too far away. No one made the mistake of sleeping without netting more than once as the old Maryland Muskeeters were really ferocious. The Army treated us royal again this year providing concrete tent decks and an excellent camp area in every respect.

Your correspondent was informed by several night-owls that the Pink Elephant is still open and they even say a certain Supply Sergeant and Chief Cook rated jaw-bone—some fellows have all the luck.

The following promotions were handed out:

Cpl. to Sgt. Schwetz, Kenneth I.
Pvt. to Sgt. Chevalier, John F.
Pfc. to Cpl. Vandermark, Harry.
Pvt. to Cpl. Maxwell, Thomas W.
Pvt. to Pfc. Butler, Henry V.; Drake, John L.; Rosciszewski, Henry C.; Swift, A. D., Jr.; Koch, Claude F.; Meloro, Francis A.; Ward, Edward M.

For the duration of our camp period only the following promotions were made:

Cpl. to Chief Cook—Cosentino, Frank DeC.

Pvt. to Field Cook—Armitage, Harry V.
Pvt. to Asst. Cook—Kerr, Donald S.

The Seventh will be well represented at the Eastern Platoon Leaders' Class with the following men:

Advanced Class

Leonard, John P.

Senior Class

O'Connell, John L.
Smart, Henry J.

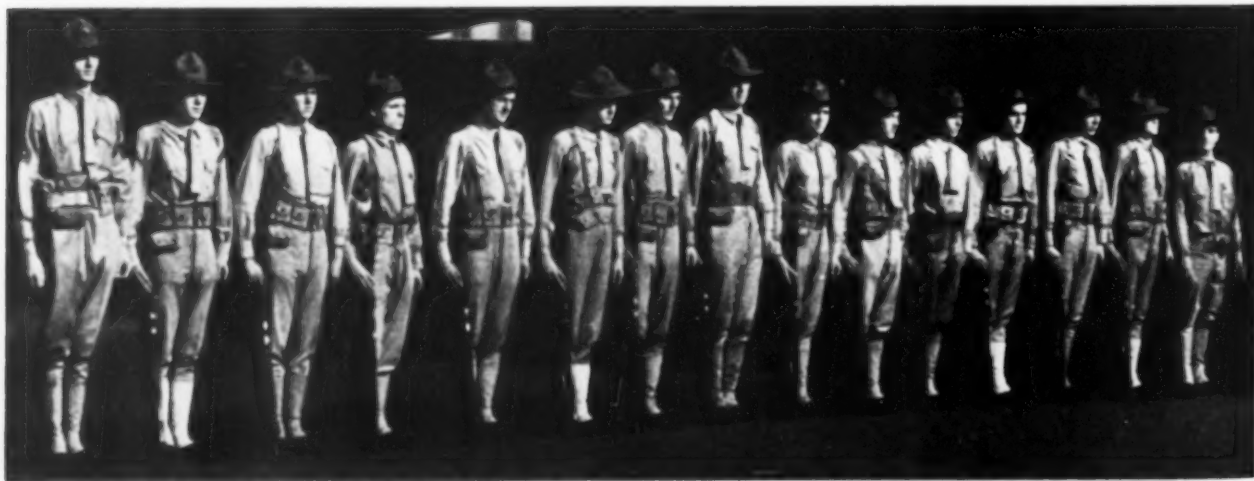
Junior Class

Koch, Claude F.
McAlinn, John P.
Meloro, Francis A.
Ward, Edward M.

Pvt. Harry E. McCormick, USMCR(O) was assigned to active duty 4 July and was transferred to Quantico for duty under the Quartermaster, Marine Corps Reserve Camp. McCormick will continue on active duty until on or about 31 August.

Wonder why the Top Kick of A Battery got in so "early" several mornings? On behalf of the enlisted men I know that the beer party the officers gave on Saturday was thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

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Advance Detail, 6th Battalion, FMCR. These men cleared for Quantico on June 1, and will remain on active duty during the period of Reserve encampments.

COMPANY B 14TH BATTALION

Spokane, Washington

Here we are at home headquarters again. Having spent the last two weeks in active training duty at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington, we're all fired up with the old ambition and have plenty of experiences to talk about, and comparing this year's training duty with those of years past, we feel we're getting someplace.

Twelve June, 1938, the Battalion boarded the Seattle bound Great Northern train about 104 enlisted men strong. Having the baggage detail on the way over and with so many different transfers, members of B Company didn't enjoy the trip so well. No actual complaints, but one could easily conclude that the fellows were born lazy, or rather not lazy, just lacking ambition.

Arriving in Bremerton by Navy tug, everything and everybody was transferred by truck to Camp Wesley Harris, the rifle range, about 12 miles from Bremerton proper, for a week of firing instruction. Bed never felt better than it did that night!

After a few days' setting sights and limbering up the old shooting eye, comes the day for record firing, and here are the results: of 111 officers and men firing in the battalion, 103 qualified. 27 rated expert badges, 22 rated Sharpshooters, and 54 qualified Marksmen. Company B had 48 men fire, of which 46 or 96% qualified. Subdivided further, 12 men qualified expert, 13 qualified Sharpshooters, and 21 rated Marksmen. I guess you'll remember it was the B Company Rifle Team won second place in the Marine Corps Reserve Indoor Rifle Matches held last November.

Of course such shooting as the above took the usual toll in several gashed cheeks, and any number of "apples" were raised on lips, but the results looked pretty good anyway. Sergeant-Major Vern Sheldon was tops in the shooting scoring 243. He also ranked tops in the .45 Caliber pistol firing for officers and staff non-coms with a score of 94%. B Company's 2nd Lt. Loren Haffner scored second position with the pistol by shooting 92%. 14 officers and men fired the .45 pistol, of these, 6 qualified Expert, 3 shot Sharpshooter, and 5 rated Marksmen, with 100% qualification.

Used as in between the round breathers, were classes in firing of the Browning machine gun, the Browning Automatic Rifle, the 37 mm. gun, trench mortar, hand grenade and rifle grenade practice. All the men received first hand instruction in firing.

On Saturday, 18 June, 1938, the Battalion moved into the Marine Barracks proper, where we were quartered on the third deck. That is a day long to be remembered, what with carrying all our equipment up four flights of stairs.

Commenced then a week of intensive drilling such as would put callouses on your feet to even think about it. The sun came out in all its glory, things were so hot they blistered your hands to touch them. Compared to this, life on the rifle range was a picnic with all the trimmings.

Of course there were softball games and liberty every evening. The Barracks has just about every sort of recreational device possible it seems. Tennis courts, bowling alleys, swimming pool, ball diamonds, hand ball courts, pool room, ping pong table and the whole works. Each of

(Continued on page 44)

August, 1938



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, COMPANY G, FIFTH BATTALION, OMC, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Left to right, sitting: Sergeant Otho E. Manning, Sergeant Charles I. Britts, 1st Sergeant Dewey C. Graham, Plat. Sergeant Lewis J. Dollman, Sergeant Walter A. Johnson. Standing: Corporals Lewis L. Harris, Oliver H. Crawford, Armond L. Gwaltney, James W. Chaffin, Claude E. Kelley, Woodrow H. Dillon, Earl L. Otey.

19TH BATTALION, FMCR

Augusta, Georgia

By Leland W. Smith

Notwithstanding the hot weather and hard work to say nothing of the man-sized mosquitoes we survived the trying two weeks at Parris Island and I daresay every man in the outfit would go right back for another session of it if we could go again this summer. And as our last Broadcast intimated we are much better Marines.

We were one hundred eighty strong when we made our landing at the Island on June 12th after a long train ride on one of those slow-moving trains that stop at every crossroad. Everybody had a good time with one possible exception. Private First Class K. Z. Johnson handed a colored boy a quarter at one of the stops, instructing him to return with as much haste as he could, bringing him a bottle of ice cold beer. The lad trotted off towards the beer parlor and right past it and on around the corner. Johnson is still looking for him.

It took several days for the gang to become accustomed to the five o'clock reveille and Marine galley chow. There were the usual inquiries at the sick bay and Sergeant Morgan gave them the prescribed antidote for the stomach ache. He must have given the right medicine because we did a very scant repeat business.

Captain Spicer and the other regular officers at Parris Island who observed the Battalion on the range were very favorably impressed with our splendid qualification average of over 88%. Lt. Dyess, Commanding Officer of C Company, made high score for the Battalion with a 242 out of a possible 250. Pl-Sergeant McClarren headed the enlisted men's scores with a 237. The real surprise score was that

turned in by Private O'Connell who rolled up a 233. Private O'Connell had never fired the 30 caliber rifle before.

The splendid spirit of cooperation offered by the regulars assigned to the camp as well as the others with whom we came in contact made our stay an event of lasting memory. Any sneers of reflection which the regulars might have made while sizing us up were totally absent. And to top it all, Captain Spicer passed us the finest tribute any officer might have offered the best fighting force in the world. It was immediately following the Battalion review the day before we broke camp when he said in addressing us in a body, "All I can say that if I ever have to go into battle again I couldn't ask for more than the 19th Battalion behind me."

The competition for the trophies offered at camp this year was plenty tough and now that the awards have been made we are all agreed that they were justly awarded. Company B easily captured the softball trophy, while A Company practically ran away with the swimming meet, due principally to the splendid diving and swimming of Sergeant Asserson. Corporal Buck and his squad from A Company was awarded the best drilled squad trophy.

And the men didn't miss a thing when it came to night life on the Island. The family size packages of beer were bought by the case and many were those unfortunates who straggled in after lights out and became entangled in their mosquito nets. The story (and we have the proof) is told about a certain First Sergeant who came in one morning about three-thirty after a rather hilarious evening and called his girl friend back in Augusta on the telephone just to see if she were asleep. And then there was the night Corporal Saxon (the worthy non-com in charge of the infamous "third squad") who took such a

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CINCINNATI DETACHMENT

Left to right: Commandant Florence E. O'Leary, William A. Krauzman, Charles J. Smith, Marelle G. Peters, Harry S. Mosey, Cyril R. Welp, Robert C. Eastman, George F. Brautigam and Melvin J. Griggs. This color guard boasts of two (2) Distinguished Service Crosses, two (2) Navy Crosses, four (4) Silver Star Citation Medals, two (2) Purple Heart Decorations, nine (9) Good Conduct Medals, seven (7) Victory Medals with a total of eighteen (18) bars, two (2) Expeditionary Medals, one (1) Second Nicaraguan Medal, three (3) Croix de Guerres and a few more that your writer cannot exactly remember including one (1) Mexican Campaign Medal. The center flag is the City of Cincinnati Flag presented the Detachment by the then Mayor Russell Wilson of Cincinnati. The Lincoln Statue is one by George Grey Barnard and was presented the City of Cincinnati by the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft. Mr. Taft was a brother of the late President William Howard Taft. This color guard has led many of the outstanding parades in Cincinnati in the past year. (Photo by Myron Benson.)

SIXTEENTH BATTALION, FMCR Indianapolis

Coming down the home stretch under full speed toward the culmination of the year's program, the annual training camp which, for the 16th, will be held at Great Lakes, Illinois, from July 17 to July 31 inclusive.

The fine weather we have enjoyed in this great midwest metropolis during the past two months, has greatly assisted the battalion as it has been possible on every Monday evening to hold drills and parades on the plaza of the World War Memorial located in downtown Indianapolis some distance from our armory. Drills outdoors are thoroughly enjoyed by all and also afford an opportunity to instill in the new recruits, the fundamentals of battalion parades and extended order drills.

Another aid to our program is the completion of the battalion small arms range in the basement of the armory. This range which is modern in every respect, supplies nine additional targets to those already available and serves to round out the equipment necessary for the unit to reach maximum efficiency.

This spring the Indiana National Guard generously offered the 16th battalion, the use of its range north of Frankfort, Indiana. The offer to use this range which affords adequate facilities for both rifle and revolver practice, was immediately accepted with the result that most of the officers, as well as the non-coms, selected for camp instructors and many of the men were qualified with the 30 caliber rifle.

The 16th is represented at the platoon leaders class now in progress at Quantico, Virginia, by privates first class, Nick E. Presecan, Dred F. Parks and William F. Belcher, all fine soldiers and worthy representatives of this unit.

Several weeks ago, Captain Leslie H. Wellman, who has been the battalion instructor and inspector during the past two years, was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Ammunition Depot, Puget Sound, Washington. Captain Wellman during his tour of duty with the 16th, was at all times a very thorough and efficient instructor ready and willing at all times to render assistance or to give advice when it was requested. The battalion as a unit wishes Captain Wellman every success in his new command.

Captain Wellman is succeeded by Captain Lawrence R. Cline of the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia. We welcome Captain Cline to our organization and assure him our fullest cooperation in all his endeavors.

Sergeant Luke M. Henderson who, until recently has been stationed at the Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Maryland, is now attached to the 16th battalion as instructor. Sergeant Henderson, a very likeable and efficient instructor, is rapidly making himself an important part of our organization. To him, as to Captain Cline, we extend our heartiest greetings.

This year the 16th will train with the 9th battalion from Chicago and, due to the fact that this combination brings together one of the oldest and one of the

youngest battalions, there will be some fine competition between the two units which should make for the betterment of both organizations.

HEADQUARTERS, 4TH BATTALION, OMCR

Newark, New Jersey

The Fourth Battalion moves into Quantico with the Sixth Battalion, OMCR, from Philadelphia, Pa., to make up the 3rd Battalion (Composite), 5th Marines, with a few men from the 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines, on 10 July to 24 July. The schedule is comprehensive, and we are expected to hold our own with the training similar to what the Regulars are accustomed. Considerable interest and eagerness has been shown by the officers and men with this new experiment in training each time our major, Major Lessing, unfolds new letters and memorandums for our benefit. The Major has worked hard to bring this Battalion up to its present standards. His efforts have succeeded in bringing the strength of the Battalion up to authorization. It is expected that this Battalion will make a showing comparable to our present high reputation.

Captain Pohl, USMC, our Inspector-Instructor has been ordered to the West Coast the end of June. A dinner was given in his honor by the officers and senior non-commissioned officers on 27 June. The whole Battalion regrets the loss of Captain Pohl, as we shall miss his comradeship as well as the many helps and kindnesses which he has so willingly bestowed upon us at all times. It is hoped that he will be back to normal health soon, and will be able to carry on his new assignment.

Our Assistant Instructor, Sergeant William Laverty, Jr., USMC, stepped off the plank into matrimony on 18 June, 1938, in Jersey City with great secrecy. It got on the grapevine and has made the rounds of the Battalion. This report revealed that the honored lady was a Miss Ellen Carmison of Jersey City. The Sergeant met her at a dance given by Company B last March. Best wishes and success to Sergeant and Mrs. Laverty. It is hoped that this new responsibility will not prevent the Sergeant from making his weekly trips to the different companies.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 4TH BATTALION

By Halstead Ellison

Headquarters Company represented the 4th Battalion at Ramapo, N. Y., on June 26th in the New Jersey State Rifle and Pistol Assn. match. Capt. A. B. deLaski, Lieut. Byron Thornton and Sgt. George Wright made the trip and fired through the rain, using army "A" targets for all five courses. The sergeant scored a 137 out of 150 and felt justly pleased.

We had an old friend and colleague as a visitor the other evening. Capt. Edward P. Venn, VMCR, up from Fajardo, Puerto Rico, for summer training. He is remembered by all old timers in the battalion as former C. O. of C Company.

All officers turned out for the dinner in farewell to Capt. Pohl, USMC, our departing Instructor-Instructor, on June 27th.

We don't know what the "experimental schedule" holds in store for our jovial Dr. MacDonald at Quantico, but he deserves the best after the way he has worked dishing out anti-typhoid shots this

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THE LEATHERNECK

COLORS PRESENTED TO CHICAGO DETACHMENT NO. 1

SEVERAL weeks ago a group of Marines and former Leathernecks in Chicago began work toward organization of a Chicago Detachment of the Marine Corps League—an association open to all active and former Marines regardless of date or place of service.

This work had its culmination May 28, when the new Detachment, formally completed, received its colors in impressive ceremonies at the Hotel La Salle. There was an organization formed back in 1918 to aid all Marines. This organization was made up of friends and relatives of the men who were fighting. Mrs. H. L. Adams, a president of that organization, and Mrs. J. F. McMahan, an organizer, with other members, got together and obtained the colors which were presented to the latter-day league May 28.

Participating in the ceremonies were Col. A. B. Miller, Marine recruiting officer for this area; E. H. Sippel, Commandant of the new detachment; Frank W. Bloom, Commandant of the Marine Corps Post of the American Legion, and Walter Schrade, captain of the League Color Guard.

CHICAGO DETACHMENT NO. 1

I have the honor and pleasure of informing you that we of Chicago Detachment No. 1 have landed and have the situation well in hand, and have reached the one-hundred mark in paid-up members, and I am this week sending forty National file cards along with the money order to cover the per capita tax to National Adjutant and Paymaster, John B. Hinckley, Jr.

On the night of May 28, 1938, we were presented with our colors by Mrs. H. L. Adams, former President of the Old Marine Corps League of Chicago. This presentation was held in the Grand Ball Room of Hotel La Salle and was attended by a large number of people and was much enjoyed by all of those present. It was a very colorful event. A large bouquet of flowers was presented to Mrs. Adams by us. Several speakers for the occasion made the evening of great interest. Mrs. Adams rendered a very fine and patriotic speech, and the entire program was presided over by Mr. Frank Bloom, Commander of All Marine Post No. 273 of the American Legion. Mr. Bloom is also Judge Advocate of Chicago Detachment No. 1 and is a most efficient Master of Ceremonies at all times.

Lt. Col. A. B. Miller, USMC, gave a talk in regards to the Marine Corps League. Col. Miller is also a member.

The entire program was instigated, mostly, and put over by our first Commandant and National Aide-de-Camp Ernest E. Sippel, who does a great many things for the good of the Detachment, as well as the League. He has spent a great deal of time and thought, as well as his own money to make these things possible for our De-

MEMBERSHIP STANDING AS OF 1 JULY, 1938

The ten (10) leading Detachments of the Marine Corps League in membership standing as of 1 July, 1938, are as follows:

- 1 Chicago Detachment No. 1
- 2 Niagara Frontier
- 3 Theodore Roosevelt
- 4 San Francisco
- 5 Badger
- 6 Hudson-Mohawk
- 7 Oakland
- 8 Newark
- 9 Troy
- 10 Albert Lincoln Harlow

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,
National Adjutant and Paymaster.

tachment. We have all worked hard to further advance the progress of Chicago Detachment No. 1 and our Adjutant Ma-

rine Carl E. Cheever works night after night getting the names of prospective members lined up, which is quite some job.

We are rather proud of the progress since our first get-together meeting of March 8, and I honestly don't believe there is another Detachment in the entire League that has advanced as far as we have in so short a time, and we are going to continue the good work and never quit as long as there is a prospective Marine member in the offing.

RAY OTIS EPPERSON,
Detachment Paymaster.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Who is going to eat steak? That seems to be the question among the members of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, I say "the Wades" and Mike says "the DiRienzos." You say, "What's this all about?" I say, "we are having a contest." The Theodore Roosevelt Detachment has been divided in two equal parts, and the contest is a Membership Drive. The side that brings in the most members, old or new, eats steak at the expense of the other side. You say, "why the sudden burst of enthusiasm?" Well, the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment has been No. 1 in the membership so long they were of the opinion that it was impossible for any detachment to

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Colors presented to the new Chicago Detachment, Marine Corps League. Left to right—Walter Schrad, Captain of the Color Guard; Frank W. Bloom, Commandant of the Marine Corps Post of the American Legion; E. H. Sippel, Commandant of the new Chicago Detachment No. 1, receiving the colors; Mrs. H. L. Adams and Mrs. J. F. McMahan. Col. A. B. Miller is behind Mrs. Adams. A Marine Corps Color Guard is in the background.



Fleet Marine Force, Marine Corps Base.

RESERVE NEWS THIRD BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 39)

Composite Battalion, each reserve unit paid honors to the other and marched off after the final 1938 encampment for each unit.

Despite two days of rainy weather, which marked the start of the camp, the men took hold with a will, and all went smoothly. Rapid improvement in all phases of military work was noted on all sides, and it appeared as though this phase of the four experimental training plans for reservists had been most successful.

The formation of the "Honorable (?) Order of the Cadry" was being carried out at this writing, in memory of the merging of the regulars and reserves. Weird tales of wild cadries eating rifles, conducting night raids in the Remount Area, and other deeds, filtered through the encampment, unverified.

The opportunity of companies to become machine gun units was also welcomed by those outfits so selected, which operated efficiently under the expert guidance and command of Capt. M. S. Rahiser, USMC, and 1st Lt. Eustace Smoak, USMC. The quick transition from riflemen to machine gunners did not daunt the reservists who acquitted themselves well, as did those assigned to communications, and special weapons platoons.

The two days and night in the field on problems, gave the officers and men an insight into practical wartime conditions and all benefited despite the heavy attacks of mosquitoes in Remount. All returned to camp in finest physical condition, giving indication of the reserves ability to "take it" in field operations.

Both 2nd and Third Battalions set excellent records in all phases of the encampment and won individual and collective commendation from their regular Corps instructors and inspectors. The annual camp smoker and boxing bouts saw several representatives from the reserve units in the ring, while the 3rd Battalion Band, merged with the Post Band, participated in the several parades.

Now, with this training and experience behind them, the men of the Third are heading for their land-sea maneuvers, which

will include an overnight security, defense and attack problem at Fire Island, New York. Nearly 100 cabin cruisers of the U. S. Power Squadron, South Shore Unit, will be at the disposal of the Battalion for these maneuvers. The lessons learned at Quantico will stand the officers and men in good stead during those two days and night in the field and on the water.

Basketball will get under way next month, with the Battalion seeking to gather its third straight Eastern Reserve Division championship. A veteran squad, coached by Capt. O'Connell, with the addition of a 6-foot-6 center in Olaf Anderson, is ready for all comers in the new military league being formed. The base-

BROADCAST FOR THE SEPTEMBER LEATHERNECK MUST REACH US BEFORE AUGUST 8.

ball team, coached by Lt. Bershad, is closing out its most successful season.

The Fall and Winter will bring the various annual company dances and affairs, and a busy season is looked forward to at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. To our comrades from Boston, Portland, etc., of the Second, we send best wishes, and hopes of seeing you during the coming year.

COMPANY B, 14TH BN

(Continued from page 41)

these places was the spot of some interesting incidents to be remembered.

During this week, one night was spent on bivouac at Island Lake, someplace north and west of Bremerton, where all newcomers to camp and those having had promotions during the past year were brought before the adjudicator who levied out punishment to all. Everyone there received a hot tail that night to keep them warm, even Major Anderson and Captain Partridge who proved they can move as fast as a scared buck private. It doesn't sound so bad, but running, crawling, or doing the "big apple" down a double line of bloodthirsty Marines strung out for fifty yards waving doubled belts at you can be good and interesting—to watch.

All the drilling culminated in a formal review before Colonel Upshur and Captain

Schneider. Everything went off fine. The Review, by the way, started off with the awarding of a medal for military efficiency for the last year to Sgt. Gibson V. Sears. This medal is given annually by the Daughters of the War of 1812 and is a highly coveted honor. Sgt. Sears attended the review by the side of Colonel Upshur and received the medal from him.

The review ended our formal life in the barracks, and the next morning we entertained for home.

Several other interesting episodes of the encampment shouldn't be missed. Chief among these being the beer party given us by the Post Exchange. We had a smoker soon after chow between A and B Companies followed by a softball game and then went in and enjoyed I don't know how many kegs of beer and pans of popcorn. It was a riot as you can well imagine.

Then we all visited the Battleship *Navy Mexico* and the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* which happened to be in port. The Marines stationed on board the boats showed us through, and proved to be "regular" fellows with a bunch of unseasoned men. We crawled on hands and knees all through gun turrets and up and down ladders and gangways until we just had time to hike home for evening chow.

A sad occurrence on the trip was the death of Pvt. Roy Tangen, who contracted pneumonia and passed away shortly thereafter in the Navy Yard hospital. Another near fatality was an emergency operation performed on Pvt. Burke who injured himself attempting to lift too heavy a load. He is recovering now however, and we expect him home soon.

So ends another active training period. We sure enjoyed it and as other interesting incidents about it come to mind, we'll let you know about them.

We wish to thank Corporal Serrault of the Marine Barracks detachment for his very able assistance in our training and helping us over the rough spots. We ran him ragged and he was no doubt glad to get rid of us, but we sure enjoyed it.

NINETEENTH BATTALION

(Continued from page 41)

fancy to the C.G.'s pew in the Post Theatre that he moved right down with him. Needless to add, he was firmly but politely ushered to a more appropriate seat. We wonder if Private Vidler of C Company really did leave camp early just to get married. If so, congrats; if not, woe be unto you.

Now that we have returned to Augusta as more seasoned and able soldiers we are going right into a full schedule of training. Company D is being organized, giving the Battalion four full rifle companies. The new armory will be ready in a few weeks and moving into the new quarters will be a great day for the whole Battalion.

Sergeant Major Howell had been reduced to Private First Class for several days before we understood what the reduction meant to him and why he seemed so happy over it. He has been made Battalion armorer and will remain on continuous active duty.

2ND BATTALION, FMCR

(Continued from page 39)

ernment buildings, theatres and amusement parks.

Now everyone is wondering where the Annual Training Camp will be held next year, but in the meantime we will buckle

THE LEATHERNECK

down to our training in the armory improving ourselves to be in tip top shape for next year.

OUR OWN CANDID SHOTS:

Our "Skipper" Marine Gunner Weeman claims he lost at least 15 pounds during his two weeks at camp. Sure puts one into condition, eh? "Skipper?" He tells us his only regret was that he was not with his company during training.

Cpl. Bailey caught with a lipstick; we're wondering if it was for his own use or for "Bait" in an emergency?

Pvt. Corkum married the morning the company left for camp. How's honeymooning alone, is that the modern way "B. J.?" He sure had the sympathy of all the men.

Kind of tough on our "Top" and Cpl. Nickels had to keep their hats on during the day????

SEVENTH BATTALION

(Continued from page 40)

Why didn't Gy-Sgt. Troemel, 1st Sgt. Edleman and Plat. Sgt. Eaton wait for the return of the Liberty Truck one nite? Which Cpl. Music had his nose rearranged—somebody beat Sheetz to an adjustment.

Congratulations to Mess Sgt. Joe Newland for winning the award as champion fish fryer. Q.M. Sgt. Granger also deserves a medal for keeping Beck's "wheel" from getting a flat tire. 1st Sgt. Smith was observed getting a \$5.00 "adjustment" by our new corpsman. Pvt. Schad didn't do so bad either, next year we'll need two field safes. That 0330 Call to Arms from all reports was very successful among the staff n.e.o.'s. Someone said Tatton had a good time—you betcha. Who had Louis in the 1st round and what happened to the pool money? Was a certain Corporal's face red in C Battery when he heard a feminine "Number Please"—he only cut in on the Edgewood Arsenal telephone lines instead of the range switchboard.

In our next write-up will publish the name of the recipient of the Jeanne Fox Meinmann Medal and the recapitulation of our firing of the pistol, Short Course. *Hasta la manana.*

FOURTH BATTALION

(Continued from page 42)

month. He covered four stations in three counties on that work and, you know, he lives and works on the other side of the water, too!

Corporal Lynch, Supply Section, revived one that used to be used by bank loan managers: he wants a large "NO" sign to post permanently in his section.

The Major, the Adjutant and the QM accepted B Co.'s hospitality at a beefsteak supper and were responsible for considerable of the pressure on the galley. When they square up the butcher bill we'll drop in again—the troops must have meat.

COMPANY A, 4TH BN.

Elizabeth, N. J.

By Ira J. Callman

This week of July 3 finds all the members of the company busy getting their equipment and clothing into shape prior to leaving for Quantico on July 10.

The fellows are well stocked on the comforts of home, what with radios, electric irons, electric razors, electric fans, etc. It's a wonder someone doesn't bring along an electric washer. It looks as if it's

going to be an easy camp for some of the gang.

What they do beside drill: Pvt. Dietrich is a Soda-Jerker. His specialty is malted milks, and does he like to serve them to the pretty girls that come in during lunch hour.

Well, that's about all, but I'll be back next month with all the news that's fit to print about our encampment at Quantico.

COMPANY B, 4TH BATTALION

Jersey City, New Jersey

By G. F. Muller

Company B of the 4th Battalion has again put over one of their social successes if we can take the word of our guests at our annual Beefsteak Frolic which took place on the 4th of June. All hands worked hard to make this affair a success and were re-awarded by the fine attendance of over three hundred persons who enjoyed themselves immensely.

Since at this time of writing Camp is only ten days away, most of our thoughts are on that and that alone. On the .22 caliber range our recruits have been working hard in order to qualify before going to camp, as none wish to spend the entire six half days in the butts. Some of these men have qualified with excellent scores since it is their first time on the range and they bid fair to make the older men look to their laurels on the .30 caliber range. We also expect to have every man qualified to shoot the .30 caliber range.

This is all the chatter until after camp when we expect to have a lot to say about the "boots" and perhaps about the old hands. *Hasta la vista!*

COMPANY C, 4TH BN.

"I Saw the 'C'"

By The Sentinel

July—the most historical month in our nation's history. The month we all celebrate our Declaration of Independence. The month in which the turning tide of the Civil War, namely the battle of Gettysburg, was fought so that this government of the people, by the people and for the people shall forever remain united. But to us Marine Corps Reservists it is also the

month which spells camp. A realization of our joyous anticipation. From present hearsay I have gathered the facts that this encampment will prove to be the most educational sojourn in history. The new recruits can surely consider themselves fortunate in attending camp this year. There is no doubt in my mind that Co. C will continue to stand out as the company in camp, just as we have in our Armory training. We have just taken out a lease on the efficiency banner and our lease has sometime to go before it will materialize. Pardon me while I extend my chest—reason did you say?—why the 98% attendance for the month as rated by the Pohl Efficiency Pennant Committee, also the 100% small bore qualification. Any company would be proud of that record. It's not a boast, mind you, it's plain facts.

As every chest that rises falls, so must mine (funny though). That can be attributed to our loss on the diamond to the 3rd Battalion. Score 7 for the 3rd, 4 for C. It was just a case of a better team winning but we're looking forward to a return engagement—maybe a different story might turn up. There has been a baseball rebellion in ranks. Yes an uprising headed by Sgt. D'Amico will come to a climax in camp when the C outlaws battle the "C"ers for baseball supremacy. Sgt. Sandino Paolello will pitch for the outlaws.

Evidently Lt. Drewes must have read Dale Carnegie's masterpiece "How to win friends and influence people," for he certainly won friends in his short speech to the Company two weeks ago at the Armory. The text of his short talk is as follows: Quote: One week from tonight at the last drill of the month beer and hot dogs will be yours for the asking.—Unquote. And did they ask. There was plenty for all.

Sauntering throughout the company I overheard the following "Camp Resolutions":

Lt. Drewes—To capture the marksmanship trophy and retain the Athletic Championship.

Sgt. Aloia—Bigger cigars and softer cots.

Sgt. D'Amico—To eliminate sore toes.

Cpl. D. Fredericks—To fall out for at least one drill.



Native Washwoman, Guam, M. I.



Theft-Proof Concrete Gun Racks, University of Georgia Armory.

Sgt. Bartola—Leave Sgt. Farro's shoes alone.

Gy-Sgt. Farro—Keep his shoes away from Bartola.

Cpl. Morrell—To better his two beers a day.

Pfc. Jo-Jo Delareo—Hand in resignation to the Goldbrickers Association.

Pvt. Bartlett—To win the Spanish Athletic crown. (Throwing the bull).

Pvt. DeChario—To be the camp's best bugler.

Pvts. DeLorenzo, Drewes, Mizer, Oram, Walsh, and Zahlmann—Qualify on the 30 caliber range.

Myself—To write a crackerjack synopsis of camp life in the next issue—So long until then.

COMPANY D, 4TH BN., FMCR

After a short absence the company article is back again in this magazine. Our new publicity officer, Lieutenant Lucas, is hard-boiled and will stand for no absences.

Company D is now recruited to its full-strength possible, and will keep up its reputation of going to camp full strength every year. The new recruits are busy polishing up on their squads east and west and the manual of arms, and learning the intricacies of leggings and packs, when and how to salute, etc. They are a likely looking lot, and promise to be a credit to the company, even if Sgt. Felber becomes somewhat hoarse during drills.

By the time this is published these rookies will have been to camp, and soldiered with the regulars at Quantico. When they read the above they will remember with surprise how difficult all that "kindergarten" stuff seemed. From the dope we gather about this encampment, they will come back seasoned "veterans."

Even the oldtimers are thrilled at this year's program. A week on the range, hikes and combat problems; an overnight put-tent encampment; and that dream of perfection, no kitchen duty, no guard duty, and no butt details. What Marine could possibly ask for more?

Company D is all set for the camp. The men have all been inoculated, our locker boxes are freshly painted, packs made up, clothes issued, and the men on their toes. We have qualified all men possible on the .22 range, and are looking forward to a high percentage of qualifications on the .30 caliber range at Quantico.

On June 4 a team from this Battalion,

composed of 1st Sgt. Bove, Gy-Sgt. Van Natta, and Sgt. Felber of Company D; 1st Sgt. Aloia of Company C; and Sgt. Lavery of the regulars, who is assigned to this Battalion, participated in the Annual Police Pistol matches at Philadelphia, firing against some of the best pistol shots in this section of the country.

Company D is still awaiting the plaque presented by the Marine Corps League to the best drill team among the Marine Reserves in New Jersey. This makes the second year in succession that the squad from Company D drilled by Corporal Leach has won this honor. The plaque is now having the team names engraved on it, and will be presented to the company in the near future. Permanent possession requires its being won three times.

And now for a few personalities . . . Glad to see that 1st Sgt. Bove has had his missing tooth replaced; he can now growl without hissing . . . Sgt. Kearney is learning about the difficulty of serving two masters—between his duties as a newly-wed and those of property sergeant he is being run ragged; but he has the right stuff, and will take care of both jobs properly . . . Cpl. Ohlseen will never have to worry about straying from the straight and narrow; his wife keeps too close a check on him.

From reports, quite a few of the men are going to enjoy the bachelor session at Quantico as a temporary vacation from wives and sweethearts. Among these are Marty "Snuggles" Biglin; Lew "Speedy" Bozzay; John "Typewriter" Hedman; Rudy "Deadeye" Mollenhauer; Wilbur "Medals" Brower; George "W.P.A." Smyth.

Sgt. Masi is getting wrinkles in his brow from the Basic Course . . . George Washington Chadwick is all flutter picking out which sergeant's tent he is to sleep in; Sgt. Felber claims he saw G. W. first. . . . We won't have to send any searching party out this year for our demon flank scout, Joseph Raffa; he has joined the Army for duty at Canal Zone; best of luck, Joe. . . . The company cameramen are busy getting set for camp and making great plans; among the most active are Kondreck, Ackerman, Roessger, and Felber; see them if you "wanna get your picture took" . . . Wonder what the local gals are going to do in the absence of such sheiks as Frappier, Pescator, Thauer, Kuehl, Carson, and Maxwell . . . Bloomfield girls are go-

ing into mourning at the loss of Ackerman and Biglin. . . .

And among the new men . . . Honour, after a bad start, got so tough that the doctor had a hard time piercing his arm to inoculate him . . . Decker, a neat, snappy soldier, of whom a lot is expected . . . Andreola and Affito, the inseparables . . . Lang will have to put on a bit more weight so that the cartridge belt will fit properly . . . Congratulations to the whole rookie group on their smart appearance, their aptness in learning their drills and manuals, and their unusually good performance on the small bore range. We welcome them into Company "D" and hope they will carry on in the same spirit they started.

YARDARM BLINKER

(Continued from page 35)

longer. I walked out and reenlisted in the Outfit.

I'm doing four and eight off. In the interim I'm cleaning heads, standing inspection, and doing drills—I'm a private all over again in the Corps, but for the first time in seven years, I'm happy.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 43)

outnumber them, but along comes Niagara Frontier and sets us back, but the hardest blow was when the New Chicago No. 1 climbs on top of the bunch leaving Theodore Roosevelt Detachment in third spot for the month and believe me we "relents" that so until we bolster our forces sufficient to again lead the pack, the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment SALUTES CHICAGO DETACHMENT No. 1 and NIAGARA FRONTIER.

July 10 will find the majority of this detachment on an outing and as the event has not yet taken place I can not give you a list of the casualties.

Roy Keene doesn't know if he will participate in any more black-jack games, that usually get underway at our social meetings, because someone is always trying to win his nickel. But Kelly Dixon *where* can he cut the cards in the right places!

The National Convention is just around the corner and the boys in Washington deserve a break so let's see YOU in Washington September 2-3-4-5. So until then!

IRA S. WADE,
Commandant.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

Rain, heat, and high winds failed to mar the attendance at our June meeting. Commandant Manning C. Taylor presided and encouraging reports were made on our Summer outing and progress made by the Membership Committee. Plans were also formulated to bring out a large detachment delegation at the National Convention in Washington.

Your correspondent made the pilgrimage to the State Convention at Albany and as usual, was royally entertained. The day of the session was one of the hottest of the year but with all windows open, the fans going full speed and Leon Walker and Frank Legnard keeping the amber fluid flowing freely, the heat was forgotten. The session was very harmonious and business-like.

The dance and entertainment in the evening was tops. The orchestra had that melodious swing that it takes to keep you swaying and the featured soloist, a shapely miss with the voice of a thrush had you at times weeping into your Scotch highball and again joining in the catchy refrain

THE LEATHERNECK

of a popular ditty. I had the good fortune to be a guest at the table of my old friends, National Commandant Maurice Ilch and his glamorous lady fair, Edna, and Mr. and Mrs. Chris Cunningham. That I wanted for nothing in the way of refreshment goes without saying. Also had the thrill of a reunion with Ed. Schwind and met his better half for the first time, a gracious young lady.

After the festivities, had the honor of being escorted to my hotel by the new State Commandant John McNamara, but under my own steam. As to the Buffalo Hunt, it was a one-man affair and, believe it or not, I bagged two.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Chief of Staff.

PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 33)

his job in the Post Exchange for the Drill Field again. Pulliam says there is lots of room on the field, not much chance of bumping into any show cases, and things like that. Sgt. George Orjasky was transferred in from the Rifle Range Branch and took over the Main Store of the Post Exchange, relieving Sgt. Pulliam. "Ski" says we will have a Fire Sale one of these days. We think it will be a Moving Sale, for they intend to move the Main Store across the road very soon. If you want to purchase anything you will have to get it on-the-fly.

The following promotions were made during the month of June, 1938: All to Private First Class; Raymond F. Parker, Frank J. Cavanagh, Jr., Erwin F. Frank, Louis J. Haase, Louis J. Lajoie, Joseph F. Mullane, Leonard H. Specht and James V. Stevenson.

Second Lieutenants Edward H. Drake, Lee C. Merrell, Jr., Stewart B. O'Neill, Jr., and Jack L. Stonebanks, were transferred to FMB, FMF, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on 30 June. Captain Wilson T. Dodge reported for duty at this post on 24 June from Fleet Marine Force, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif. The Captain has been assigned duty as Post Adjutant. Second Lieutenants Paul R. Byrum, Jr., Thomas R. Stokes, and Robert T. Vance joined Parris Island from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of June, 1938, and assigned to Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

Samuel S. Adams, Tom "T" Alday, Charles W. Brant, Jr., Charles F. Brown, Claude A. Burden, Frank Babula, William I. Barton, Benjamin G. Baum, Robert E. Bean, Henry A. Blados, Theodore J. Braun, Richard C. Brydon, Louis R. Ballard, Daniel L. P. Bendokas, Stanley W. Bennett, Franklin W. Bowser, Russell A. Bump, Matha D. Clements, Kenneth J. Cohen, James M. Carley, Allen Chambers, Julian J. Ciecko, Sherman McK. Carmichael, Cecil E. Clough, Taylor G. Collom, Charles B. Daniels, Harold M. Davis, Rocco N. De Camillo, Henry D. Dobrowski, James W. Duncan, John H. Ellison, Silas T. Exline, Jr., Thomas Efstathiou, Carl E. Elwing, James F. Evans, Grady T. Everett, Virgil Ferrell, James "T" Fowler, Jr., Morton Feinberg, John W. Fiser, Joseph C. Frechette, George "W" Graves, Herman H. Griffin, John "D" Gates, Abraham Gold, Harley A. Garrett, Hugh D. Gassaway, Harold W. Grant, Grover C. Hall, Jr., Darnell F. Harris, John K. Hook, Curtis

B. Harrison, Edward W. Hays, Odell Q. Humphreys, Elwood Hall, Wilbur J. Helvey, Paul A. Hodge, Lenza P. Howell, Anthony P. Izbecki, Charlie P. Johnson, Ronald W. Jeffrey, Earl E. Johnson, Johnie Johnson, James K. Jones, James T. Jordan, Quentin R. Killorin, Charles E. Knight, Maurice J. Kuhn, William M. Kelly, Philip T. Kujovshy, Michael R. Kost, Michael J. Lee, Freddie P. Lockley, "J." "C." Lawson, William A. Lindsey, Jr., John T. Logan, William H. Lott, Walter R. Landis, Verdun F. LeBrun, Paul L. Lindsey, Joseph E. Mikula, Stanley N. McLeod, Arthur T. Mack, Hughes R. Michael, John D. Matherly, Edward A. Miller, John F. Merkle, Karl P. Mayer, Joseph S. Mylinski, Clifford A. Nash, Francis Nigra, Gerald H. Noland, Zach R. Overstreet, Jon Polubetka, Thomas G. Powell, Samuel L. Quarles, Lawrence O. Rutan, Norman D. Radford, Carl S. Rollo, Emile J. Riboud, Elsdon H. Reed, Anthony D. Ronea, Charles E. Rose, Jr., Thomas F. Rupsis, Frank Sciarretta, James F. Siewierski, Donnell A. Smith, Walter A. Steever, George L. Shaw, Palmer N. Shavon, Herbert R. Stinchcomb, Robert S. Swann, Wilson W. Salgado, Donald G. Saunders, John Skopayko, Harold A. Staley, John R. Swasey, Ernest G. Syeh, Jesse C. Tatum, Clyde P. Tyler, Walter J. Taraska, Leroy Tew, William R. Vance, Redmond D. Wells, Jr., Adolph A. Wroblewski, Clifford W. Webster, Joseph A. Weisnewski, Aloysius F. Whalen, Arthur J. Wolf, Frank A. Zipkas.

PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

(Continued from page 37)

consisted of 16 players. Three of Parris Islands outstanding players could not be present for this match due to being away on leave. The match went off very well and all players enjoyed the game a lot. We will not say that had the three players that were away on leave been here Parris Island would have won the match, but we can say that we missed them and wish they could have been here for this event. Players on the Forest Hill Team consisted of the following: Charles Whaley, Bill Tegvin, T. M. Nickles, Doc. Foster, Warren Walker, L. L. Whaley, Leon Baird, Alf Lombard, John Murry, Harry Robin-

son, Rick Hill, J. D. Medlin, Leonard Hudson, Ed. Ellison, Bill Strass and Russel Durden. The Parris Island Team consisted of: H. Ray, H. Demosthnes, E. J. Robbins, R. A. Trevelyan, J. O. Labrie, R. C. Scollins, H. S. Harding, R. W. Jeter, H. B. Baldwin, A. Murphy, H. C. Baldwin, A. C. Ramsey, W. F. Sample, R. T. Korunych, L. G. Bell, J. L. McCormack, and the three members that were absent were G. R. Nichol, J. I. Root (1938 Champion), and V. T. Garrison. After the match a luncheon was served at the Golf Club. The visitors are contemplating on a return match at Augusta sometime in July. We are sure they enjoyed their visit to Parris Island by this contemplated return engagement in their home town where they say Parris Island will be their guests.

SEA-GOING LOG, USS TENNESSEE

(Continued from page 13)

first time it has been won entirely by a Marine crew.

Immediately after the aforementioned race 1st Sgt. Black was dispatched to the Concord with a sea bag to bring back the confidence that the Concord had placed in their crew. 1st Sgt. Black is still groggy from the staggering burden he was forced to bear. After the events of the day had quieted down the confidence of the Concord was used to finance several much needed seventy-two's for the Whaleboat Crew and a beer party that believe me, neighbor, really made history.

Corporal "Wigwagwan" Gleichauf has taken up interior decorating in Los Angeles. He received a bill of damages the other day from a certain proprietor in the city who did not appreciate his artistic instincts. Next time Gleichauf will cut up the mattress neatly in small bits instead of ripping it up in unsightly bundles.

It is rumored that Sergeant Lloyd with a swimming head and still dazed from the happenings of the day paid a quick trip to the little church around the corner. If such is true you can be sure we will all shun whaleboating for some time to come. His predecessor, Sergeant Helton was not dazed in the manner that Lloyd was, so he



PARRIS ISLAND GOLF CLUB, 1938

Photo by Koslner

Front row, left to right: Dr. L. G. Bell, Mr. J. O. Labrie, Lt. Comdr. E. J. Robbins, Brigadier General D. C. McDougal, Commanding General, Cmdr. H. S. Harding, QMSgt. H. B. Baldwin, CQMCik. R. W. Jeter. Back row, left to right: Cpl. H. Ray, PhM2cl. T. Knetel, ChQMCik. J. L. McCormack, QMCik. (A&I) A. C. Ramsey, Mr. W. F. Sample, Cpl. A. Murphy, Mr. H. C. Baldwin, Pvt. R. C. Scollins, Mr. Harry Demosthnes.

has no excuses. And the sad part is that he doesn't seem to mind. Eh, Helton?

FINIS: Just a few more words about that Whaleboat Crew. They are making a shift to racing cutters. Not satisfied with being the finest whaleboat crew in fleet history they are out to win in the racing cutters with the following events lined up. The Seattle Times Cup Race, the Tacoma Ledger Cup Race, and the Olympic Cup Race. The following is a list of the names of the crew that you Sea Going Marines are up against.

Sgt. Lloyd, Coxswain
Cpl. Miller, Offstroke
Cpl. Landry, Stroke
Pfe. Bauer
Pfe. Cool
Pfe. Dreyer
Pfe. Fifield
Pfe. Foster
Pfe. Knippelmeyer
Pfe. Oliver
Pfe. Kitterman
Pvt. Wind
Pvt. Arnold, Sub.
Pvt. Lollar, Sub.
Pvt. McIntire, Sub.
Fm. Mende

You will hear more of this great crew from time to time.

USS ARIZONA

(Continued from page 18)

As a matter of reminiscence let us dig into the present and see what has happened to some of our past soldiers of the sea. Sgt. N. Smith is striking as a quartermaster sergeant at Hawthorne and Fisher is riding the horses round and round at the same place. Kelly is a coach out at Camp Wesley Harris rifle range and as stated before Skare is also out there but in the capacity of a cook (?). J. D. Nix is at the air base, San Diego, BOBO Popovich forsook the adventurous career of a Marine for the more sedate life of a soldier in the army. Starolsky is a clerk in good ole Bremerton. Ridge is still at the Naval Hospital in the Navy Yard. Sgt. Mitoff quit the ways of a seagoing Marine for duty on the beach only in time to get a free ride to Hawaii on the *Utah* during Spring Maneuvers. H. C. Warren is a married man that has settled down around Pensacola Air Station.

Some men would rather see more names in this journalistic effort so until we find out why H. G. Arnold goes ashore at 2100 and hear Barni talk about the gal who is "different" we cut the ribbon.

USS CHESTER

(Continued from page 17)

the wilds of Arkansas, and Branighan have just been made Pfes.—and were forced to pass out the gedunk chits. Branighan was seen washing some old Pfe. stripes long before he received official word of his promotion—rather embarrassing, eh, what, Branighan?

Wright and Long, sensational new combination that is threatening to encroach into the Eli Culbertson claim to bridge supremacy, has been reaping a veritable harvest of gedunk tickets from those who are foolish enough to doubt their ability at contract bridge. Cranz and Branighan are the most generous contributors to the Wright and Lang treasury—"There's a

sucker born every minute"—and they seem to be all in the Marine Detachment. Are you burning, boys?

Pvt. Crain, the "Singing Marine," hasn't been heard warbling his usual aria of blues every morning, and of late, has even forsaken the traditional "beating of gums"—why the sudden change of tunes, Crain?

Johanny Milet has been recuperating in the sick bay for the past three weeks following a rather serious operation. Buddy Fletcher also spent one week in the sick bay suffering from a slight case of pneumonia—he passed the time away by counting numerous social security numbers, willed to him by some kindly and venerable matrons.

"Soupy" Moore re-enacted the role of the famous "Casey at the Bat"—he sauntered up to the plate in the last inning against the USS *Houston*, full of confidence. Expectorating upon his strong, (caloused?) palms, he gripped the bludgeon, grimly determined to smash the elusive pill, faced the pitcher, who wound up and delivered the ball—for three consecutive strikes. Soupy demonstrated the wood-chopper's swing on the first attempt to hit the ball, his second swing displayed perfect golfing form on how to use a spade mashie—the third and final futile swing was a veritable masterpiece in how to dust off the mantel with a brush—one continuous motion.

What private first class was recently worried when he didn't receive any letter from that girl friend in two weeks?

I must confess that my mental powers are now completely exhausted and my ears are eagerly attuned to that welcome call that sounds with all the allurements of the silen's song—chow call. So until the next month, we bid you adieu.

USS HONOLULU

(Continued from page 18)

a foreigner to show New Yorkas its high spots around town. "Sands Street . . . might well be renamed the 'Gauntlet' with the *Honolulu* Marines on the giving end," says "Old King" Cole.

Out in Elmhurst, a dead ringer for Ann Dvorak is still asking for one First Sgt. "Victor McLaglen" Seyler . . . more routine. It is requested that the Marine Detachment USS *Honolulu* draw grass skirts, regulation Leis and Ukeleles to be worn as uniform of the day. . . Woo-Woo! check me out. It is requested that word be passed to that recoil happy combine, address 2F5, FMF, that the horse among horsemen is now a seahorse without a saddle and homesick for the old "Second" when those dead bodies come floating down the East River on the midwatch. Lt. Shisler and Plat. Sgt. Lee look forward to 4 Marine "E" (in gunnery) and a championship whaleboat crew to do Marine Captain Leon's happy little family's share for the "Ironman" next year when we join the Fleet. Sgt. Betko, the pride of Peiping, is biting his nails . . . why? Joe thinks we're Asiatic bound to relieve the *Augusta*. Cpls. Baker and Wallace seem to keep the equilibrium of the detachment secure, Baker hails from the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., and Wallace from NAS, Pensacola, Fla. The Marine Corps East Coast Extremities. There goes Sail-Hypo-William and so until this time next month I'll be seeing you at the other end of this column.

USS OKLAHOMA

(Continued from page 18)

one out) composed by Pfes. Chesley, Largess and Randberg, with Pvt. Dortch beatin' the Geetar. A bus trip around the island of Oahu was arranged by Chaplain Miller, and gave everyone a chance to see Waikiki, Diamond Head and the famed Army post, Schofield Barracks.

After a very pleasant week on this island paradise the Okie, to the haunting strains of Aloha, cast off and headed for San Francisco, to disembark the Golden Bear students.

The guard roster has undergone almost a complete change during the past month. Gny. Sgt. James V. Palmer, from Mare Island, has relieved our former "Gunny" J. L. Reynolds, who is at the Destroyer Base, San Diego. New Corporals are A. Krayniewski, G. O. Patterson, N. P. Markel, S. D. Gartz, G. E. LaFond and R. A. Largess.

The Pfe. list has been augmented by the following men: W. A. Blanchard, W. R. Chesley, T. J. Hicklin, J. D. Telfier, R. Palmer, U. M. Reddick, R. L. Howard, T. J. McCauley, R. L. Shreves and H. F. Pennington. The new men of the guard are: Pvts. E. W. Cavanaugh (Alameda), W. D. Clemens (Lubbock, Tex.), O. R. Corker (Dallas, Tex.), R. F. Dortch (Kankakee, Ill.), F. H. Ezzell (Dallas, Tex.), D. T. James (Los Angeles), G. R. Lange (San Francisco), O. O. Padget (Ft. Worth, Tex.), J. R. Whisenant (Dallas, Tex.). We also welcome Radioman Lyle E. Fournier from San Diego to our cozy little madhouse.

Of the old gang—Cpl. C. H. Harris, and Pfes. B. Holcombe and "Brother Amos" Crain are sea-going again aboard the *Henderson*, heading for N.O.B. Portsmouth, Va., their old hunting grounds, where they will await the final paycheck.

Cpl. Ehlen went to San Diego via Baltimore on a thirty day furlough transfer. Pfe. "Gigolo" Nall took the same ticket but went only as far as Chicago.

We wonder why the *Tennessee* Marines—so-called "Rebels"—failed to put in an appearance, after challenging us to a soft ball game. It couldn't be because of "Smokey" Kemp's fast ball—or "Swifty" Pennington's tantalizing curves.

No, it wasn't that—but perhaps it would have been asking too much of them to put their really GREAT whale-boaters to such a strain. We still accept the challenge.

USS NEW MEXICO

(Continued from page 17)

Our soft ball team is in one of the ship's leagues. We won our first game over the "F" Division 14-0. Art Hurd's great pitching and Barney Hankins' wielding of a wicked willow in the clinches proved to be the cause of our lopsided win. Next issue will have more results. The team in this game was composed of Collier (SS), Wolger (BS), Price (C), Brandes (1B), Hurd (P), Kendrick (CF), Twitty (2B), Hankins (LF), Weaver (3B), and Roberts (RF). Corporal McKinney is coaching the team.

Pvts. Jones and Weiske were promoted to Privates-First-Class in June. Cigars were forthcoming.

Pfe. Wommack, one of the most likeable fellows in the guard, was transferred to San Diego before we came up here. Pfe. Neece and Pvt. Barbie were transferred to the barracks here on our arrival. Just before we left San Pedro the following men

reported aboard for their tour of sea duty: Pvs. Ernest Henke, Portland, Oregon; Brady Johnson, Oakdale, Louisiana; Harold and George Young, Roseville, Michigan.

Second Lieutenants Floom and Roe are attending gunnery school on the USS *Necada* this summer.

On our trip up the ship conducted an old-fashioned field day. In the tug-o-war event our stalwarts and strong men, Woods and Hancock, took a powder so our men had to struggle along without them. Considering this they did well. Bunton (another flashy Arizonian) was due to represent us in the sack race but due to something unforeseen the event was not held. He claims he had it in the bag, too!! Carpenter lost the potato race by a nose. "Muscle Men" Wooley and Osborn took second in the wheelbarrow race. They made it a close finish by sliding across the finish line on Osborn's nose. Dolben, "The Chicago Clipper," was eliminated in the boxing contest. Weiske and Jones did well in the horse wrestling event. Jones says they slipped a couple of mules in on them. In the big event of the day, the pie eating contest, we were ably represented by "Up Anchor" Offenbacher. He did real well with his chocolate cream pie and was sure winner until he started eating his opponents'. 71 mess still claims Lamb could have taken the event had he entered.

Hops and Jumps: Bunter has acquired the name of "What-a-man." Yes, Sir! He is a gay Lothario. . . Torpey tried to get to China one morning by digging through the Long Beach sand. One way of getting there! . . . Bozoski and Hancock, our two plank owners are soon to leave us. It leaves Marshall holding the lumber. . . Andy has a good habit of buying hamburgers in three's. . . "Pop" Lytle recently transferred from the USS *Idaho* and has made himself one of the best liked men in the guard. . . If you ever visit the USS *New Mexico* and hear a racket it is only a game of hearts with the participants as follows: "Scalps are going up" Weaver, "Let's play a friendly game" Wolger, "I got the Queen" Kendrick, and "A bunch of cutthroats" Stidham. This quartet causes our quieter members to have some anxious moments. Until next time so-long.

USS COLORADO

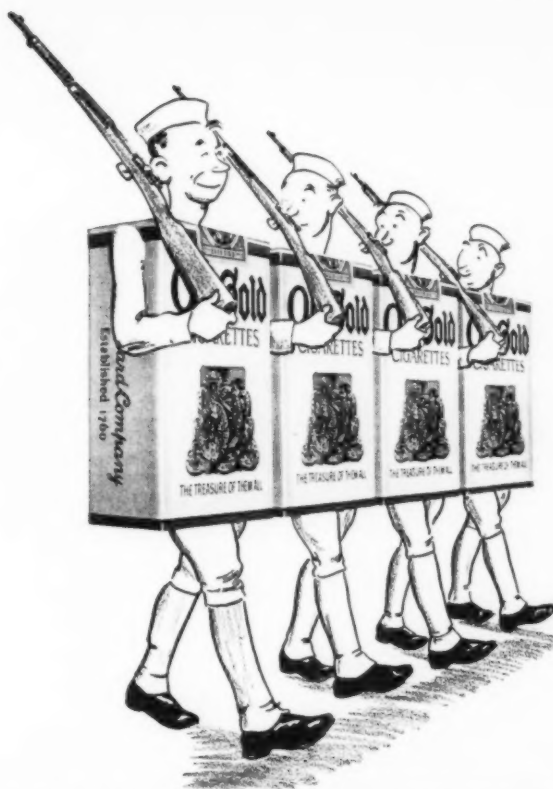
(Continued from page 15)

poral Estenson will soon be transferred to Mare Island, leaving a hard spot to fill, but with a little work his place will be filled to near present excellence.

After forty days of weeping and moaning, the Gold Dust twins, Charles Gebhardt and George Fearnough, are about to be transferred. The boys sing a loud tune but both are excellent soldiers and will make good beach Marines as they are well wised to the ways.

Corporal Riley Ogden was transferred to the beach and is at La Playa, according to last reports. All hands miss "Pop," but none as badly as Corporal Kron, who found the first weeks almost unbearable. Eddie just couldn't find anyone to play cribbage with. However, since love has entered into his life, his bosom buddy comes second.

Sergeant James LaRue is watching the mail very closely. If he doesn't get his travel orders soon we fear that he will start the old Army trick of carefully examining every slip of paper that comes



PASS IN REVIEW!

IF OLD GOLDS passed in review any old-timer would say, "Man! There's an outfit!"

In the first place Old Golds are turned out in fighting trim. They wear not one but *two* jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane. And so, no matter how far they cruise on their way to you, they reach port *fresh* as a daisy.

That means not one bit of the rich flavor and mellow-mildness of Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos ever slips overboard. Every Old Gold reaches your lips exactly as it is made . . . and that's as fine as a cigarette can be made. For, after all, the makers of Old Golds have been leading tobacconists since the days of George Washington. Smoke ever-fresh Old Golds for a fresh smoking thrill!

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

his way and you know what that means. Jim wants to get on the beach where he can help the Mrs. raise their bouncing son.

First Sergeant Burns has been busy with his rifle team and has been at several matches since the last issue was published. The team has fired several matches at San Diego and one at San Luis Obispo and made a very creditable showing.

Pfes. Mark Billing and Hubert Bruner, two of the top team shots, are in Bremerton at the present time firing in battle force matches.

Pfe. Art Saxell has his hands full with the divisional boxing team, and claims that he will have a fine stable of boys who will make a good showing in the coming inter-divisional matches. From the little one up to the heavyweight he has Jack Hall, C. Woods, Arville Slaughter, Carl Greeson and Robert Craft donning the gloves daily. A beautiful trophy and individual medals will be presented the winning division and the winning fighters. The tournament is being managed by Robby Robson, ship's boxing trainer, who guided Saxell to the all-Navy welter belt last season.

After his long workout with the whale-bone crew, Pfe. John Gordon is back on the mat with the grunt and groan artists and is making all kinds of noises as he heaves the lads about. John is about as good as they come at his weight.

The past two weeks saw a change in the command of the guard, Captain Max D. Smith being replaced by Captain C. B. Graham and Second Lieutenant George Killen being replaced by Second Lieutenant Alfred T. Greene. Captain Smith was detached to Ninth Battalion Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Chicago, Ill. Lieutenant Killen was detached to Mare Island.

At the present time the guard is under the command of First Lieutenant Bennet G. Powers.

Platoon Sergeant Jensen is having his worries now as it is only a short time until short range will be fired. The well-known melody "Night and Day" might well be Gunny's theme song because night and day it's short range worries for him. But as usual, his crews will come out with some excellent scores and E guns.

USS NASHVILLE

(Continued from page 15)

to his apartment, now that he is almost a family man.

Cpl. Frank Smith went to Altoona for the week-end of the Fourth of July. He is in favor of the town being moved closer to Philly.

Cpl. Fred Kraseo has joined the detachment and now we don't need the ventilator going near as much as before. He just naturally drives all hot air before him. Formerly a lighter-than-air Marine from Lakehurst he confides over his beers that he is glad to get away from the "dry land navy."

Kraseo has a message for the Lakehurst boys. It is: "Never mind the sand-bags, throw out two Marines. Equilibrium. Up-ship."

The inquiring reporter has discovered the existence of a very exclusive club formed by some of the more social minded boys.

"Keg and Wheel" is the name of the organization and the enthusiasm of the members in their drive for better moral and spiritual conditions is startling.

Pfe. Harvey Mason modestly declined the nomination for president on the grounds that his past experience does not equip him properly in holding committee meetings

that may be necessary for the proper uplift movement being sponsored.

This threw the election to Pvt. John T. Brown, whose concentrated efforts for the betterment of the feminine element of the club have long made him a favorite.

Pvt. Bernard H. Coffee was elected Sgt-at-Arms without even being opposed. Members bore in mind the fact that Coffee has previously proved his right to this exalted office by coming aboard the other morning with his mind a perfect blank, features slightly massaged, and tearing down a .50 calibre machine gun without missing a lick. You can't help but honor a chap like that.

Pfes. Pantal, Rodden, and Stapleton were nominated for Treasurer but were swamped in the mad scramble as everyone tried to get themselves nominated. The committee on elections went into a huddle and decided that a treasurer wouldn't be necessary as there would be no money in the treasury.

The committee on drawing a proper constitution were at a deadlock after five hours of mulling over the problem and a waitress brilliantly decided the problem by suggesting, "Why not more beer?" So the boys (Pvts. Lakes, Dangerfield, Olszewski) shouted approval and so it was.

Top Sergeant Sedlak and Platoon Sergeant Houston are still being smothered by equipment arriving. Soon we will be all set to house-keep on some island, if necessary. We hope it's the South Sea Islands, just in case.

Stapleton is working in the ship's service and trying hard to convince everyone he is not a millionaire. "Stapy" has a generous habit of bringing "hot dogs" with him when returning from liberty and thus bolstering up the guard at 2 a.m.

Clark is working in the Laundry and is seeing that the Marines get their work done with a bang. Clark is also the prince charming of the outfit and reputedly has bought a marriage license. Later reports will be forthcoming.

A little clique has developed within the unit and has adopted "Fingerling Park" as the meeting place. These doughty privates of the Duchy of Fingerling are Pearce, Purcell, Gray, Geary, Albert, and Gatskie. They are trying to get Wood to join them but he is still dodging the female sex.

We will be on the high seas by the time the deadline for the next issue falls so for two months we are saying adieu and when we return from this little jaunt in our yacht, the news will again come blasting through at the last moment.

USS SAVANNAH

(Continued from page 13)

and by the people of Savannah. Two parades were held which were very colorful. At the termination of the second parade the silver service set was presented to Captain Giffen, of this ship, by the school children of Savannah. It is a beautiful set and is now in the Admiral's quarters, where it has been admired by thousands. While in Savannah many dances were held and no doubt many a boy met a girl. Savannah was termed by many old salts as the best liberty port they had ever visited and many look forward to a return visit. Many hearts seem to have broken at the parting.

Upon leaving Savannah we journeyed on down to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where the entire Marine Detachment disembarked for a six-day vacation at the Marine post to fire the rifle range. We are happy to report that although the marks of qualification are comparatively low we upheld

the traditions of the Marine Corps in that we are 88.6 per cent qualified. We fired under the most adverse conditions at that. The remaining two weeks spent at Guantanamo were spent in coaching the ship's naval landing force—a very trying job with results better than predicted. These sailors can sure get plenty of fire distribution if not accuracy.

We left Guantanamo the eighteenth of May and journeyed to Havana, Cuba. Ah-h-h! what a liberty port and what a city, La La. Senoritas of a beauty you never saw before. This ship was pretty well deserted here. Many a lonely sailor and no doubt several Marines I could mention lost their hearts here and even now are pining away for Juana or Lolita. Cheer up, fellas, we may get back there yet. Leaving Havana on the twenty-fifth we came straight back to Lynnhaven Roads, Virginia, a distance of some thousand eighty miles. We made this trip in thirty-seven hours at an average speed of 27.5 knots, which is scrambling in any man's language. Lying off Lynnhaven Roads for a day we finally ventured on up the river to Annapolis, where the annual "June Week" of the Middies was observed. Three ships of the training squadron were there—*New York*, *Wyoming* and the *Texas*. After we had returned to Lynnhaven Roads the following morning all three of these ships came by on their way to Europe for the annual Middy cruise. They passed by slowly and full honors were exchanged. The *New York* stepping right out and the *Texas* following close behind, while the old faithful *Wyoming* brought up the rear struggling gamely to hang on. The *Texas* seemed to be bow heavy as she plowed along with her nose pulling water high. Guess they are there by now—we hope so anyway.

From Lynnhaven Roads we returned to Lewes, Delaware, where we spent three days in maneuvers before finally coming in to Philly on the eighth. Arriving in Philadelphia, we were soon tied up and settling down to routine duties, as we are still doing to date.

As for the Marine Detachment—what's left of them, is still here carrying on gamely. We started out with only twenty-seven, with Captain Edmond B. Games in command; lost Pvt. Waters at Savannah. He was transferred to the hospital at Parris Island. Funny how some guys just can't seem to get away from that dreaded place. That left us with twenty-six men and ever since we have been operating at an unstable degree, as either the sick list claimed men or leave periods interrupted the duty roster, making it a thing uncertain and wrecking the plans of many of us, which just goes to show you that planning is unprofitable and very disheartening in the service. First Sgt. Nash is the mainstay in the outfit, while Platoon Sgt. Humphery lends pitch to the tune. Sgts. Spragg and McBee keep the old "Turn To" from becoming a far cry to us. Cpls. Mericantante, Seldon, and Jennings are performing their duties according to their rank. Pfe. Dwyer, "Poop Deck Pappy" to you, always steps in the mud, seems he can't make his yarns stick any more. Pvts. Peake, Mitchell and Fraiola have been appointed to the rank of Pfe. Good luck, fellows, and may you prosper more so in the future before your sea going time is up. The main gigolos of this outfit seem to be Hassinger and Maxey. Pvt. Smith is of the marrying Smiths and is building up quite a prospective harem for himself. When are

you going to make up your mind, Smith? Lt. Trotti came to us a week ago to assume duties as second in command. He is a recent graduate from the basic school. We welcome Mr. Trotti and extend to him our vows of co-operation and sincere fidelity.

To continue this endless babble would be to exhaust the material for future articles and no doubt many more of interest will be forthcoming, so I take leave for this month and leave the rest unsaid. The good ship *Savannah* shall make a place for herself in the hall of fame and her complement of Marines shall back up her play at every occasion.

WE WONDER

If Maxey can really box as he thinks he can?

If Smith will ever settle down?

If Jennings will ever quit betting on the "Four Roses?"

If Sammy will suddenly invent something towards his own comfort?

Why Spragg can say "Turn To" so easily?

If Murray will ever make congressman?

Why we don't get more Marines.

Who's got colors tonight?

QUANTICO NEWS First Engineer Company (Continued from page 25)

at the U. S. Army Air Corps Technical School, in Denver, Colorado. We are expecting him back soon.

Private Bushey is back from the Naval Hospital in Washington now, where he was recuperating from a broken arm, sustained when he fell down the steps. Let me say here and now that Bushey is a man of action, because any man that will, twenty minutes after reporting in, come in the company office and ask to make out an allotment, start a Marine Corps Institute course, put in for a thirty (30) day furlough, and for a transfer to Boston, Mass., is what I would call a man of action.

Pfc. James O. Brunson recently joined us from Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va. He has just returned from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Sergeant Jedenoff, and Pvts. Welch, Turner, Russell, Estes, Eaton, McNeil, Walter, and Meade were granted furloughs during the month of June. All of these men say they had a swell time.

Our company was tied up with the Headquarters, 5th Marines, and the Brigade Headquarters Company teams for the Brigade Special Troops indoor-ball championship. We were beaten by Brigade Headquarters Company, by a score of 3-2. Brigade Headquarters team was in turn beaten by Headquarters, 5th Marines. We had a lot of fun out of these games, and we hope that we will play again next year.

Private Sandlin says he hopes some one will lend him a suitcase, as he sure hates to check out on furlough with a heavy marching order on his back.

FIRST BATTALION, FMF (Continued from page 26)

We all think that Edwards went back to Georgia to help "Pa" grow cotton and Van Ginkle went to Iowa to join the ranks of matrimony (we are wondering what he is going to grow). Both boys joined the reserve, the 6th and 9th districts respectively. Well, I guess we will have to call it the Reserves' gain and our loss.

In our ranks we now have a new 2nd

Lieutenant, who is Lt. John E. Willey. He joined our company from the Marine Barracks, NYd, Boston, Mass. We are glad to have Lieutenant Willey with us and hope that he likes Quantico and his duties here.

While we are on the subject of officers, when we were training with the Reserves we have one of the finest groups of officers in one company that I have ever seen. We had our three regular officers and three from the Reserves, who were, 1st Lt. Durning; 2nd Lts. Gould and McDermond. All these reserve officers have won themselves a high place in the regard of the Regular officers and we hope to see them again next year.

While the reserves were with us they were taught all the fundamentals of drill, both close and extended order and by the time they were ready to leave they could go through a parade just like regulars and did their "boon docking" in grand fashion.

We took them on an overnight hike and had problems all the time we were out. Then when night came the mosquitoes were on a rampage and hardly anyone got any sleep. By the time we were finished the next day all hands were ready to go home. They have all gone back now and we hope they enjoyed their stay here as much as we enjoyed having them and we will be looking for them back next year.

During the past month we have had several new fellows join our company, all from Parris Island and we welcome them into our outfit and hope they will keep up to the standards of C company. 'Nuf sed —adios.

D COMPANY

Captain M. S. Rahiser, Commanding

Though Captain Twining was in a very serious condition a short while ago, while a patient in the U. S. Naval Hospital, and was given only two days to live, he surprised all hands up there and is now making a marvelous recovery. According to the latest reports, he expects shortly to be granted a sick leave and come down and give us the once over. In the meantime, Captain Martin S. Rahiser joined the company, and, as his schooling and ideas (both were at the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., and at the Marine Corps Schools) are almost identical with those of Captain Twining, the casual observer would never know but what the same hand was at the helm of this company.

Their temporary duty with this company having been completed, Lieutenant Masters, Marine Gunner Henson, Staff Sergeant Hughes, Sergeant Beck, Chief Cook Burgess, Corporals Brown and Stevio, Private first class Setliff, Assistant Cook Ferguson, Privates Ayers, Davis, Green, Hazel, Hembree, Kane, LeDoux, and Chief Pharmacist Mate Simmons, returned to their regular organizations. The only additional changes in the company were the transfer of Private Rawlin M. Carter to C Company of this battalion, and the joining of Private Charles F. Carrigan from the First Engineer Company of the First Marine Brigade.

During the period 13 to 25 June, 1938, this company trained with the 10th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, of New Orleans, La., and D Company of that battalion became a part of our company during that time for all drills and formations. In view of the fact that they had never had any previous machine gun training, it put them on their mettle, and that probably helped them put forth the energy they did. They came through with flying colors.



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Upon their departure, the company greeted the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, from New York City and Boston, Mass., and are out on the Combat Range most every day, and will continue with them till their departure for "home" on about the 9th of July.

In the meantime, we are looking for replacements as Corporal Gilbert Staley, our Company Clerk par excellence, is due to be paid off on July 8th, Field Music Corporal Thomas J. Davis is due to be paid off on July 12th, and Corporal Russell S. Haines time will expire on July 20th. As the reenlistment bonus was voted down by Congress during its last few days in session, there was no inducement to them to reenlist, and so they have decided to leave us for more lucrative professions on the outside.

SECOND BATTALION, FMF

(Continued from page 27)

Well another month has, slowly but surely, gone the way of all nightmares. Gone but not forgotten. All the "if" boys are airing the old excuses and a few new ones, and still they come. You know, "If I had used a 1/4 right at six hundred" or "If I had used a 1/2 left at five hundred" and so on long, long, into the night. Also we have to put up with the wailing and moaning of those who missed the money by one or two. Among them Morgan stands firm in his belief that the last one was not a miss. Well that's his story and he is stuck with it, anyway he has to believe it, who else would? Incidentally, speaking of Morgan, ask him about Glen Echo and the interesting people one meets there.

With Apologies to the late O. O. McIntyre:

Thoughts While Beering: What seion of a prominent Chicago and points west family is running neck and neck with time? What is your guess, will he get that Pfc, stripe before he is transferred or not? . . . Of course his hair is not red, it's auburn. . . . What is happening to a certain Field-Music Corporal? He seems to have that far away look in his eye, namely the 1,000 yard stare. . . . Could it be love? . . . The great one, M. B. Clear "honored" F Company with a few minutes of his time, enroute to Baltimore. . . . The checks in that suit are as big as ever, also the M.B.C. laugh. . . . I see Quantico's new NCO and PVT's tap room is nearing completion. . . . All hail. . . . Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, USMC, has once more arrived in Quantico to give us the benefit of his experience, Welcome Home, Colonel! . . . But what are the Lieutenants and the Enlisted Personnel saying now that once more they will have to sweat off all that surplus weight that many have gained? . . . After all there is nothing like an hour or two of exercise in the hot sun on a summer's day. . . . What say, boys? . . . Someday your correspondent is going to learn the answer to that illusive question, "Is it true what they say about Dixie?" . . . As a few here are aware, I have had no luck in finding out. . . . Many of the hopeful PVT's in this noble outfit are all of a dither, methinks it might be due to the proposed increase in PFC's. . . . Maybe W.W.A. will be content now. . . . If . . . This old place is not quite the same with all the "FOO" boys transferred. . . . That feeling of unrest has given way to a feeling of security. Believe it or not, you can sleep the whole night through without some worshipper of Bacchus waking you up to say "Hi, Pal." . . . This will never do. . . . What or rather who draws our little boy Perry to Washington every week end. . . . It just couldn't be the beauties of the Nation's Capital. . . . Or could it be, to him, the beauty of the "Taxpayer's Maze?" . . . How odd it was. . . . La Verne Keegan, down to fire the range, had cigarettes. . . . I know, I had one of them. . . . Well enough of this, I see the handsomest man in Quantico, G. S. Bussa, if you don't believe it ask him, is closing up so I'll amble on my way. . . .

COMPANY G

The good ship G Company once again greets THE LEATHERNECK readers with news and nonsense from Quantico. This month finds Private Stanley F. Kondracki leading

the Company on the Rifle Range with the high score of 325, Private Jack T. Richardson coming close second with the score of 321. Keep up the good work, boys.

The Platoon Leaders' Class of 1938 will take Platoon Sergeant Sinkule, Sergeant D'Ortona, Corporals Stocks and Young, Private First Class Hall, and Field Music Hoffman from our ranks for a while.

Quite a few of the boys have found a good remedy for Corporal Stocks' baldness, but are afraid to approach him and tell him. Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you. His bark is worse than his bite. Maybe after he gets his "store teeth" he won't look so ferocious.

Corporal Edward J. Coen is enjoying a thirty-day reenlistment furlough. Many of the fellows say the only reason he is taking this furlough is to get out of going to the Combat Range and to Platoon Leaders Class duty. Watch out for the Reserves, Coen.

Private James D. Rich was transferred to the Marine Corps Institute in Washington, D. C. We hope he is getting along well. Emanuel is having a hard time trying to make up his mind whether he wants to be a Marine Gunner or a Field Music. Better make up your mind, Emanuel, many a career has been spoiled by hesitation.

Field Music Corporal Richard H. West-

Broadcast for the September
LEATHERNECK
Must Reach the Editor
Before August 8

lake was discharged on July 1, 1938. He says he is going to try being a civilian for a while.

Corporal Ernest S. Delaune, Jr., left the Marine Corps on the nineteenth of July. He also is going to try civilian life for a while. There are rumors that he bought a Ford VS. Better keep it on the road, "Keed."

Privates Heaton, Rice, Bauer, and Brunson came back to Quantico to fire the Range. They spent most of their spare time around the Barracks with their old friends.

G Company won in the Soft Ball League in the Second Battalion. Now it will represent the Battalion in the Brigade League. Corporal Saltys is keeping the team in shape with just enough practice to keep them on their toes.

Even though everyone calls him "Chick," Old Age is creeping up on Gunnery Sergeant James. Last month when he was firing the Range he did noble until he got to 500-yard rapid fire. At that range either the strain was too much for him or the Old Age crept in on him. He forgot to tighten the drift slide on his sight leaf and as a result the butt detail was showered with debris of all sorts from the top of the butts.

Platoon Sergeant Sinkule rejoined this Company from H Company, to which he had been transferred on board the USS *Wyoming* enroute to Culebra.

The great "Babe" Miedel was in one of the boxing events in the Smoker held at the Post Gymnasium on Wednesday, 22 June, 1938, as a result he claims he has a broken nose. He was quoted as saying, "a broken nose is a good excuse for getting out of going to the Combat Range." Better keep to crooning over at the Hostess House, "Babe"

Well, so long for another month.

COMPANY H

We started the month with a welcome to our New Company Commander, Captain Earl H. Phillips, who joined us from Marine Corps Schools. We wish Captain Phillips a pleasant tour of duty with the Company.

Congratulations are in order for our Exee, Lt. Cosgrove, who is wearing silver bars. We wish our First Lieutenant continued success.

"Army" Keltner is sporting corporal's chevrons which he received the 7th of June. Congratulations, Army. He is also sporting a St. Thomas watch which he says keeps only St. Thomas time.

Another Qualification period has just been completed with many of the fellows coming off the line in the money class. Now we can concentrate on the Machine Gun and we hope to break some records when the firing is completed.

Corporal "Navy" Navolanie is with the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment at Wakefield, Mass., learning the way the Team Shots do it. Navy says the scenery up there is wonderful. Wonder what scenery he's talking about?

The fiscal year opens with most of the Company's NCOs doing duty with the Platoon Leaders' Class and before the month is over, most of the Company will have an idea of how the Reserves do it, because we will be instructing the Reserves from Philadelphia and Newark. It looks like a busy summer for all hands.

Undoubtedly the disturbance a week or two back will always be remembered by Lifsey. A bruised head, loss of sleep and anger followed as Colonel chased the demon through the barracks during the wee hours. It was a white cat at that. It wouldn't have been so bad but the little bell carried by Old Tom gave his position away. Lifsey also tried to give his "Meow" away. From now on it's war on cats. But the score is ten to one in favor of the cats. Until then we'll meet at the Bamboo Gardens or possibly at the Challenger Inn.

1ST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES

(Continued from page 29)

soon. Iona island, is being anticipated by Pfc. Robbins. Sample will proceed to Dover. Dover mothers will now have something to frighten their children by. Pfc. Brown will be transferred temporarily to duty with the platoon leaders' class.

At the present time most of the cannoneers are either on the range or they are snapping in preparation for going on the range. With three weeks' snapping in it would not be too much to expect a couple of team shots from this organization.

Cpl. Weitekamp, Pfc. Brown, Dykes, and Castle, and Pfc. Stinnett, Lambert, McMullen, Reyes, and Gambill are a winning combination at volley ball, but definitely! they have beaten B Battery once and trounced C Battery twice. Cpl. Weitekamp, Pfc. Castle, and Pvt. Gambill are the stars with the support of Pvt. McMullen and Pfc. Dykes being outstanding with their almost superb coordination and precision shots predominating their fleetness of foot and ability to anticipate their opponents' efforts to place the ball where they should be at that particular moment conspicuous by their absence, to a degree that leads one to suspect at times that they are psychic!

Pvt. Keegan's latest addition to the activity of this battery is to crawl off a Richmond-Washington freight and dash

THE LEATHERNECK

madly to the barracks just in time for revolution. Beggars can't be choosers, and with no money, even "mean eye" must use one of the humbler modes of travel provided in the reaching of a destination so important as that of answering "here" when the morning roundup takes place.

For the past month Pvt. Miller has been shadow boxing in all his spare moments. Even as early as the trip down to Parris Island, he had knocked out a window on the train by giving it the old one, two. When the night of the smoker came the reserves had no one in his weight class for him to fight. Why don't you get a job with "Griff," "Butch," he would let you box supplies. Picture yourself giving a crate of drawers, knee, a couple of rapid rabbit punches!

Flash!—Pvt. Ferries, who was keeping his own score on the twenty-two range announced he had gotten two-forty-nine out of a possible two-fifty. On his off hand he had about six deuces, but the other positions were pretty good, he said.

That is nothing, Pvt. Keegan got two-fifty-nine out of two-fifty by keeping his own score. Pfc. Haynes proves that he can shoot a bull's eye as good as he can shoot the bull, and that's shootin', "Podner!"

Pvt. Bushardt is in love. Cob-webs and dust are in his motorcycle, and he has that far-a-way look in his eye.

Pvt. Hammett has a far-a-way in his eye, but it has always been there. He and Pvt. Windisch are running a race for the position and status that the village withholds in most any community. Each has his own list of gags, all of which are most disturbing to their victims. Watch out for them, you may be next.

Pvts. Andrews and Mayfield are two glen Echo "Playboys," don't know what they play—may be it's button! button! Will have to have my cub reporter investigate this if he can get his mind off boxing that long.

BATTERY C

In the print with a lot of swellant news this month. Fellows have begun to turn in a lot of stories of the escapades of their best pals . . . for instance. . .

First behind the eight ball . . . Emerson . . . Doctor of medicinal language and of the breeze, will some day choke on one of those drawn-out words he manages to vocalize . . . we sincerely hope!

Bashful Willie (Townley on records) put up a hard fight one fine Sunday morning . . . and spoke to her . . . "lala . . . what a Marine!

Hogan (Sweetie Pie) found a *Union News* boy to be a little too much competition. . . although he was allowed to carry her suitcase . . . but we've come to the conclusion that Trail could've solved that.

One clothing store in Washington, D. C., must have a pretty good sales talk. Gross bought a suit—stripes 'n all. You would not be interested in a bridge, Gross, or would you???

Taylor disappointed two of his lady-friends, over the 4th, he stayed close to the barracks.

"Pop" Teel claims that his Section is the best of all of them . . . those are powerful words, Pop, particularly when the other sections claim their sections are the best . . . let's fight!

Scott and Ross have been very careful steppers till lately . . . now they are beginning to slip . . . they like blue lights, sweet music and so forth. . . So forth is the question?

Overstreet could not keep up with Landrem. . . Landrem's night life proved

too much for him . . . and now Overstreet has returned to the fold. . .

Frazier and Naman, what a combination! Together they burn up the little town of Quantico . . . and Hogan just can't do more than talk.

Syracuse and dear ol' GA. have been putting up quite an argument—Cpl. Thompson might at least be a little more serious and write a little more often.

Reckon that this is enough for now, I've got too many guys to dodge now . . . so till later.

BROWN FIELD

(Continued from page 28)

approximate cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The public works department will have complete right away over everything else within the next few weeks since necessity requires immediate action. The new construction schedule also calls for new non-commissioned officers quarters, on the post, something very much in dire demand.

Night flying was resumed at Brown Field this month and our new pilots are afforded an excellent opportunity to discover the shadowy portions that are characteristic of our field. Three nights a week have been scheduled for the various squadrons, who are making much use of the newly repaired runway, just opened.

With the arrival of the BG-1 airplanes from overhaul, Marine Bombing One is slowly rounding into a full fledged squadron once more. This should provide something of a relief to the pilots of the squadrons who have been forced to operate with but two airplanes for the past several weeks.

With the dope sheet: These next few lines are directed to Private First Class Kurtz who just recently transferred from line duty. Kurtz had the misfortune of drawing nine barracks for his future home. Upon awaking the first morning in his new quarters he proceeded to turn the pressure on the boys as he had been taught during his reign, with one stripe, in the Marine Corps. How was he to know that rising at reveille is an unheard of thing in nine barracks. For his trouble he was rebuked sharply and put in his correct place by his fellow members. My advice for Kurtz is to find new quarters. Bignon is receiving quite a lot of expensive razzing from his mates, a new golf club was the latest thing rendered useless. The aviation post exchange is proving something of a hazard for the stewards thereof, Corporal Wimer, the "Major Hoople," long of operations is the latest victim to be set-up, we will follow his progress. By taking the count the other night Private Grady of the Bombers is reported as having missed something nice. If Corporal Calm is turned away from those pearly gates it will be due to that rotten decision he handed down in a softball game between Headquarters and the Fighting unit the other day, in favor of VMP. To Ross of VMS-3: Gumbel-Critz isn't clacking them like in the days of old and knowing Hawes as I do I refuse to place Critz in the running, however I might consider using either Bob Murphy or Sammy Skotz. By the way, Ross, I take this method of warning you and the boys about Marineilli, he left here with me holding the bag for two-bits.

I must close this column, but it seems I have omitted something. Ah! now I know, I forgot to mention "Greek" Papan. The "Greek" is all smiles now since his bombers are beginning to come back from the factory.

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WEST COAST NEWS

First Battalion, 6th

(Continued from page 19)

my word isn't good, then take a gander at such trenchermen as Coward, Ringenback and Dole.

Platoon Sgt. Meeks is about to leave after a long tour of duty with the company. I wonder if Johnny Hill knows that, just caught Hill cleaning a couple strange rifles. He hurriedly explained that he was being paid for it. As though we'd ever accuse a man of hanging ears with Reiman and Meeks.

Raising goatees seems to be the latest fad in this outfit, as DeRenzis, Andriolo and Magnan are fast assuming the appearances of billy goats. In all fairness to the last two mentioned maniacs, we are forced to admit that nature did give DeRenzis a head start.

From reliable authority comes the report that the redoubtable Dave Wasserman is in town sporting a face that resembles a par-boiled beefsteak. It appears that for once in his life the old soldier was doping off.

We didn't realize until the other day that we were harboring a headliner in person, "Charles Lacy." Remember that article in the *Shanghai Press*? Blame it on the Vodka, Charley. It was hot publicity anyhow and we'll sure need something now that the bonus has dwindled away to a bedtime story.

I've held this one long enough, so before the black starts blurring I'd better knock off.

COMPANY C, FIRST BATTALION

By William L. Potter

As we near the end of another fiscal year, we find ourselves again on the rifle range. The "Waita Walla" is thick in the company street, on who is the best shot. We will find that out later.

Second Lieutenant E. G. Van Orman returned from leave 15 June. Since then has taken his snapping in very serious'y.

As the month of June is getting short so is the regular service life for Sgt. Hans Johnson; on 30 June he enters the Reserve, completing 20 years of service. All hands hate to see him go, but know he deserves the vacation and rest he is going to take. Sgt. Johnson was in the company about three years.

I forgot to mention last month the transfer of Pvt. William R. Ford, from the company to Destroyer Base, San Diego.

As nothing has really happened this month, and nicknames are too numerous to mention will knock off for now. Hoping to have more news next month.

Broadcast for the September
LEATHERNECK
Must Reach the Editor
Before August 8

COMPANY D, FIRST BATTALION

By Gismo

It's been quite some time since you heard from D Co., but our silence has been due to the fact that we are a part of the "Sight Seeing Sixth." In the last eight months we've Harbored in Honolulu, Galivanted in Guam, Meandered in Manila and Sojourned on Soochow the beautiful in Shanghai, not to mention a landing at Lahina (Roads). Most of our traveling was done in the luxury liner "Chaumont Maru," a small bit on that mighty denizen of the deep, *Utah*, but the best part of the whole "Cruise" was the two weeks we spent in the *Oklahoma*. That's shipping over chow on that wagon, fellas.

Upon return to the states we lost our Skipper, Capt. F. B. Loomis, Jr., to the USS *Pensacola*, and our Top Sergeant, Cecil R. Bates, to the Destroyer Base here in San Diego. They were two of the best, and D Co. sure hated to see them leave. The Company office is well taken care of though since the arrival of our new First Sergeant, who is none other than the famous "Duke" Duvene. Second Lieutenant L. B. Robertshaw has the wheel until the arrival of our new skipper.

The company office received a letter from headquarters informing them that D Co. had won the 1937 Wharton Trophy for the highest average rifle qualification of any company in the Marine Corps. We won it eight months ago, but we're still wondering what the cup looks like. At present we're at the range again trying to retain it for next year, with the idea that if we do get it again we may really get a look at the cup.

A new fad has swept the range like wildfire. Everyone, providing he is able, is growing a moustache and goatee. At roll call the company looks like the House of David. Give us four more weeks and we'll make them look like a bunch of sissies.

2ND BN, 6TH MARINES

(Continued from page 20)

the world's most famous creek. That luxurious liner *Chaumont* never looked so well as the day we boarded her and sailed homeward. Except, of course, to Corporals Pitzel and Hendrix. We have often heard of "The Lure of the Orient," now, they at least, can speak freely of it themselves.

Enjoying a very restful voyage, pausing in Manila and Guam, we arrived at Honolulu, where the *Utah* was boarded and participated in the Fleet Problem. Arriving home, San Diego was just as we left her eight months ago. A very colorful and interesting trip completed.

At present, routine is general. With Lieutenant R. L. Houser commanding we are training for the Combat Range.

An opportunity to bid farewell and good fortune to former members of this company who have been detached and transferred during the last year and to inform them and other readers that the Haines Bayonet Trophy was won under Captain W. T. Dodge.

Honors to Johnny Jennings, who placed seventh in the Western Division Rifle Match and later won the Governor's Match and California State Championship, setting a new record of four hundred and eighty-two. Nice shooting, Johnny. Our guess is that that score will stand for some years to come.

Another record attained by Corporal Hoppe, our diligent company clerk, who, going on furlough, returns with a wife and a new Buick. Congrats, Hoppe, but how's for a "tip" to the rail?

Breezes after Taps: Stevens is the proud owner of a Second Boy Bar. Keep up the good work, Steve. If you were in Europe you would be really decorated. What Platoon Sergeant, formerly on the Poway detail, took what Sergeant fishing and when applying for a permit was asked if his son was going to fish too?

COMPANY G, 2ND BATTALION

By Erzay

Well here we are, the fighting G-men, breaking into print for the first time in many, many LEATHERNECKS, so the first thing that we would like to say is, "Hello, Gyrenes."

This company seems to be very contented at the present time except for the usual routine grumbles, some wanting transfers, others screaming for furloughs and special liberty, and then there is Pfc. Knifton singing the "Timber" blues. He's really good at singing the blues and we enjoy that Bing Crosby instinct of his very much except when he comes in at night smoke-



Oldtimers will recall when Doug Fairbanks, Sr., Kid McCoy, Jack Dempsey and Jim Corbett visited the Marine Corps Base at San Diego.

stacking like a forest fire and when he drops that chin of his down on his chest. Boris Karloff looks like Robert Taylor in comparison.

Some of our fellows are spending a lot of these summer nights at the skating rinks and of course they only go skating for the exercise, to hear them tell it. I noticed our own little Pvt. Jas-china skating with a nice little school girl the other night. I wonder if he picked up that hobby while we were in Shanghai? A few nights ago Fld-Mus. King admitted that he was bashful and he wanted a few pointers on the art of getting better acquainted with a girl that he had met only a few times. He was coached for about one hour and then marched boldly to see his number one. The next morning he raised up in his bunk and said, "Hey! that love-making advice of yours is not so hot." I asked, "What was wrong with it?" He said, "I told her everything that you advised me to, and she asked me if I picked that line up in the Marine Corps or did I just think it all up by myself." Well, there's a pal for you. Don't worry, King, a few more hours of coaching and you will be first on the list for the Romeo of 1938.

At the present time 2nd Lt. McMakin is our company commander, and 2nd Lt. Crockett is still serving as company officer and 2nd Battalion Mess Officer. He is getting married in July and the G-men would like to take this opportunity to congratulate him. Capt. Larson was detached to MB, USS *Reina Mercedes*, NA, Annapolis, Md., upon our return to the states from Shanghai and we really hated to see him depart. Best of luck to you and here's hoping that you enjoy your tour of duty there very much. 2nd Lt. Weinberger was detached to Brigade Headquarters as Communication Officer and he said that everything was just lovely until he bought his new yellow Dodge and drove up to the G-men area for a visit and one of the fellows yelled "jee."

When Joe Louis knocked Max down for a count of eight and a flying towel, our Pvt. Taylor said, "You know, he must have hated Schmeling." He's from Georgia, folks, and he lost seven dollars on the fight, so that's enough said.

COMPANY H, SIXTH MARINES

Returning from the La Jolla Rifle Range on June 9th, H Company was glad to settle down for a short tour of barracks life before braving Kearney's burning sands. During the past year every day was sea bag day, and any time spent at the Base is looked upon as a vacation.

Second Lieutenant C. R. Huddleson has been commanding officer for the past month, but is going to the Western Platoon Leaders' Class on the 28th. Second Lieutenant L. W. Smith, Jr., will command until the arrival of Captain Shaw from the East Coast.

The high priced help is now on furlough; First Sgt. Cecil D. Snyder being in Houston, Texas, and Master Gy-Sgt. Gordon Hopp is enjoying the fishing somewhere in Oregon. Snyder will not return to this post, having received orders to report at Portsmouth Navy Yard, Norfolk, and will be relieved by Pl-Sgt. George Onkes.

Other vacationists are Ernest Mauer, at Cincinnati, and Pfc. Frank Rosiak, at Pittsburgh. Mauer fired the range for record, learned that his line score was 298 and shoved off. Since then the butts' scores have made him a sharpshooter, and that should help anyone's furlough. George

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Rose is snowing the natives under in San Francisco, Perry Payne in Sacramento and Corporal Joe Doneson in San Diego. Leonard Zaborski is in Stevens' Point, Wisconsin; Richard L. Davis in La Follette, Tennessee, and Pfc. Willard Wommack somewhere enroute from the USS *New Mexico*.

Our howitzer platoon, under Lt. L. W. Smith and Gy-Sgt. H. W. Stagg, has been working out on their new weapons, the new 81-mm. mortar. Being red-leg cannoners at heart, they display plenty of enthusiasm and seem to think the machine gunners should envy them.

Pl-Sgt. Waybren L. Tracy, Sgt. Chester E. Conary, Field Music 1st Class William J. McClung and Assistant Cook Robert J. Daugherty will join the Western Platoon Leaders' Class as soon as the training period begins, but will rejoin us in August. McClung and Daugherty are two boys from the Fourth Marines who made good and joined the Sixth, but neither seems to appreciate it and have even threatened to extend and catch the first transport found going the wrong way.

Corporal James K. Harris will leave about July 16 in the *Henderson* for duty at Quantico. Harris expects to be assigned to the engineering school at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, for a course in surveying, drafting and aerial photographic mapping.

July finds three good Marines who intend to join the ranks of honest taxpayers: FM. First Class John T. Berryman, Robert J. Steele and Corporal Joseph C. O'Connor. O'Connor, a Pearl Harborite from the Pacific Paradise, was married recently and intends to leave the service for good.

TENTH MARINES

(Continued from page 21)

Technical Sergeant Gay, Pfc. Marling, and Pfc. Nicholson are now on furlough. Gay is spending his time off here in San

Diego. Marling decided he would make his furlough something to talk about, so he set out for South Bend, Indiana. We know he will have a nice time and will also be able to snow us under for two or three months after his return. Nicholson decided he would see as much of good old U. S. A. as possible; he feels that he will appreciate it more than ever after his tour of duty over in China. Our Police Sergeant Pvt. Windes, recently returned from furlough which he spent in Los Angeles and vicinity. According to his report L. A. is the best place in the world to spend a furlough, believe-it-or-not, we are fully impressed.

Recent joinings to our company are as follows: Pfc. Petros from 2nd Bn, 6th Marines; Pfc. Cemel from 2nd Signal Co.; Pvt. Robinson from 2nd Signal Co.; Pvt. Statler from Company A, 1st Bn., 6th Marines, and Pvt. L. H. Wheeler from Recruit Depot Detachment. We welcome you to the company, fellows, and we hope you find the duty to your liking.

1st Sgt. A. V. Erickson has been transferred and he is giving up his instruments in Force Intelligence for a try at the sea. Best of luck, Erick, we hope you fare well during the tour at sea. Privates Doxey and King were also transferred. Doxey will join M.C.I., Washington, D. C., after stopping over in Michigan on a short furlough. Listen, Doxey, when you grade papers from dear old Headquarters try to do us justice, that don't mean the red pencil either. King decided he would see if there was really romance in the islands and now he is there finding out for himself. We know the young ladies at Ratliffs will miss the prize-winning waltz, so preserve yourself, lad.

"Wild Bill" Beardsley is now the happiest man in the Base, after three years of honest and faithful service he was promoted to Pfc. Congratulations, Bill, keep on climbing, the top isn't far.

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Taber is still counting the days and can be found every afternoon taking "Suitease Drill." We know, however, he will re-enlist; this talk and drill is merely a song and dance routine and he doesn't want any of the cold, cruel outside anyway.

RECRUIT DEPOT

(Continued from page 22)

months, we are in fine shape to handle the 285 men the Recruiting Stations are going to send us next month. Our own Sgt. Schmidtman has been setting an enviable pace among the recruiters, so we can expect many local applicants to be among the honor men in the future platoons.

Gy-Sgt. Martinez, under the guidance of his new skipper, Capt. John B. Hill, has his hands full shaping 130 men into sea-going Marines. The Sea School is no place to hang around for a jam session cause in nothing flat you'll find yourself swabbin' a deck or collared in on a lecture about quarter-decks, etc.

Several men have joined the permanent personnel from ships and the F.M.F. 1st Sgt. Robert A. Smith and Cpl. Jimmy Palmer joined from the 6th Marines; Sgt. McIntire and Cpl. Marquez joined from the USS *West Virginia*; Cpl. Bradshaw from the Casual Company and Pfc. Edward Smith from the Destroyer Base.

The Recruit Depot will regret very much the departure of Major A. D. Challacombe for duty in the Marine Corps School at Quantico, Virginia. The East Coast's gain is our loss, but we realize that. Major Challacombe feels very happy about the new assignment and knows that his work here at the Depot has been appreciated by one and all.

Several hundred ex-messmen scattered around the Marine Corps will be glad to know that Cpl. Charles "Buck" Williams has been promoted to Mess Sgt. "Buck" is now in full charge of the Recruit Depot Mess and has assumed as his motto, "Say it with cigarettes." All in all, we think we have a fine mess and a good all-around gang running it.

Departures during the month have lopped off some of the old-timers with more transfers expected. Sgt. Major Alban Uhlman is going to the East Coast to retire on 20, after a short but pleasant stay at the Depot. Sgt. Major Jack Salesky is now enroute to Newport, Rhode Island, using up that ninety-day furlough he earned by shipping over for the seventh time. Sgt. Reuben Tyson (one of the old timers) has been transferred to the USS *Pennsylvania* followed by Sgt. George Ingersoll, being transferred to the 13th Bn., FMCR at Los Angeles. Cpl. Gifford "Crashy" Price is at the U. S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Long Beach, Calif., for elimination flight training. Here's hoping he makes Pens-

cola on the first bounce. Our old friend "3-rations" Wheeler has been transferred to the FMF.

Well, bring on the recruits: city slickers, hill-billies, back woodsmen and cow hands, they all look alike after a hair cut—that's when we start to work on them (and how).

SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN.

(Continued from page 23)

liberty in Balboa. At eleven o'clock on the night of June second we said "So long" to Panama and sailed for San Diego.

Everyone was very happy to find the Pacific Ocean so calm and it remained calm all the way to San Diego, which made the trip much more enjoyable. I think most of the boys had their turn with a chipping hammer and paint scrapers.

We were all glad to see Point Loma on June thirteenth and to gaze upon good barracks once again. We did not finish unloading the ship that day, but left only about two hours' work to be finished the next morning.

Once again we are settled down and we hope to be "Datum Points" for a while. Everyone has put his effort into cleaning up and painting all the equipment and now the battery is "spick and span" for the parade Friday, June twenty-fourth.

We had quite a change in a certain blond private first-class from Massachusetts who came across country with Corporal Rogers. While in Arizona he just had to get him a pair of cowboy boots and now he has quite a collection of "puncher" clothing. We are expecting him to walk into the squad room any time and pull a couple of "shootin'" irons. Well, I guess the old saying, "Go West, Young Man," still stands.

BATTERY H, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT

California, we are here. The Second Antiaircraft Battalion arrived safely after a very pleasant voyage on the good ship *Antares*. At least the weather was pleasant and the *Antares*, aided by a favorable tide and weather exceeded her scheduled speed and made 11 knots plus, all the way from the Canal Zone, arriving in San Diego a day ahead of schedule, or at least a day sooner than most of us expected.

The dear old Pacific lived up to her name of being quite calm aside from a few choppy waves off the coast of Lower California. All of the rookies who were sick the first days out found their sea legs much to the regret of the commissary steward and the cooks on the *Antares*, who had their hands full trying to satisfy the

enormous appetites of the Marines.

The Second Antiaircraft Battalion has been frantically at work removing the effects of the salt water and air from our equipment since arriving in San Diego. All hands have turned to quite cheerfully and our equipment is beginning to assume that appearance that is expected from a Marine organization. A coat of fresh paint and a great deal of scouring and polishing makes us look like a new outfit.

We are participating in our first motorized parade in San Diego this afternoon in blues. This is our first opportunity to parade our equipment since leaving Quantico.

We will tell you how we like it next month.

BATTERY G, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT

Just a few "soundings off" from G Battery. Here we are in San Diego after our trip around from the East Coast. Even now, our equipment is in perfect shape, to which we point with pardonable pride. The barracks here are past all expectations, which means that there is room enough to turn around in.

Now with land once again under foot, the boys that were so generous in feeding the fish, will admit that it was a grand cruise.

We have a few treasured memories of the short hours that were spent in Panama (Ah, that good old Coconut Grove!), which included a trip to Old Panama and the surrounding country. After the sight-seeing tour we wound up at the Atlas Beer Co., where the best beer party that we have ever had was enjoyed. For all this, we wish to express our thanks to all the officers who contributed to putting the party over.

Now that the time has come for the battery to fire the rifle for qualification, the boys are all anxiously inspecting their rifles and muttering the different range rules under their breath. With the expert coaching of our Platoon Sergeants, Loflin and Mallard, assisted by the NCO's we are shooting for 100 per cent qualification within our battery.

At the time that this goes to press, our First Sergeant, Jett A. Hurst, will have been transferred to the USS *West Virginia*, wherein greater advantages will be offered him. Although whatever his work may be, we are all confident that it will be executed with the utmost degree of efficiency. A long, smooth trip, "Top," our loss is others gain. But what happened to the ninety days' furlough?

The "scuttlebutt" has given up its inmost secrets, and my source of "dope" has gone dry, so until next time, I'll say—Adios.

BATTERY F, (.50 CAL.) 2ND AA BATTALION

By Joe

The old Battery F is no longer by itself as a West Coast Antiaircraft unit. Since we came here from Quantico in June of '36 we have been standing alone as a battalion. Just recently the Second Antiaircraft arrived here from Parris Island, where they have been test firing the .50 calibers and the three inch "sky guns." The battalion was formed last year in Quantico, Va. They disembarked from the USS *Antares* June the fourteenth to make San Diego their home. We of F Battery welcome them and feel proud to be a part of the new organization.

THE LEATHERNECK

Now just a word about the more domestic side of affairs. We have been "terribly" busy and the cause of so much ado is the lawn around our barracks (we hope it's going to be a lawn). The boys, under the supervision of Sgt. Jesse "Le-gree" Himes, have been busy seeding, fertilizing, and watering down the ground in hopes of being rewarded with a nice green lawn. There is no way of knowing but time will tell as to just how good or bad horticulturists we are.

Now about half of the Battery is at the La Jolla rifle range. Some of the boys have already fired for record and more are to fire in the near future. Already some mighty pitiful stories have been drifting in about unexpected little mishaps that just naturally happen around a rifle range. Two young men, namely, "Ching" Woy and "Chuck" Lockwood are very much elated over their scores on the pistol range. They claim a big improvement over last year's record. This year they almost qualified.

Again this month we find that more of the boys have contracted slight cases of home-sickness. Those on leave at the present are: Cpls. Boston and Touchette. Now that they have elected a new Sheriff in his home town, Boston returned from Texas. David is spending his time in "Sunny Cal." Tizzolino and "Slick" Sommer took off on an endurance run to the East Coast. They will be back by the end of the month (we hope). Homer Hoover is taking a little rest in the old Sooner State.

In the next two weeks we will say "so long" to five of the battery's oldest men: Sgt. Chester J. Ventress, Cpl. William F. Clunn, Cpl. James D. West, Pfc. Simpson H. Loden, and Pfc. Lewis Smith, will shove off for the last time and become "John Civilians" on the "USS Outside." We sincerely wish them the very best of luck, and success.

DETACHMENTS Hingham Salvos

(Continued from page 30)

but being as big as he is, he should have the situation well in hand at this reading.

Saw Fetchko looking at Used Cars the other day. That means plenty of hard work for the liberty hounds. Since Cpl. Adams was paid off Pfc. Romano has ascended the throne as "Mahatma in Charge" of the Mounted Detachment. Pvts. Donahue, Kay, Fetchko, Black, Morgan and Mullane comprise the rest of the detachment.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS: Lawson—Fill up the first two tables. Fetchko—Lawson won't feed me. Frederiek—Take it easy, how's everything? Lamparelli—Who ever heard of Yonkers? Elliott—Who ever heard of Lamparelli? McBee—Woncha please stand my firewatch? 1st Sgt. Olson—Too much liberty, etc., etc., etc. Balauzaitis—You can't give me two 8-12's in a row. Canteen Steward Sankus—I'll be open for ten minutes on the 15th and 30th of each month. Creech—How's to borrow your suit, shirt, shoes and a little spare change? Robinson—You can't arrest me for speeding. I'm a Marine. White—How many shirts did you say you hope you'll get back from the laundry? Morash—Now when I was in Hingham on my first cruise, etc., etc. Wuller—Now when I was a civilian, Blah Blah, etc. The judge that tried June—Ten dollars or ten days!!

Two months gone now and still no Pvt. Louis M. Sprague. Sergeant Walsh still

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insists he will man-handle the one who planted "spuds" where the flower seeds ought to be.

SOUTH CHARLESTON

(Continued from page 32)

swimming pool this year so all of the fair sex should get quite a thrill while visiting the plant pool.

Ridenour and Young went on a big game hunt the other night but it happened to take place in Ridenour's room. They pursued a poor rat for ten minutes before they were able to subdue it, but they finally brought home the bacon or maybe I should say rat.

Wilson and Pat Dam had a race at the ball park the other evening and Wilson won by a nose, but Pat filed a protest and the race will be run over as an added attraction at the baseball game next Sunday.

Williamson says he'll never climb another apple tree as long as he lives. We can't tell you why, but he will be glad to. I'd be glad to tell that one too if I had the chance. We're going to have a medal for him in the machine shop in the morning. He sure does rate it.

Well, folks, I guess that's all the dope we can give you this time, but we'll be back soon. So long.

HAWAIIAN SOUVENIRS

(Continued from page 24)

more simple than ours, and some of their crew who came to eat in our galley expressed much surprise at the abundance and variety of food on the table. But if their food is simple, and if their living conditions are not quite as elaborate as ours, their generosity and good nature is none the less genuine. It was learned, not only from their interpreters but also from their actions, that the Japanese have the highest respect for the United States Marines.

To say that the Main Gate detail of the Pearl Harbor Marines had moved to Old Naval Station might be a little far fetched, but a quick view of personnel alone might establish the suspicion. In a rapid series of transfers we have gained the services of Kindred, Villines, and Marriott. In Kindred we have an up and coming Jiu Jitsu expert, who trains under no less than the foremost teacher in Honolulu; in Villines we find a perfectly good example of "poker personality" (the only trouble is that he wastes his poker-face on bridge); and lastly we have in Marriott an ideal example of what a Marine should be—he can walk a mean post, shoot a wicked rifle score, tap a keg, or steal a sailor's girlfriend.

Among the older personalities of the

station we still have Radical Rash beating his gums about the labor conditions in Hindustan, and the high tariff wall around Iraq which keeps down the importation of Scotch kilts.

The pride and joy of the station, "Betty" Carrots, has just returned from Pau-loa Point, where he and Joe Kieffer have been week-ending; incidentally, while the boys were there they fired the rifle for record, but all they brought back with them in the way of compensation was a Clark Gable mustache on Betty and a bruised shoulder on Joe. The boys blame it on the wind, the rain, the smoke, the poor ammunition, bent rifle barrels, liars in the butts, and the last election, but we blame it on the boys. "Anyhow!" says Bedecarrax, "I'm still the best little chauffeur that ever cut a curb." Regan and Plummer had better weather, or luck, or something, for when they came home they brought the money with them in a big way. Another of the boys who just returned from week-ending is Turbulent Truax, formerly of Tiedtrigger, Texas, who has been convalescing after a minor illness.

High up on the list of station Romeos this week appears the name of Edgar D. Locke, who has stepped up from the ranks to a position formerly held by such outstanding men as Vallentino, Bedecarrax, Robert Taylor and Ward Plummer. This formerly quiet, conservative, young man has completely upset the smooth rhythm of the post routine by his wild antics the past few days. Observers have noticed that he carves large hearts on the palm trees about the station; that he picks the petals off flowers, while he chants, "She loves me, she loves me not;" and that he writes long notes which he sends out in lavender envelopes. The capping climax, though, happened the other night at supper when he tucked a napkin around the neck of Popeye, the cat, and then drank the milk out of Popeye's saucer. It is the general opinion of the barracks that the little girl who parks across the street is the cause of his high blood pressure.

At the top of another kind of list appears the name of "Half Nelson" Holt, the kid from the Bronx. As chief messman he has access to the pantry and it is believed that he has been using up all the lemon extract on his freckles lately.

Kid Kulesa is still looking around for a potion that will keep those unruly locks down. He has sent appeals far and wide for every type of "foo-foo," but to date none but his good old standby, Le Pages, will do the trick. His locker is so full of vari-colored bottles of different lotions that when Corporal Jones made a preliminary inspection last week the absent-minded non-com put his foot up on a bunk rail and said, "Mix me up a sloe-gin fizz and don't spare the alky."

HISTORY OF THE BATTENBERG CUP

(Continued from page 5)

contested for by boat races or by Gun-nery Records, among the ships of that Fleet.

In the past standard racing cutters were used in races for the Battenberg Cup. Considering the fact that standard racing cutters are carried only by battleships and certain aircraft carriers, future races for this cup will be rowed by selected crews in 30-foot whaleboats. The races shall be open to all vessels of the United States Fleet under the following rules:

The Cup shall be raced for once a year, whenever a sufficient number of ships may be together, as may be directed by the Senior Officer present.

The Cup shall be held on board the ship of the winning crew, subject to challenge by any ship of the U. S. Fleet after an interval of three months from the date of the last race.

If a ship of the British Navy is present at the time of a race for the cup, or if a ship of the British Navy falls in with two or more ships of the U. S. Fleet, one of which is holding the cup, an invitation will be extended to her to enter the race or to pull against the winner, and if the invitation is accepted the Senior Officer present shall direct that a standard United States Navy 30-foot whaleboat and equipment be loaned to the British ship by one of the United States vessels present, for entry into the race under conditions prescribed by these rules, and as much time as practicable shall be allowed her crew for training before the race.

In the event of the British ship winning the race, the name of such ship shall be inscribed on the cup, and the cup shall then be turned over to the Flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet and held until again raced for by ships of the Fleet.

THE SLAT WAGON

(Continued from page 7)

"The anti-aircraft are movin' up the same as we are."

The moth grew suddenly larger. The column halted in consternation. A loud



command from the head. "Under cover, men!" The moth no longer looked like anything but an airplane—except perhaps a swooping hawk, and it was coming nearer at terrific speed. Near the road was a patch of woods, and longing eyes began to look in that direction. The swoop ended. At the head of the column there was a sound like a bundle of fire-crackers and shouts. The column left horses, guns and wagons, and made for the woods. Some laughed. A thousand men doing a fifty yard dash is an amusing sight.

SOMETHING awakened Goose Mott where he slept peacefully beneath the tarpaulin. He lay for a moment trying to place himself. The wagon had stopped, but he heard no voice, no sound but a loud humming. Startled, he threw off the tarp and stood up. Directly over him, and turning and darting like a fish, was a German plane. He could see the thick square cross on its under-wings, not at all like the cross that he had believed the German planes wore. Also he saw that he was entirely alone. His eye fell on the machine gun resting on the pile of boxes. A chance at last to show his worth, to bring down this plane when all had fled! Floundering over the load, he reached the gun, pulled back the lever, and turned loose on the German. The clip ran through with a soul-stirring clatter. With trembling fingers, he inserted another. The boche fired another burst, went into a side slip, and then flew up the valley, flying low, and paying no attention to the machine gun fire that was beginning to be brought to bear on him from every angle.

Slowly the artillerymen came back from the woods, and the column started again. "Who did the shootin' from the slat wagon?"

"Goose Mott; he stuck by the gun and drove off the Jerry."

"Good for you, Goose—good stuff."

Comment and congratulations from all sides. Goose, enthroned by the gun, made no remark. His mind was on a future day, the regiment at salute, and "Black Jack" pinning the D.S.C. on his breast.

A motorcycle and side car barked along the side of the road. The major of the first battalion unwound his long frame from the little side car and stepped out.

"Who fired that machine gun?" said he. Men dropped back from the telephone detail to hear, and the drivers of the battery next in rear urged their horses forward to get all that was going on.

"I, sir," said Goose, standing as straight as the bumping wagon would allow.

"Come down here." He went down.

"D'you see that balloon?"

He pointed far up the valley, to where a kite balloon could be dimly seen, far over on the French sector, like a jelly bean in the morning mist.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why don't you try to bring that down? Why don't you fire a couple of clips at that? D'you think you are in a wild west show, or what? You shot away as much money as you get in two months. You're under arrest!"

The side car barked on its way.

Much mirth from the drivers and telephone men.

"You'll get the Croddagerr, all right, Goose."

"Now will yuh do it again?"

"By gosh," said Goose, "I wouldn't

touch that gun if the whole German army came down the road, and every one in the division from the general down was begging me on his hands and knees," and he crawled under the tarp again and composed himself for a sleep. Alas, sleep was not for him. He could hear quite plainly the telling of the tale of his downfall. Men kept dropping back all the time to find out what happened, and after Dish Face and the Funnyman had gleefully related the details, with more and more additions each time, to some fifteen or twenty different hearers, poor Goose could stand it no longer. He appeared and joined the other three at the tail of the wagon. The machine gun bobbed serenely above their heads.

In the shank of the morning, the battery turned into the courtyard of a ruined chateau to water the horses. This took hours. There was but room for two horses to drink at a time, so that each team was unharnessed, led up to the trough, given their fill, and allowed to breathe while the other four were given a like treatment. The six were then hitched again to gun or caisson, and the next team given a chance.

The slat wagon was last. The first sergeant, Mulcahey, directed their entrance to the courtyard.

"There is a horse's grave just beyant the road, there, be careful you don't fall into it. Now, unhitch them lead cabal-yos, and after them swing and wheel. Put the brake on while the horses are bein' watered."

Having ever in mind the horse's grave into which they must not fall, Belt Haynes, who rode the seat and looked after the brake, wound it up with all his force. As a means of getting greater leverage, he hung himself on the little knob that was on the rim of the wheel by which the brake was applied. The knob broke off. Belt hastily tucked it in the pocket of his shirt and said naught.

The horses were safely watered. The top kick mounted his horse, preparatory to joining the rest of the column.

"Forw-a-r-d-h-o-w!"

The teams lunged forward, but the slat wagon moved not an inch. There was some jibbing and kicking.

"Come on wid that wagon," cried Mulcahey, "put the hooks to thim goats. Put the hooks to 'em, I tell yuh!" He turned and came trotting back. "Come on you guys now, heavy on them wheels! Get off the seat, you, Haynes, and give 'em a hand!" The four assisted, two at each wheel.

"Let's go!" roared the top kick, and rode up behind one of the wheel horses, and kicked her violently. No female will stand for being kicked. This wild mare, rolling the white of her eye at Mulcahey, stood straightway up on her legs, came down crossways of the pole, and then cast her rider afar. He landed at a distance, his steel helmet clanging on the stones of the court. She remained quietly astride the pole, and contemplated the scene with a contented air. The goldbricks gave heavy sighs, and leaned against the wheels.

The top dismounted in stern silence. He tied his horse to one of the slats, and climbed slowly to the seat.

"So," said he. "The brake is on."

He regarded the four with a lack-luster eye.

"In all my service," said he, "'tis never been my misfortune to have to do wid such a bunch of *omadhauns*. If any wan

av you had the brains a generous God give to a sardine, he wad know better than to put a brake on an' leave it that way. And the knob bruk off. 'Tis me that would like to break a few of the knobs off your ugly mug, Belt Haynes. Unhitch the lead an' swing, an' straighten out this she-devil av a wheel horse. The rest av this gang let loose this brake."

Three men with pick handles and twenty minutes' straining loosened the brake. The mare was put in her place and all rearranged once more.

"Now," said the first sergeant, "hang your ears this way. Turn slowly and gradually so that the slope av the ground will give the wagon a start. Put them horses well into their collars. Put some bacon into those wheels. Now, wan I give the word, all together. Let's go!"

They went. The slat wagon moved with surprising ease. It barked the shins of the skittish wheel horse, who promptly squealed and kicked the footboard into toothpicks. Haynes retired to the back of the wagon.

"That unspeakable unmentionable," cried the top, and catching up the pick handle, he bore down upon the plunging horses. Each one of the six feared that that wildly waved club was for it alone, they swung around as one, the tiny front wheels turning easily, and all but putting the wagon over; shouts, commands, trampling of hoofs. A sudden stop. The front wheels were sunk in the ground to their hubs. They were in the horse's grave.

"Git out o' there!" cried Mulcahey, "git out o' there, spur them horses, push on the wheels, swing right, now a little forward—" *whack, whack* with a pick handle—"come up now, push! push! push! Gimme hold o' that damn bridle. Come on, now—" very nearly pulling the heads off the lead team—"kick up that wheel-team, come on now!"

Crack!

The action stopped suddenly. The plunging horses stood still, the goldbricks ceased to strain at the wheels, the drivers ceased to curse and spur. The first sergeant grimly dropped the bridle of the lead horse and straightened up with an air of gloomy resignation. He walked back to the wagon and peered beneath the front wheels.

"There, now, it's bruk. Oh, curse the day I ever left Ireland," and he walked apart a little and sat down, with his head in his hands. And all this while the regiment to which these men belonged was hastening forward, drawing farther and farther away with every minute.

By now the sun had risen high in the heavens, and the labor of unloading all the spare ammunition was not well received. Shells for a seventy-five are packed in a large wooden box, and are not the lightest things in the world to move. Besides, there was a barrel of horse-shoes, a traveling forge, a wooden chest full of oats, the property of the stable sergeant, cylinder oil for the guns, and a table and chairs that had been "borrowed" from an abandoned farm house, and were used by the officers for meals, and to sit on. When the wagon was unloaded, the spare pole was put in place of the broken one, and the empty wagon snaked out of the hole.

"Take it out to the road," said Mulcahey, "and lave this cemetery alone after this. You lug those shells out there and load them. Don't give me no argument!"

Not a word out of any wan of yez, for the gossoons yez are!"

The top's brogue was growing more pronounced—a sign of rising wrath.

"We ain't said nothin', Sergeant," said Sployd.

"Make sure you don't." The exile of Erin regarded his horse. "Tis gettin' on, an' gettin' off of you I have been all the mornin'. Have I not troubles enough without bein' bothered with a horse? I'll not mount till this damn wagon is on the march wance more."

So they carried out the barrel of horse-shoes, and the forge, and the oil and the incidentals, and lastly the ammunition.

"The good God only knows," said the top, "where the column is now, wid the whole sector on the move. Folly your nose down the road and cross no bridges till you come to them," and he trotted off.

"Tell me," said Goose, bitterly, "did I leave home for this? Look at my hands, and I a man of education."

"That's why your hands is all blistered," said Dish Face. "If yuh got education, yuh otta have more brains than enlist in the regular army."

"He did it to make the world safe for a democrat," said Funnyman.

The other two looked at Funnyman askance. They had not yet grown to hate him with a deep and burning hate. Later he was driven forth in a shower of mess-kits and hard language, whenever his mood tempted him to crack one of his self-styled bright sayings. When the outfit was in Germany they locked Funnyman in a box car bound for Russia, and he was never heard of again.

"Come off that seat, Belt, you're no better than anyone else. We don't need any brake now. You're too damn ready with that brake, anyway. You're the cause of all this."

"Come offa there," said Dish Face bitterly.


Poor Belt descended at once. He was cramped anyway and wanted to get his feet on the ground.

They entered the outskirts of Chateau Thierry. There were a few French soldiers hanging about, advance agents of some headquarters, looking for billets perhaps, and some American telephone men. A soldier arose from the wayside and came toward the slat wagon. They recognized him as one of the battery, an agent of liaison, a *buscarer*, a searcher of battlefields, an eater of broken meats and a hanger-on at the kitchen. He was called the "Frog."

"This is the way," he called, "the Old Man sent me back for a guide."

On down the street they went, picking their way across piles of brick. This part of the city had not suffered much from the bombardment. The houses were still intact, and so was the furniture in them. What there was of loot that had any value was gone. Who had looted these homes? Not Sployd, or Haynes, or the Frog, nor yet Mott or the Funnyman. They searched them all, but some one had been before them. They cursed horribly at the infantry that break into a house and steal the things therein, before the artillery can get a chance.

Near the railroad station, opposite an abandoned engine, was an unexploded shell. A dud. It lay fairly in the center of the road, shimmering in the sun, in all its glory of red paint and brass fuse. It had a little shelter built over it, to warn teams to keep away. The little group at the rear of the slat wagon



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halted a moment to gaze, fascinated, at concentrated death.

"Look at the dud," cried the Frog, and he brought his walking stick down with all his might on that brass nose. Who has not been in an elevator, the operator of which started it quickly, and all one's insides seemed to hang to the ceiling, while the rest of him went down? Such was the sensation of the four goldbricks. They all simultaneously inhaled. It was some time before they could speak. An hour later the Frog reported to the battery commander that the detail with the slat wagon were all drunk and had tried to murder him. He looked it.

West of the city between Chery and Blesmes, the French had built a pontoon bridge across the Marne, and it was here, waiting their turn to cross, that the slat wagon caught up with the regiment. The Marne is a narrow river, with very high banks. In order to get down to the bridge, it was necessary to cut sloping runways, or ramps. The need for haste was great, hence the ramps were very steep as the engineers had not time to lengthen them. The guns and wagons were eased down the near bank with a rope around the rear axle, and every one in sight tailing on to it. The teams then crossed the teetering bridge, with the dismounted drivers leading them. On the other side, four or five extra teams hauled the gun up the far bank, pulled it to one side, the teams unhitched, and went down the bank to pull up the next load. One team unhitched from the string each time, and returned to its original gun or wagon, so that for every piece of rolling material that crossed the bridge, one pulled away from the far bank and went across the field to the road, so that there were always two or three extra teams available to help pull others up the bank. Of course, this process was very long, so that the slat wagon caught up with the battery and then had to wait an hour or so for its turn to cross.

"Come on," said Goose, "let's get away somewhere, and forget that instrument of torture."

Accordingly the four went down the road a ways and climbed a little knoll. Here they found Onorio, the instrument sergeant, and "Cut Glass," a silk-hat Irishman, who had ambitions to be an observer.

"Where are we goin' to camp tonight, Sergeant?" they asked.

He pointed across the river.

"See that little town there? That's Gland. And you can see the road going up the hill in back of it. At the top of that hill is Champillon Farm, which I have had the pleasure of shelling in my day. Now back of the farm is a ditch, where we will camp tonight."

"How do you know all that?" asked Goose.

"It's on the map, my boy," said Onorio.

"Oh, my back!" said Belt. "Look at that hill!"

The road led straight up the side of a steep hill, so that it had somewhat the appearance of a waterfall.

"Won't it be fun pushin' that slat wagon up that cliff?" said Funnyman. "Goose'll get some more blisters."

The prospect grew dark for these soldiers.

"What's going on down theah?" asked Cut Glass.

He talked like a Boston school teacher, which was what he was. All looked down

at the road. The slat wagon was drawn up in the ditch, and men were loading boxes and cans into it.

"I can't see what that is," said Sployd, "but it's more stuff for us to unload tonight, after we've pushed it up that hill."

The faces of the goldbricks grew so long that Onorio and Cut Glass were fain to laugh.

"Cheer up," said Onorio, "never get discouraged your first hitch. Come on, Cut Glass, we gotta move. That's the last gun goin' over, now."

A ration train went across before the slat wagon got its chance, and while it stood waiting patiently in the long grass, the mind of Goose Mott was filled with thoughts of evil. Whenever his eye lighted on the big hump under the tarpaulin, where the new load had been piled, he cursed bitterly the unkind fate that had made him the member of a marching regiment. The wagon was deserted—the drivers had dismounted and were lying on their backs, smoking. No fear of those horses running away. Goose went and sat on the front wheel, whittling a piece of

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stick with a long French knife that he had. No one paid any attention to him.

"Come on with that slat wagon," called the engineer officer, who had charge of the bridge. "Look alive, now!"

The drivers mounted hastily, and a gang of men at the wheels rolled the wagon into position. Then they put on the ropes and it was slowly lowered down the ramp to the foot boards of the pontoon bridge.

"Good enough. Wait on the other side for the two teams from the other wagon."

The wagon rolled easily across the bridge. On the other side the helping teams hitched to the traces of those that were already attached to it. The goldbricks got to the wheels once more and prepared for the pull up the ramp. All save Goose, in whose heart was a fierce joy. The teams started scrambling up the bank.

"Hey!" yelled a driver. "The pole chains are undone!" *Snap!* "Look out!"

Several of the horses fell to their knees. The goldbricks leaped clear. With a glorious thunder the slat wagon ran backward down the ramp, struck the bridge with a resounding bang, and toppled into the water with a delicious splash. Confusion. Turmoil. The teams had been

thrown off their balance by the sudden releasing of the load, and they showed their disgust with the proceedings as any respectable horses would. Language flew about freely. Every one rushed on to the bridge and gazed earnestly at the bubbles rising from the Marne, but nothing rose from that wagon. Excited officers ran about in a frenzy.

"How did it happen?"

"Who did that wagon belong to?"

"I hope it wasn't the one my bedding roll was on."

Shriek and shout and battle cry were of no avail, however. The slat wagon was gone from the ken of man with all its load.

The goldbricks looked at the muddy waters of the Marne, with the feeling of a man who has been thrown from a horse, rather scared, but glad it is all over, anyway. There was nothing they could do.

"You men had better rejoin your organization," said an officer. "You won't make anything any better by hanging around here."

The four went on up the road with a strange feeling of content, following the three liberated teams.

"It wasn't our fault, anyway," said Sployd. "The traces broke, and away it went."

"Traces broke, my eye," said Goose. "Did you hear that fat-head yell that the pole chains were undone? I cut the traces almost through and undid the pole chains before we started over. There was no strain on the chains with all that gang holding her back with the rope, and no strain on the traces till they started up the bank. I made up my mind that I'd never unload that thing again."

An admiring silence fell on the other three.

THE battery were at Champillon Farm, as Onorio had said it would be. The drivers had unharnessed and gone off somewhere to water the horses. The gunners were digging holes for the trail spades, and the instrument sergeant and a lieutenant were peering into a goniometer and howling strange words at each other. Smoke ascended cheerfully from the rolling kitchen. The four goldbricks entered unobtrusively and approached the kitchen.

"Where's the slat wagon?" called the mess sergeant.

"It fell in the brook," said Dish Face. "Fell in the brook!"

The battery stopped its labors at the cry.

"Yes, fell in the brook, an' everything in it."

"My stars," said the mess sergeant. "Supreme undiluted gangrenous grief. All the chow this battery owns was in that wagon. We put it in when the ration cart broke, while we were waiting to cross. And no one has had a bite to eat since two this morning."

There was a wild howl, and the battery bore down upon the four, but they fled headlong into the woods.

There is a white straight road that runs through the forest of Barbillion northward to Fere en Tardenois. At dusk a man came trotting down its center. It was Goose Mott. A voice called to him from the ditch.

"Lie down, guy, lie down. Those are the German lines down there."

"It's the only place I'm safe," called the runner over his shoulder, and he continued on his way.

THE LEATHERNECK

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	18,428
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —May 31	1,320
Separations during June	7
Appointments during June	1,313
Total Strength on June 30	46
ENLISTED —Total Strength on May 31	16,592
Separations during June 6	405
Total Strength on June 30	16,997
Total Strength Marine Corps on June 30	18,356



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. Russell B. Putnam, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. Miles R. Thatcher.
Lt. Col. Andrew E. Creesy.
Maj. Franklin G. Cowie.
Capt. John B. Hendry.
1st Lt. Bruno A. Hochmuth.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.
Col. William H. Rupertus.
Lt. Col. Claude A. Larkin.
Maj. Lucian C. Whitaker.
Capt. Julian G. Humiston.
1st Lt. Thomas F. Riley.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JUNE 15, 1938.

Col. Sydney S. Lee, on or about 23 June, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to duty as CO, MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Maj. Arnold C. Larsen, on 1 July, 1938, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. John F. Stamm, about 1 July, 1938, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Harry A. Schmitz, detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, USS "Enterprise."

2nd Lt. Robert M. Dean, Jr., detached MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to MD, USS "Enterprise."

2nd Lt. John W. Stage, about 5 July, 1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. George B. Bell, about 15 June, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

2nd Lt. Clair W. Shisler, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS "Honolulu."

2nd Lt. George S. Bowman, Jr., about 15 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Curtis Burton, Jr., about 15 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Robert A. McGill, on or about 20 June, 1938, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Charles W. Shelburne, about 15 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

2nd Lt. John L. Smith, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, to MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Ch. Pay Clk. Gouveneur H. Parrish, about 15 July, 1938, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

QM. Clk. Frank H. Williams, on 11 July, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

(Continued on page 62)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JUNE 1, 1938.

QM-Sgt. Warren L. Granger—Quantico to FMF, Quantico.

QM-Sgt. Frederick Dykstra—WC to Quantico.

Cpl. Robert L. Manning—Charleston, S. C., to Sea School.

Cpl. Wilhelm Luckhardt—NYd, Washington, to New York.

JUNE 2, 1938.

Cpl. Richard M. Skinner—New York to Philadelphia.

JUNE 4, 1938.

Sgt. John Pluge—Quantico to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Harold G. Edwards—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Raymond W. Mann—Quantico to San Diego.

Cpl. Stephen K. Pawloski—New York to Parris Island.

Cpl. Frederick K. Garceau—New London to Quantico.

Cpl. Fred Krasco—Lakehurst to USS "Nashville."

JUNE 6, 1938.

MTS James T. Tichacek—Shanghai to San Diego.

Gy-Sgt. Stanley Jagosz—Shanghai to San Diego.

Sgt. Henry C. Kampen—FMF, Quantico, to Newport.

Cpl. Robert E. L. Beall—FMF, Quantico, to RS, New York.

Sgt. David H. Wallace—New York to Iona Island.

Cpl. Raydee W. Pierce—WC to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Gennaro Ruggiero—Boston to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Andrew J. Cooksey—WC to MB, Quantico.

JUNE 7, 1938.

Sgt. Leon Kohn—WC to QM, Headquarters.

Sgt. Seraphin G. Musachia—FMF, Quantico, to Air Two.

Sgt. John H. Faggart—WC to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Russell M. Catron—NYd, Washington, to San Diego.

Cpl. David F. Fox—FMF, Quantico, to Air Two.

Cpl. Adolph J. Kutilek—FMF, Quantico, to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Elbert L. Eaton—Air One to Air Two.

JUNE 8, 1938.

Sgt-Maj. Alban H. Uhlman—San Diego to Norfolk.

MTS John W. Primm—Air Two to Air One.

MTS Patrick H. Tobin—Air One to Air Two.

Sgt. Roy Lindsey—USS "Pennsylvania" to New York.

JUNE 10, 1938.

Sgt. George W. Monteith—FMF, Quantico, to RS, Philadelphia.

Sgt. William E. Quarter—NP, Portsmouth, N. H., to NYd, Washington.

Cpl. Adrian J. Lapointe—NP, Portsmouth, to Boston.

(Continued on page 64)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

BABCOCK, Elton S., 5-30-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for MB, Portsmouth.

BLACKBURN, Lawrence, 5-29-38, Newport for MB, Newport.

CAMP, Lewis J., 5-28-38, Philadelphia for MCB, San Diego.

JORDAN, Foy E., 5-31-38, Quantico for FMF, Quantico.

MEYERS, William E., 5-28-38, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth.

SHORT, Paul S., 5-26-38, USS "Saratoga" for MD, USS "Saratoga."

WELDON, John W., 5-24-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.

GALLAGHER, Thomas J., 6-1-38, St. Julian's Creek for NOB, Norfolk.

GORE, William L., 6-1-38, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

GREW, John, 6-1-38, Quantico for PSBn, Quantico.

LASER, Henry F., 6-1-38, Quantico for Quantico.

NATY, Joseph A., 6-1-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington.

PAWLOSKI, Stephen K., 6-1-38, MB, New York, for New York.

RUBEN, Edward A., 6-1-38, MB, Parris Island, for FMF, San Diego.

WILLIAMS, Blaney J., 6-2-38, Quantico for Quantico.

ISAAGSEN, Elmer E., Sr., 6-3-38, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

BROWN, Malcolm C., 5-28-38, San Francisco for DQM, San Francisco.

ELLIOTT, Claude, 5-28-38, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

SANDISKY, Walter, 4-7-38, Guam for NS, Guam.

STEELE, Wvly M., 6-2-38, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth.

KNIGHT, Young S., 5-31-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

LONG, James B., 6-3-38, Greatlakes for NTS, Great Lakes.

LYNN, Herbert D., 5-29-38, Mare Island for FMF, San Diego.

REDDEN, Richard A., 5-1-38, Shanghai for Shanghai.

TOMLINSON, John H., 6-5-38, Iona Island for Iona Island.

TURNER, John C., 5-28-38, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.

ICE, Jess W., 6-1-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

JFSSUP, Wilbur L., 6-6-38, Wakefield for Wakefield.

KAMINSKI, Edward J., 6-6-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

PRESTON, Lee A., 6-2-38, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.

COFFINBARGER, Noble B., 6-2-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

LaBEAUX, Wilfred H., 6-6-38, Annapolis for USS "Reina Mercedes."

AKERLEY, William K., 6-7-38, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

CROSBY, Joseph R., Jr., 6-9-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington.

RANDOLPH, Charles R., 6-8-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for NP, Portsmouth.

STRAUS, Joseph, 6-8-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington.

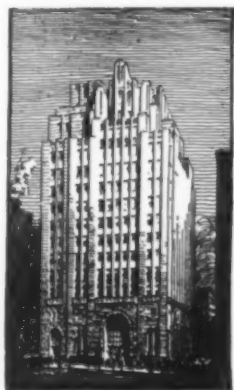
SISSON, Walter C., 6-5-38, San Francisco for DQM, San Francisco.

SPENCER, Robert O., 6-4-38, San Francisco for MCB, San Diego.

(Continued on page 65)

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MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 61)

22 JUNE, 1938

Col. Jeter R. Horton, AQM, July 2, det. Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, to FMF, MCB, San Diego.

Capt. Julian C. Smith, det. Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico.

Lt. Col. Marion B. Humphrey, relieved from duty in Office of Paymaster, Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, to Nav. Ex. Bd., MB, Washington.

Lt. Col. Harry K. Pickett, det. MB, Quantico, to MB, NYd, New York.

Maj. William P. T. Hill, det. Marine Corps School, MB, Quantico, to MB, Washington.

Maj. John W. Beckett, June 30, det. MB, Washington, to MB, Quantico.

Maj. Francis E. Pierce, det. MCB, San Diego, and ordered home to retire.

Maj. Gilbert D. Hatfield, detailed an Asst. Quartermaster, effective Aug. 1, 1938.

Capt. William E. Burke, Capt. Melvin G. Brown, on arrival at San Francisco, ordered to MB, Quantico.

1st Lt. Theodore C. Turnage, Jr., det. NAS, Pensacola, to MB, Quantico.

1st Lt. George R. E. Shell, July 6, det. 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, to Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill.

1st Lt. Edward H. Forney, Sept. 1, det. 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, to Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill.

2nd Lt. Floyd R. Moore, July 28, 1938, det. 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, to Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill.

2nd Lt. Kenyth A. Damke, July 25, det. 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, to Field Artillery School, Ft. Sill.

2nd Lt. Robert Chambers, July 2, det. MB, SB, New London, to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico.

2nd Lt. Charles R. Nicholson, 2nd Lt.

Ted E. Pulos, 2nd Lt. Charles J. Seibert, 11, 2nd Lt. Robert J. Johnson, relieved present duties MB, Quantico, and assigned to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, that post.

2nd Lt. William S. McCormick, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, revoked, June 25, det. Coast Artillery School, Ft. Monroe, to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico.

2nd Lt. James W. Ferguson, det. MB, NYd, New York, to MD, RR, Wakefield.

Ch. Pay Clk. Walter J. Sherry, Aug. 1 det. MCB, San Diego, to Office of Paymaster, Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco.

Ch. Pay Clk. Carlton L. Post, det. MB, Quantico, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington.

29 JUNE 1938

Major George D. Hamilton, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as OIC, Recruiting Dist., Los Angeles, Calif.

Major George F. Adams, APM, on 1 August, 1938, relieved from duty as Base PM, MCB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to duty as Brig. PM, 2nd Mar. Brig., FMF, that Base.

Major Ralph D. Leach, AQM, about 1 August, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C.

Major Emmett W. Skinner, about 5 July, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Paul R. Cowley, on 1 July, 1938, detached 6th Bn., FMCR, Phila., Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Thomas P. Cheatham, AQM, on 1 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Major Jacob M. Pearce, on 1 July, 1938, detached 15th Bn., FMCR, Galveston, Texas, to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., for duty as Brig. QM, 2nd Marine Brigade.

Major Joseph G. Ward, on 27 June, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va. Major Floyd W. Bennett, when directed CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Arthur D. Challacombe, when directed CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Herman H. Hanneken, when directed CG, Dept. of Pacific, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Clarence M. Ruffner, detached MB, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Capt. Leo Sullivan, APM, on 1 August, 1938, relieved from duty as Brig. PM, 2nd Mar. Brig., FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as Base PM, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Edgar O. Price, when directed by CG, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that post to Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va.

Capt. Shelton C. Zern, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Samuel S. Yeaton, about 1 Aug., 1938, detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

Capt. Robert E. Hill, about 6 Aug., 1938, detached MD, USS "Henderson," to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Samuel K. Bird, detailed and Asst. PM, effective 1 July, 1938.

Capt. William W. Davidson, detailed an Asst. PM, effective 1 July, 1938.

Capt. William W. Davies, detailed an Asst. PM, effective 1 July, 1938.

Capt. Robert L. Griffin, Jr., detailed an Asst. PM, effective 1 July, 1938.

Capt. Samuel K. Bird, on 10 July, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to duty as Paymaster, Southern Pay Area, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Capt. William W. Davidson, on 15 July, 1938, relieved from duty MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty as Brig. PM, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, that post.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Colley, when directed CO, MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., detached that Barracks to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. John J. Cosgrove, Jr., about 1 August, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, when directed by CO, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., detached that Barracks, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. James B. Lake, Jr., when directed by CO, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., detached that Barracks to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Lehman H. Kleppinger, about 1 July, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS "Henderson."

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1st Lt. James H. Brower, when directed by CG, FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., detached that Force to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

2nd Lt. Thomas S. Ivey, when directed by CG, FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., detached that Force to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

2nd Lt. William R. Collins, about 10 Aug., 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., for duty and instruction in Tank course.

2nd Lt. John J. Nilan, Jr., when directed by CG, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that Brig. to Engineer School, Fort Belvoir, Va.

2nd Lt. Brooke H. Hatch, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MD, USS "Erie," via USS "Sirius" sailing New York, 2 July.

2nd Lt. Marion M. Magruder, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

2nd Lt. John L. Smith, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

2nd Lt. Gene S. Neely, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

2nd Lt. Wilfrid H. Stiles relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

2nd Lt. Ben F. Prewitt, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

2nd Lt. Ralph Haas, relieved from duty at MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and assigned to NAS Pensacola, Fla., for flight training.

Mar. Gnr. Joseph E. Buckley, appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 21 June, 1938, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Col. Harry Schmidt—1 May, 1938, No. 1.
Col. Miles R. Thacher—2 June, 1938.

Lt. Col. Maurice C. Gregory—2 June, 1938, No. 2.

Lt. Col. Andrew E. Creesy—2 June, 1938, No. 3.

Major Ralph D. Leach—2 June, 1938, No. 1.

Major George W. McHenry—2 June, 1938, No. 2.

Major William L. McKittrick—2 June, 1938, No. 3.

Major Stanley E. Ridderhof—2 June, 1938, No. 5.

Major Morris L. Shively—2 June, 1938, No. 6.

Capt. Wayne H. Adams—2 June, 1938, No. 1.

Capt. John H. Cook, Jr.—2 June, 1938, No. 2.

Capt. Edward H. Forney, Jr.—2 June, 1938, No. 3.

Capt. John A. White—2 June, 1938, No. 4.

Capt. Edward J. Dillon—2 June, 1938, No. 6.

Capt. Harold I. Larson—2 June, 1938, No. 7.

1st Lt. Arnold F. Johnston—6 June, 1938, No. 2.

1st Lt. Robert A. Black—6 June, 1938, No. 3.

1st Lt. Gordon E. Hendricks—6 June, 1938, No. 4.

1st Lt. John J. Cosgrove, Jr.—6 June, 1938, No. 5.

1st Lt. Richard D. Hughes—6 June, 1938, No. 8.

1st Lt. Kenneth D. Kerby—6 June, 1938, No. 12.

1st Lt. Michael S. Currin—6 June, 1938, No. 14.

1st Lt. Robert T. Stivers, Jr.—6 June, 1938, No. 19.

1st Lt. Charles T. Tingle—6 June, 1938.

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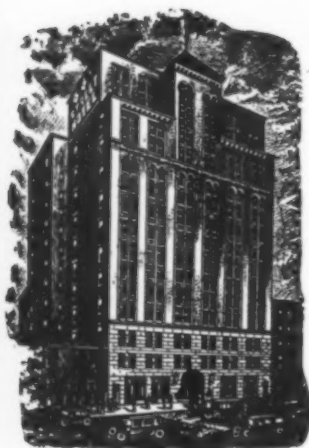
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No. 20.
1st Lt. Harvey S. Waiseth—6 June, 1938, No. 22.
1st Lt. John M. Miller—6 June, 1938, No. 24.
1st Lt. Henry B. Cain, Jr.—6 June, 1938, No. 26.
1st Lt. Bernard L. Dunkle—6 June, 1938, No. 28.
Ch. Mar. Gnr. Robert E. McCook—25 May, 1938.

Orders issued to the following-named officers, dated 18 March, 1938, detaching these officers from their present stations and ordering them home for retirement revoked:

Major Joseph G. Ward.
Major Jacob M. Pearce.
Major George F. Adams.
Major John M. Tildsley.
Major James M. Bain.
Capt. Oliver T. Francis.
Capt. John F. McVey.
Capt. William H. Hollingsworth.
Capt. Robert S. Pendleton.
Capt. Donald R. Fox.
Capt. Glenn E. Hayes.
Capt. Stewart B. O'Neill.
Capt. Lewis L. Gover.
Capt. John F. Blanton.
Capt. Eugene L. Mullaly.
Capt. Willett Elmore.
1st Lt. Richard Fagan.
1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener.
1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler.
1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions.

Following-named persons appointed second lieutenants in Marine Corps and ordered to Basic School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.:

William H. Dollen.
Daniel C. Pollock.
Harvey B. Atkins.
Monford K. Peyton.
Lawrence V. Patterson.
Byron V. Leary.
Edward H. Hurst.
Robert S. Howell.
Jackson B. Butterfield.
George H. Cannon.
Ransom M. Wood.
Robert B. Chadwick.
Alvin S. Sanders.
Merrill M. Day.
Charles W. McCoy.
Donn J. Robertson.
Edmund M. Fry, Jr.
Guy H. Kissinger, Jr.
Harold R. Warner, Jr.
John W. Burkhardt.
Bruce B. Cheever.
William M. Frash.
Raymond G. Davis.
Maurice W. Fletcher.
Benjamin S. Hargrave, Jr.
Jesse P. Ferrill, Jr.

6 JULY, 1938.
Lt. Col. Leo D. Hermle, detail as AA&I revoked.

Major William P. Richards, detached Rectg. Dist., Los Angeles, Calif., to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Augustus H. Fricke, detached MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Major William J. Whaling, detached Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Richard H. Schubert, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Carl W. Meigs, AQM, about 1 August, 1938, detached MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., to MB, NYd, Phila., Pa. Detailed an Asst. Quartermaster.

Major Ralph E. West, retirement orders revoked and assigned to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Capt. John F. Blanton, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. Fred D. Beans, detached MD, Tientsin, China, to MD, AE, Peiping, China.

Capt. William W. Orr, detached MD, AE, Peiping, China, to MD, Tientsin, China.

Capt. Alva B. Lasswell, about 1 Sept. 1938, detached AE, Tokyo, Japan, to 16th Naval Dist., Manila, P. I.

Capt. George L. Maynard, detached Rectg. Dist., Baltimore, Md., to Rectg. Dist., Seattle, Wash.

Capt. Charles R. Jones, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MD, USS "Nashville."

1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler, on 18 July, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Virgil E. Harris, on 1 July, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash.,

D. C., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Harrison," sailing San Francisco, 5 Aug.

2nd Lt. Everett W. Smith, orders dated 1 April, 1938, detaching this officer, MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, revoked.

Ch. Pay Clk. Fred S. Parsons, on 1 Aug., 1938, detached Office Paymaster, Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, to home to retire.

Following-named officers were promoted to grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 29 June, with rank from dates shown:

Lt. Col. Evans O. Ames—7 May, No. 2.
Capt. Chandler W. Johnson—2 June, No. 11.
1st Lt. Robert E. Cushman—6 June, No. 1.
1st Lt. Richard G. Weede—6 June, No. 7.
1st Lt. Charles O. Bierman—6 June, No. 9.
1st Lt. Frederick A. Ramsey, Jr.—6 June, No. 10.
1st Lt. William N. McGill—6 June, No. 11.
1st Lt. Carl A. Laster—6 June, No. 13.
1st Lt. Leonard K. Davis—6 June, No. 15.
1st Lt. Elmer T. Dorsey—6 June, No. 16.
1st Lt. Edwin P. Pennebaker, Jr.—6 June, No. 27.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 61)

JUNE 11, 1938.

Cpl. Jason Little—Quantico to San Diego.
Cpl. Leo F. Monahan—FMF, Quantico to Post.

JUNE 13, 1938.

QM-Sgt. Herbert L. Merwin—FMF, Quantico, to Cavite.
Sup-Sgt. Philip Weinberg—Cavite to San Diego.

Cpl. Edward E. Gibbon—Norfolk to MSSS.

Cpl. Howard A. Nelson—New York to Mare Island.

Cpl. Rob. Vernon—NOB, Norfolk, to Quantico.

Cpl. Bazyl Byra—Parris Island to Asiatic.

JUNE 14, 1938.
Gv-Sgt. Jos. F. Logue—USS "Lexington" to San Diego.

Cpl. Robert L. Gray—Air Two to Air One.

Cpl. Eugene F. Zacharias—FMF, Quantico, to Norfolk SS.

JUNE 15, 1938.
MTS Oscar L. George—Air One to Air Two.

Sgt. Carl F. Johnson—FMF to Quantico.

Cpl. Wilbur W. Daniels—WC to Coco Solo.

JUNE 16, 1938.
Cpl. Edward W. Mazurkiewicz—Portsmouth, N. H., to USS "Honolulu."

JUNE 17, 1938.
1st-Sgt. Joseph Vitek—WC to Norfolk.

Plat-Sgt. Martin P. Schmitt—WC to Norfolk.

Cpl. Warren V. Harris—Norfolk to NYd, Washington.

1st-Sgt. Fred A. Germer—WC to Norfolk.

1st-Sgt. Roland F. Smith—WC to Norfolk.

1st-Sgt. Cecil D. Snyder—WC to Norfolk.

JUNE 18, 1938.
Cpl. Paul H. Harrison—WC to Philadelphia.

JUNE 20, 1938.
Sgt. Steven W. McLeod—Norfolk to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Andrew Molina—Philadelphia to Asiatic.

Cpl. Christian A. Biggs—MCR&PTD to Wakefield.

Cpl. Olaf C. Nelson—MCR&PTD to Wakefield.

Cpl. Louis C. Viehl—PI to New York.

JUNE 21, 1938.
Sgt. Luther E. Killens—Norfolk to CRD.

Cpl. Horace W. Heitman—FMF, Quantico, to Parris Island.

JUNE 22, 1938.
Cpl. John A. Stahl—Portsmouth, N. H., to Boston.

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JUNE 23, 1938.

1st-Sgt. Frank Miller—FMF, Quantico, to Post.

Cpl. Fred W. Huppert, Jr.—New York to MD, Cape May.

Cpl. Edson W. Richard—Norfolk to Pensacola.

Cpl. William B. Sweetser—MB, Washington, to Sea School.

JUNE 27, 1938.

Sgt-Maj. Edward Bald—Quantico to FMF.

Sgt-Maj. Percy J. Dickerson—FMF to Post.

Plat-Sgt. Martin P. Schmitt—WC to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Henry F. Laser—FMF to Post.

Cpl. Richard Cooley—Quantico to FMF.

Cpl. David J. Trojan—Quantico to FMF.

Cpl. Gordon E. Gulick—Norfolk to Sea School.

JUNE 25, 1938.

Cpl. Hillis R. Ellington—MB, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Robert E. Foster—MB, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Henry J. Revane—MB, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Edmund H. Fiske—MB, Washington, to Parris Island.

Cpl. William G. Reid—MB, Washington, to Sea School.

Cpl. Haldon E. Dindfelt—MB, Washington, to Sea School.

Cpl. Robert J. Loesch—MB, Washington, to Sea School.

JUNE 29, 1938.

Sgt. William G. Reid—MB, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Thomas M. Emmons—MB, Washington, to NP, Portsmouth.

Cpl. John Frisone—NP, Portsmouth, to FMF, Quantico.

JUNE 30, 1938.

Gy-Sgt. George E. Gardner—FMF, Quantico to Parris Island.

Cpl. Robert C. Lincoln—Dover to Quantico.

Cpl. Alex Chiginski—Camp Rap. to Quantico.

Cpl. Alex Chiginski—Quantico to Portsmouth.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 61)

BATEMAN, William E., 6-8-38, Pensacola for Aviation, Pensacola.

LITTLE, Jason, 6-9-38, Quantico for RRD, Quantico.

PETRIE, James G., 6-4-38, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

ROBERGE, Joseph E., 6-3-38, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

SKINNER, Abe L., Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound.

SMITH, Frank D., 6-4-38, Mare Island for MB, Quantico.

ROUSSEAU, George "L.", 6-10-38, New Orleans for MCB, San Diego.

FAIR, Maxie L., 6-8-38, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

BODANSKI, Walter, 6-5-38, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

DILL, William W., 6-6-38, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

GARRISON, Victor T., 6-11-38, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

RUGGIERO, Gennaro, 6-10-38, Boston for FMF, San Diego.

WATSON, William F., 6-5-38, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

ARMSTRONG, Edward F., 6-13-38, Baltimore for MB, Washington.

BROWN, Raymond A., 6-9-38, Mare Island for MB, New York.

COLBERT, James A., 6-13-38, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.

CROSLY, Ralph V., 6-8-38, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

EVANS, Thomas D., 6-13-38, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

HANSFORD, Earl W., 6-12-38, Norfolk for MB, Mare Island.

JAROSZ, Raymond J., 6-13-38, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island.

MASTERS, Irvin V., 6-2-38, St. Thomas for FMF, St. Thomas.

ATKINS, Harvey E., 6-15-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington.

CALLAHAN, Joseph J., 6-13-38, New York for MB, New York.

JULSON, Maynard E., 6-15-38, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

LaROQUE, Arthur N., 6-16-38, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

THOMAS, Donald L., 6-11-38, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

BEVENS, Lynthol., 6-8-38, Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound.

CABRAL, Herbert E., 6-11-38, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.

DUNCAN, William P., 6-16-38, Norfolk for MB, Mare Island.

JAMES, Benjamin B., Jr., 6-15-38, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth.

MARCOFSKY, Abe, 6-15-38, Parris Island for MB, New York.

OLSON, Joseph W., 6-11-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

ZIEGLER, Ernest H., 6-5-38, San Diego for MB, Parris Island.

MULINA, Andrew, 6-17-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

FASSINO, Anton N., 6-19-38, Iona Island for NAD, Iona Island.

SIMMONS, George H., 5-1-38, Tientsin for Tientsin.

TOLSON, David C., 6-14-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

LIST, Frank, 6-21-38, New York for Aviation, Quantico.

COCHRAN, James F., 6-18-38, Macon for Aviation, Quantico.

SOVER, John Page, Jr., 6-18-38, Macon for MB, NYd, Washington.

MORRIS, Joe E., 6-16-38, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.

PETERSON, Rolla M., 6-16-38, Seattle for PSNY, Bremerton.

BOGART, Lloyd A., 6-16-38, San Diego for FMF, San Diego.

RAWLEY, John J., 6-21-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for NP, Portsmouth.

BRUMBLE, Major L., 6-21-38, Charleston for MB, Charleston.

RESCH, William H., Sr., 6-23-38, Philadelphia for MB, Washington.

ROSETT, Arthur, 6-24-38, Washington for FMF, San Diego.

LEMONS, Johnie G., 6-24-38, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.

PERKINS, Paul G., 6-18-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

PSAUTE, Frank L., 6-20-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

CALDWELL, John D., 6-24-38, Macon for MB, New York.

MERRIAM, William M., 6-21-38, Seattle for PSNYd, Bremerton.

NEEL, Raymond F., 6-20-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

SHIBLIFY, Oron L., 6-21-38, Seattle for PSNYd, Bremerton.

BROBERG, Carl J., 6-20-38, Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound.

CHESSER, Olvn I., 6-20-38, Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound.

FRAZER, Howard C., 6-20-38, San Diego for Aviation, San Diego.

LUDWIG, THOMAS L., 6-25-38, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.

SALESKY, Jack, 6-21-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.

SHUMAN, William H., 6-26-38, Quantico for PSBN, Quantico.

TANNER, Louie A., 6-15-38, San Diego for MB, Charleston.

MALLORY, John L., 6-28-38, MB, Washington, for MCI, Washington.

MAY, Eugene J., 6-22-38, Shanghai for Shanghai.

NELSON, Howard A., 6-26-38, New York for MB, Mare Island.

NUNES, John, 6-25-38, Portsmouth, Va., for MB, Portsmouth.

SMITH, James F., 6-26-38, New York for MB, New York.

BALLARD, Laurance S., 6-27-38, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.

DAYBERRY, Cletus D., 6-28-38, Charleston for MB, Charleston.

RUPAKUS, Paul J., 6-28-38, Quantico for Aviation, Quantico.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Technical Sergeant Jesse W. Coleman, USMC, Class II(b), June 30, 1938. Future address: 7 Hedrich Street, Lanett, Alabama.

First Sergeant John E. Cruse, USMC, Class II(b), June 30, 1938. Future address: 328 South Pardee Street, San Diego, Calif.

Private First Class Charles W. McGowan, USMC, Class II(b), June 30, 1938. Future address: General Delivery, Christiana, Pa.

Supply Sergeant Michael F. Wejta, USMC, Class II(b), June 30, 1938. Future address: Box 162, Triangle, Virginia.

Chief Cook Raymond Kubilus, USMC, Class II(d), September 2, 1938. 24 Reinto Street, Cavite, Cavite, P. I.

Sergeant Hans Johnson, USMC, Class II(d), June 30, 1938. Future address: Ste. 2 "A," Fort Garry Court, Winnipeg, Can.

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Quartermaster Sergeant Charles J. Sutphin, USMC, Class II(d), June 3, 1938. Future address: 1735 Lamont Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.
Sergeant Edward C. Risley, USMC, Class II(b), June 14, 1938. Future address: Rural Delivery, Delmar, New York.

RETIREMENTS

Quartermaster Sergeant William E. Cooper, Jr., FMCR, June 1, 1938.
Second Class Musician Robert B. Lavin, FMCR, June 1, 1938.
First Sergeant Uley O. Stokes, FMCR, June 1, 1938.
Sergeant Richard F. Coleman, USMC, June 1, 1938.
Sergeant Reginald A. Rose, FMCR, June 1, 1938.
First Class Musician William Bahr, FMCR, June 1, 1938.
Quartermaster Sergeant Henry L. Barrett, FMCR, June 1, 1938.
Quartermaster Sergeant William R. Sutton, USMC, July 1, 1938.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT (REGULAR WARRANT):
Joseph A. Kelleher
Clarence M. Lowell (Mess)
John Fabick
Harry E. Smith
Joseph Ditton

TO SERGEANT (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):

James H. Edmonson
Morton J. Silverman
Sylvester Doucher
Charles G. Humbley
Nathan H. Tucker
Philip J. Nelson
Norman V. McElfresh

TO CORPORAL (REGULAR WARRANT):
Edmond M. Demar
Kenneth G. Harrington
Charles C. West
William E. Gehrke
Albert J. Miller
James C. Sweatt
Victor L. Smith
Lewis W. Johnson
Newton B. White
Owen Manning
Ernest W. Blanton
Edward Foley

TO CORPORAL (REGULAR WARRANT):

Eugene O. Petrey
Eugene W. Shugart
John McDonnell, Jr.
Frederick L. Adams
Edward W. Mazurkiewicz
Emile H. Noble
John Mesko
Robert A. Morehead
Ralph W. Cherry
Edward W. McGloin
John Levkulich
Loren S. Wanner
Philip A. Murphy
George R. Vansickle
Edward J. Skelley
Clyde R. Strauss
John J. Bailey
William M. Keltner
Andrew Merrick
Adam J. Her

TO CORPORAL (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):

Walter H. Betcke
James L. Swartz, Jr.
Woodrow W. Corbett
Edward F. Cauble
Glenn P. Shank
Dean McC. Ratts
Robert C. Kegerreis
Fred W. Beckman
Frederick V. Gill
Woodrow W. Pettigrew
Christopher J. Handley

Latrekke J. Linson
Silas N. Kemp
Jack E. Zimmerman
Henry N. Byxhe
Murray G. Dowler
George F. Quatman
Albert J. Assad
Charles O. Diliberto
TO FIELD COOK:
Samuel D. Harveston
Wendell R. Johnson
Herbert H. Kappen
James H. Windley

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 2 August; arrive Guantanamo 6 August, leave 6 August; arrive Canal Zone 9 August, leave 12 August; arrive San Diego 22 August, leave 24 August; arrive San Pedro 25 August, leave 27 August; arrive San Francisco Area 29 August, leave 12 September; arrive Honolulu 19 September, leave 21 September; arrive Guam 4 October, leave 5 October; arrive Manila 10 October, leave 12 November.

Note: CHAUMONT at Norfolk for overhaul from 23 May to 26 July.

HENDERSON—Leave San Francisco 9 July; arrive San Pedro 11 July, leave 13 July; arrive San Diego 14 July, leave 16 July; arrive Canal Zone 26 July, leave 29 July; arrive Guantanamo 1 August, leave 1 August; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 5 August.

Note: HENDERSON at Norfolk for overhaul from 11 August to 15 October.

NITRO—Note: NITRO at Norfolk for overhaul from 13 June to 16 August.

SIRIUS—Leave New York 2 July; arrive Norfolk 3 July, leave 11 July; arrive Guantanamo 16 July, leave 16 July; arrive Canal Zone 19 July, leave 22 July; arrive San Diego 2 August, leave 3 August; arrive San Pedro 4 August, leave 5 August; arrive Mare Island 7 August, leave 18 August; arrive Pearl Harbor 25 August.

Note: SIRIUS to tow Dredge HELLGATE from Pearl Harbor to Midway.

VEGA—Leave Mare Island 5 July; arrive Puget Sound 8 July, leave 29 July; arrive Dutch Harbor 5 August, leave 22 August; arrive St. George-St. Paul, Seattle, 29 August, leave 3 September; arrive Puget Sound 3 September, leave 19 September; arrive Mare Island 22 September.

SALINAS—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 2 July; arrive Portsmouth, England, 16 July, leave 23 July; arrive Beaumont, Texas, 9 August, leave 10 August; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 17 August.

RAMAPO—Leave Manila 20 June; arrive San Diego 20 July, leave 10 August; arrive San Pedro 11 August, leave 12 August; arrive Guam 5 September, leave 6 September; arrive Manila 12 September, leave 23 September; arrive Mare Island 22 October.

Note: RAMAPO at Mare Island for overhaul from 24 October 1938 to 26 December 1938.

Headquarters Bulletin

Number 153, June 15, 1938

ANNUAL REPORT

The attention of all officers required to submit annual reports, in accordance with article 19-51, Marine Corps Manual, is invited to the fact that this article prescribes that subjects covered in the annual report will be listed and treated by all reporting officers in the order and UNDER THE PARAGRAPH AND SUB-PARAGRAPH NUMBERING AND LETTERING prescribed by the Marine Corps Manual. The subject of "Inspections" under the general heading of "Personnel" should, for example, appear in all annual

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reports as paragraph 22, irrespective of whether or not a report is made on each of the other numbered paragraphs, from 1 to 21 inclusive, under the same general heading.

By using the same paragraph numbering for corresponding subject-matter in all annual reports, the summarizing of any desired data is facilitated at Headquarters.

PROMOTION ROSTERS

Boards, composed of officers in the office of the Quartermaster, have recently prepared rosters for the promotion of enlisted men assigned to the Quartermaster's Department. These rosters, as approved by the Major General Commandant, together with the already existing rosters for promotion to rank of Staff Sergeant, Mechanical, and to rank of Supply Sergeant, follow. Normally promotions will be made in turn of the men as their names reach the top of a roster. However, circumstances may justify the promotion of a man whose name is not at the top of a roster. Such cases would be exceptional and probably rarely occur.

For Corporal (QM)

Pfc. Clarence T. Espeland
Pfc. Leo E. Ness
Pvt. Clyde T. Waller
Pfc. Oscar C. Dean
Pfc. William H. Posey, Jr.
Pfc. Richard Edmont
Pfc. Paul J. Humbleton
Pfc. Donald M. Hanson
Pfc. Robert L. Schieber
Pfc. Robert S. Brent
Pvt. Bert D. Galovics
Pfc. William H. Howard
Pfc. Donald J. McReynolds
Pvt. John F. Seelin
Pfc. Frank Witt

For Sergeant (QM)

Cpl. John Purcell
Cpl. David J. Trojan
Cpl. James B. Eakin
Cpl. Wilbur P. Gorsuch
Cpl. William E. Schudlich
Cpl. Vernon F. Lake
Cpl. John H. Whitson
Cpl. John E. Cravit
Cpl. Casper B. Piotrowski
Cpl. Waifred U. Puumala
Cpl. Frank W. Garzarella
Cpl. Melvin A. Werkheiser
Cpl. Lloyd F. Barker

For Staff Sergeant, Mechanical (QM)

Sgt. Eugene G. Wood
Sgt. Homer A. Beck
Sgt. Zebulon P. Brundage

Sgt. Nils A. Nilsson
Sgt. Arthur L. Smith
Sgt. Joseph L. Schwab
Sgt. Lawrence B. Frisch
Sgt. Fremont H. Peper

For Staff Sergeant, Clerical (QM)

Sgt. John C. Mastny
Sgt. Robert Hill
Sgt. John F. Boshman
Sgt. William R. Hopkins
Sgt. Charles E. Gardner
Sgt. Roy L. Green
Sgt. William J. O'Connor
Sgt. Oscar W. Cargile
Sgt. Adger C. Mahaffey

For Technical Sergeant (QM)

Names for this list are not available at this time.

For Supply Sergeant

Cpl. Forrest L. Martin
Sgt. Elbert H. Arndt
Platoon Sgt. John J. Dalton
Sgt. Fred R. Philpot
Sgt. Ralph Barefoot
Sgt. John C. Mastny
Sgt. Robert Hill
Sgt. John F. Boshman
*Pfc. Nathaniel J. Lytle
Sgt. William R. Hopkins
Sgt. Charles E. Gardner

*Held Sergeant's warrant when detailed present duty as Specialist.

The last listed roster will continue to be composed (in accordance with Article 6-24 (42), Marine Corps Manual) of other than Staff Sergeants, Clerical (QM) until such time as there are sufficient of that rank eligible from which the roster for Supply Sergeant may be entirely composed.

Promotions from all the foregoing rosters will be made to fill vacancies elsewhere than in the stabilized complements at Headquarters and the Supply Depots, at which places promotions will continue to be made within authorized complements up to and including the ranks of Technical Sergeant and of Supply Sergeant.

Promotions to Master Technical Sergeant and to Quartermaster Sergeant will be made through selection by The Quartermaster from the complete lists of Technical Sergeants and of Supply Sergeants, respectively, whether in the complement at Headquarters, the Supply Depots, or elsewhere; primary consideration being given to demonstrated technical or clerical ability by the seniors on each list for the duties assignable, with a view to promotion of the senior in each instance unless special circumstances justify other selection.

Seniority List, Sergeants Major

AS OF 25 JUNE, 1938

Name	Date of Rank	Name	Date of Rank
1. Larn, Horace	April 12, 1919	26. Nelson, George	Dec. 16, 1936
2. Lang, Arthur J.	Oct. 27, 1919	27. Christian, Wilbourn O.	March 17, 1937
3. Alexander, Leland H.	Dec. 30, 1919	28. Coyle, Joseph G.	March 31, 1937
4. McCallum, Charles P.	Jan. 27, 1920	29. Durr, Bernard J.	May 6, 1937
5. Fisher, Frank L. (A&I)	Nov. 2, 1921	30. Mosier, Melvin	May 18, 1937
6. Hanford, Chester O.	July 30, 1926	31. Johnson, Josiah D.	May 19, 1937
7. Thomas, Wesley J. (A&I)	Oct. 26, 1928	32. Owens, Gilbert L.	May 22, 1937
8. Plumadore, Joseph A.	Jan. 7, 1929	33. Reynolds, Howard E.	June 4, 1937
9. Atkinson, Bennie C.	May 7, 1930	34. Bald, Edward	July 6, 1937
10. Newgarde, Harvey S.	July 1, 1930	35. Ducey, James A.	July 22, 1937
11. Lane, James R.	Nov. 5, 1930	36. Curry, Edwin D. (A&I)	Aug. 12, 1937
12. Dickerson, Percy J.	Nov. 17, 1930	37. Richardson, Morris C.	Sept. 2, 1937
13. Carley, Thomas F. (A&I)	April 1, 1931	38. Booker, Dorsie H.	Sept. 8, 1937
14. Pince, William	Jan. 20, 1932	39. Ward, Ira M.	Oct. 4, 1937
15. Davis, Charles	May 4, 1932	40. Burrows, Leslie J.	Oct. 6, 1937
16. Cartmell, Hall VanM.	Oct. 18, 1932	41. Banta, Sheffield M.	Oct. 20, 1937
17. Carberry, James	July 20, 1934	42. Uhlman, Alban H.	Nov. 3, 1937
18. Siegenthaler, Fred	Sept. 5, 1934	43. Foster, Waldo (A&I)	Nov. 16, 1937
19. Dietz, Cecil M.	Oct. 3, 1934	44. Kerns, Paul	Nov. 25, 1937
20. Wilkins, Ford E.	Oct. 4, 1934	45. Welshhans, Nathan L.	Jan. 11, 1938
21. Davis, Henry E. (A&I)	April 6, 1935	46. Salesky, Jack	Jan. 21, 1938
22. Abbott, Arthur E.	Aug. 11, 1935	47. Bernica, Joseph A.	Jan. 26, 1938
23. Shaker, Richard	Feb. 7, 1936	48. Riewe, Fred	Feb. 15, 1938
24. McCullough, James J.	Sept. 25, 1936	49. Tunick, Louis	March 1, 1938
25. Darrah, Clyde R.	Nov. 30, 1936	50. Curcey, Leonard	April 9, 1938

RIFLE RECORD QUALIFICATION FIRING SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1938

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Qualified	P.C. Qual.
Requalifications	497—15.6%	1044—32.7%	1247—39%	404—12.7%	87.8%
Recruits	28—2.3%	201—16.9%	581—48.8%	380—32.0%	68.0%
Marine Corps	525—12.0%	1245—28.4%	1828—41.7%	784—17.9%	82.1%
High Score:					
Rifle: Sgt. Raymond D. Chaney, San Diego, Calif.					338
Sgt. Royle L. Biffle, Bremerton, Wash.					388
Pfc. Walter L. Devine, Norfolk, Va.					388
Pistol: Pl-Sgt. Joseph J. Pifel, Parris Islands, S. C.					99
Pl-Sgt. Carl Haynes, MD, USS "New Mexico"					99



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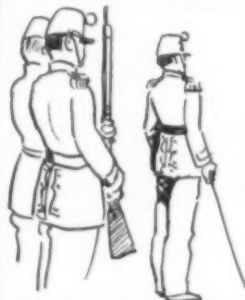
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MARINE ODDITIES



A DETACHMENT OF U.S. MARINES COMMANDED BY LIEUT. W.A.T. MADDOX PARTICIPATED IN RAISING OF THE FIRST STARS AND STRIPES EVER TO FLY OVER CALIFORNIA, AT MONTEREY, JULY 2, 1846



WHEN CONTINENTAL MARINES CAPTURED THE FORTRESS AT NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS, IN 1776, THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG TO FLY OVER A FOREIGN FORTRESS WAS RAISED



U.S. MARINES PRESENTED ARMS IN 1800 ABOARD THE U.S.S. ESSEX, - FIRST AMERICAN CRUISER TO CARRY THE AMERICAN FLAG EASTWARD OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

SOME
FLAG "FIRSTS"
IN WHICH
U.S. MARINES
TOOK PART

THANKS
JVF AND
EPD

Jackson



IN 1776

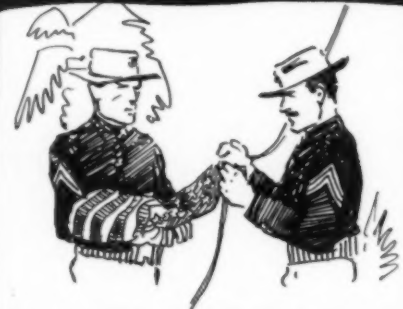
WHEN THE CONTINENTAL SHIP ANDREA DORIA VISITED THE DUTCH PORT OF ST. EUSTATIUS, IN THE WEST INDIES, IT RECEIVED THE FIRST FOREIGN NAVAL SALUTE EVER GIVEN THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG. LIEUT. DENNIS LEARY COMMANDED THE MARINES ABOARD.



LIEUT. A.S. NICHOLSON COMMANDED FORTY MARINES WHO CAPTURED THE PALACE AT MEXICO CITY IN 1847 AND FIRST RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER "THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA."



LIEUT. PRESLEY N. O'BANNON AND HIS HANDFUL OF U.S. MARINES WERE THE FIRST TO RAISE THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER AN OLD WORLD FORTRESS. DERNE, TRIPOLI, APRIL 27, 1805.



TWO DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY, SERGEANT GRANT AND CORPORAL BENNETT, MARINE DETACHMENT, U.S.S. BALTIMORE, HOISTED THE STARS AND STRIPES FOR THE FIRST TIME OVER THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AT THE CAVITE NAVY YARD.

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The wise golfer who wants to improve his game does two things:

- (1) *He takes lessons from a professional.*
- (2) *He practises utilizing his newly acquired training in the betterment of his game.*

AND—

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JACK-KNIFE—Bronze-sheathed muscles tense in the blue—a thrilling pause aloft—an arrowlike flash into the pool, leaving scarcely a ripple.



INTERMISSION—and a Camel! "Always after a strenuous exhibition," says champion Wayne, "I smoke a Camel for a very welcome 'lift'!"

—And now, Marshall Wayne pauses for a moment to answer Elnora Greenlaw's question: "Are Camel cigarettes really *different* from the others?"



"THE BIG THING in smoking," says golfer Henry Picard, tournament ace, "is how a cigarette *agrees* with you from all angles. Camels suit me to a 'T'. Camels are mild—easy on my nerves—they set me right. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' any time!"

"You always seem to be smoking Camels, Marshall. Do you find them very different from other kinds?"



"I certainly do find Camels different, 'Nora—and from so many angles. Camels are so mild—so easy on the throat. Yet they've got plenty of good rich taste. And I can smoke as many Camels as I want. They never tire my taste or get me jumpy. Camels don't bother my nerves the least bit. Besides, Camels are swell during and after meals. They sure help my digestion. Camels agree with me in a lot of ways!"

"MOST DIVERS I KNOW smoke Camels," says Marshall Wayne, iron man of the American Olympic Diving Squad. "Most expert shots prefer Camels," says Ransford Triggs, famous marksman. Fliers, auto racers, explorers, engineers—people in every sport and occupation of daily life look to Camels for the real pleasure in smoking. "Camels set you right!"

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"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

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"At the tobacco auctions," says grower Leon Mullen, "Camel buyers don't bother with poor lots. They buy the choice tobacco. That's why most of us men who grow and *know* tobacco smoke Camels. We *know* the difference!"



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